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THE UPLIFT

No. 1 JANUARY, 1954 Vol. 42

Resolutions

A little less impatient with those we deem too slow;
A little less of arrogance because of all we know;
A little more humility, seeing our worth is slight;
We are such trivial candles compared to stars at night!
A little more forgiving and swifter to be kind;
A little more desirous the word of praise to find;
The word of praise to utter and make a heart rejoice;
A little bit more careful to speak with gentle voice;
A little more true eagerness to understand each other;
A little more real striving to help a shipwrecked brother;
A little more high courage to each task that must be done;
These be our resolutions—and God help everyone!

—Mingled Yarn.

—Published Monthly By—
The Printing Class of the Stonewall Jackson
Manual Training and Industrial School
Concord, North Carolina

The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTER

Harrison Powell
Paul Knight
Eddie Redden
Billie Bushie
Ray Malpass
Garry Compton

PRESSMEN

Harrison Powell
Roland Jones
Robert Babb

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Benson Golding
Ray Malpass
Paul Knight
Garry Compton

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The Uplift

Editorial . . .

A NEW YEAR PRAYER

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnel senses
I shudder not, to bear a hatred name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.
But give me, Lord, my eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest truth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light.
Give me power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speaks.
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish mind;
And lead still farther on as Thy Kngdom seek.

—*Theodore Parker*

——OOO——

LOOKING FORWARD

At the beginning of each new year it has become the custom in most countries for individuals to compile a list of New Year's Resolutions. Many industries and businesses also prepare such a list of aims and objectives for the coming year. May it not be as well for the institutions such as ours to restate its aims and objectives and refresh our memory, for the coming year, with the responsibilities which are ours. We of the Jackson Training School restate the following resolutions.

1. To promote the teaching of Christian principles in everday living among our staff members and our boys.

2. To develop good traits of character through wholesome activities.

3. To treat each boy as an individual and minister to his needs accordingly.

4. To inspire the boys with a desire to want, to learn and be somebody.

5. To help the boys master academic subjects such as reading, writing, and arithmetic and such other subject matter as possible.

6. To cultivate a better appreciation of the sciences and fine arts such as literature, music, and art.

7. To promote sense of responsibility.

9. To help the boys become informed about our governmental bodies and current affairs for the building of good citizenship.

10. To promote a good health and the forming of good health habits.

11. To know each boy individually and endeavor to build on his past experiences.

12. To provide dignified and wholesome counciling service for each boy.

13. To promote the wise use of leisure time by promoting worthwhile activities.

14. To inspire well planned devotional periods and assembly programs.

16. To teach each boy the rudiments of at least one trade which is suited to his particular situation.

17. To provide wise leadership in well informed staff members to inspire boys by their presence.

18. To promote manners and courtesy.

19. To keep each boy informed on his standing and progress since his release depends upon his records while here.

20. To help the boy feel that he is important and to develop a feeling that he is among friends who are interested in his welfare.

21. To treat each boy fairly and accordingly to his individual needs.

22. To help the boy make the proper adjustments to new situations.

23. To teach the boys to live and work together in group situations.

24. To provide the most suitable and effective treatment for ailments.

26. To provide a balanced diet of well prepared and substantial food.

27. To develop initiative and leadership in boys who show such tendencies.

28. To develop in each boy a pride for work well done.

29. To provide clean and wholesome living quarters for all the boys.

30. To promote wholesome relationship between the boy and his Welfare Department so that his return home will be a pleasant experience.

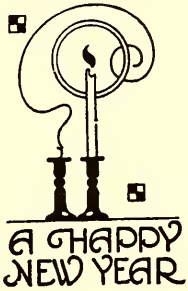
31. To work closely with the Welfare Department and the family of the

boys to help them make the proper adjustments after returning home.

32. To keep the public of the state informed of the aims and the objectives of the school.

By working together in the interest of the boys placed in our care we hope to accomplish even greater ends for the coming year than ever before. This can only be accomplished by placing the interest of the boy first in all our plans and building a program around this primary aim.

Wishing



You

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT GIVES PLAY

"RED AND THE CHRISTMAS WHOPPERS"

PLAY CAST

On December 22, 1953 the school department presented a Christmas play entitled, "Red and the Christmas Whoppers."

Characters for this play were:

Jared Sims, "Red,"—Richard Holden (With a bad fault.)

Mary Sims, "Mother,"—Monroe Korn (With a motherly wish to correct it.)

John Sims, "Father,"—Francis Mayton (Advocate of the "Red" methods.)

Ione Sims,—Cecil Lutz (Scarely Interested.)

Letty Sims,—Robert Arnett (More entertained than interested.)

Jack Adams,—Ray Malpass (Ione's Interest.)

Bobby Adams, —Donald Thompson (Red's pal.)

Carol Clark,—Jimmy Scott (Reds inspiration.)
Aunt Etta Briggs,—Mack Davis (From a Big City.)
Uncle Phil Briggs,—Frank Barus (Her Husband.)
Bibe Briggs,—Roger Melton (The Unspeakable Nuisance.)
Cousin Susan,—Walter Glass (From Oklahoma.)
Deacon Dunn,—Bobby James (A neighbor of the Sims.)
Lucy,—Charles Rivenbark (The Sim's maid.)
Also in this play were the Carolers played by the members of the 3rd and 4th grades.

The setting of the play is in the Sims living room. It is furnished simply but well. The time is 3 days before Christmas.

Red, the main character, played by Richard Holden, is a spoiled "brat" that is always fibbing, but is finally caught up with, at Christmas, time when the Sims family is visited by some of their relatives.

This play was under the direction of Mrs. Liske, the 4th grade teacher, and Mrs. Stallings the 3rd grade teacher.

———OOO———

A GENTLEMAN

There are many definitions of a gentleman, but this one taken from an old scrapbook is about as good as any we have ever heard:

"A gentleman is one who is clean both inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealling and win without bragging who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, and too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs."

—Alice Crowell Hoffman

COTTAGES CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS

The Christmas Spirit at Cottage 1 had been waxing strong for several days before Christmas. It began with the decoration of the cottage in the Christmas motif. The cottage parents and the boys created a very interesting scene of Santa Claus, his sleigh and reindeer and mounted it on the roof of the front porch. Each evening spotlights were turned on it to make a very attractive scene.

The highlight of the Christmas holidays came with the annual Christmas party which was held on Christmas Eve. It got under way with a seafood dinner with all the trimmings, plus many kinds of cookies and cakes for dessert. Special guest during the evening were; Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Liske, and Mr. Robert Brown.

The unwrapping of the gifts was left until Christmas morning. Since most of the boys were awake very early, Mr. Hinson suggested we go down and open our gifts. Each boy received at least one gift in addition to a large bag of fruit, nuts, and candy prepared by the school.

—— Walter Glass

* * * *

On Christmas Eve Cottage 3 had its annual Christmas party. For refreshments there were soft drinks, cookies, and candy. Our guests were Mr. and Mrs. Anderson who played games with us. After the games Mrs. Anderson read a story about the Christ Child. When she finished we gave out presents and got so many the wall lockers would not hold them all.

I know the boys in Cottage 3 had a good time and I hope all the other boys had a good time too. I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Faggart on behalf of all their boys for our Christmas party.

—— David York

* * * * *

On December 23 the boys at Jackson Training School started their holidays for the Christmas season.

The boys at Cottage No. 4 had a wonderful time throughout the whole season. We had games to play, such as an electric football game, a carrom board, an archery set, Chinese checkers and many others exciting games that anyone would have fun playing. We got the games from a group of people of Concord that Mr. and Mrs. Cheek know. Three of the boys in Cottage No. 4 Cecil Lutz, Robert Earl Fox, and Benson Golding went to Concord and helped bring back the games. This shows that some people think of others at Christmas time.

About one and a half weeks ago a group of young boys and girls came from Concord to our Cottage to entertain the No. 4 boys. They showed us a film strip about the first Christmas and after that we sang some Christmas carols. Then we showed them our games and introduced ourselves and talked together for some time. We are all looking forward to them visiting us again sometime in the near future.

Tuesday, December 22 boys from different grades in the school departments put on a play about "Red and the Christmas Whoppers". Richard Holden played the part of Red and I think he did very well, everybody did well, the play was about a boy who was always telling lies and he tried

CHORUS

First Row. Reading left to right: Clyde Smith, Billy Bridges, Jerry Griggs, Fletcher Manly, James Pyrtle, Francis Walker, Billy Mitchell.
Second Row: Emmitt Phipps, Bill Tucker, Leroy Smith, Elijah Williams, Woodrow Self, Luther Johnson, Tobby Dabbs.
Third Row: Bobby Joe Lingle, Banks Loye, William Mauldin, Charles Davis, Charles Hodge.

to keep from telling a lie so that he could have a radio for Christmas. At the end he got the radio.

Christmas morning we got up and went upstairs and gave out the presents two at a time. We opened them and showed them. We had a good time. After all the presents were opened and shown around we had a party. Candy, cake, and cokes, were served. I helped Mrs. Cheek bake the cakes Wednesday morning. That evening we saw a movie. We all had a wonderful Christmas and I know everyone will agree to that.

—— Wilson Walker

* * * * *

Three days before Christmas, on Tuesday night, Cottage No. 6 went to the auditorium and saw a play about Christmas. The next day my family visited and I spent all day with them. Then on Thursday we had all day to play and at 2 o'clock we went to the auditorium and saw a movie.

On Thursday night before we went to supper Mr. Russell told us not to eat much because we were going to have a party that night. When we came back from the dinning hall Mr. Russell told us to come up stairs and get our Christmas bags which were full of apples, oranges, tangerines, nuts and candy. After we went down stairs and put that away I came back to help Mrs. Russell give out the Christmas presents.

After we cleared away all the paper we had our party. We had coca colas and some cookies that Mrs. Russell made for us.

The boys in Cottage No. 6 really enjoyed the holidays.

—— Wayne Cook

During the week of Christmas one of the first things the boys in Cottage 7 did was to get some boys to play games. We had two on each side. The first day I ran so hard I had to play another game like marbles or monoply. Wednesday another boy and I helped Mrs. Eller to make cookies. One boy's people brought him a crate of cokes so he gave them to the boys to drink at the party.

We had a show every day of the week and I enjoyed them. On Friday we played football with a new ball. I got a new book so I started reading it that night and finished it two days later. We had services on Friday and Sunday. Monday I played cowboy with some more boys until I got tired and started playing marbles. On the last day it rained so we had a chance to try out our new games.

We had a lot of fun during that week and I am glad to get back to work. Also I received several gifts from the Elks club in Hendersonville we also had a Christmas program Tuesday night and I hope every one enjoyed it.

—— John King

* * * * *

Christmas celebration in Cottage 9 began on the night of December 21 when the boys presented a short play entitled, "When Amatha Comes." Following the play refreshments which Mrs. Miller had prepared were served. They consisted of punch, Christmas tree cookies, gingerbread men, and other delicacies. We then had a treasure hunt with Tommy Sargent receiving the prize for finding the most treasure. Guest for this occasion were Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mullis, and

UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE

These boys, Larry Smeltzer, Gary Cummings, and Sherrill Dalton, represent a typical scene of passing out gifts on Christmas morning at the Jackson Training School. Each boy received at least one gift in addition to a large bag of fruit, nuts and candy.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson.

Presents were distributed on Christmas morning by Mr. and Mrs. Miller. We wish to thank them for making it so enjoyable.

—— Hollis Dowdy Billy Cooper

* * * * *

Cottage 10 held its Christmas party on Christmas Eve. The festivities began with the presentation of a short skit about the birth of Christ which was written and presented by the boys. They enjoyed working on this skit very much and it turned out to be very good.

Following the play Mrs. Liske played the piano and we sang carols. Then we listened to records and had refreshments which really hit the spot.

The big moment that we had all been waiting for finally came. It was time to give out the presents. Each boy received at least one present and most of them many more. Fruits, nuts and candy from the school was given out and everyone had more than they could eat.

The boys found the holidays very enjoyable and we wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Liske for their efforts in making them so nice for us.

—— Bill Tucker

* * * * *

It was a very exciting night in Cottage 11 on Christmas Eve. All the boys were upstairs watching television, playing games, or singing Christmas carols. Everyone was patiently waiting for midnight when we could open our presents. Finally the time came and we began to open them. All of the boys got several presents apiece and everyone was smiling and eating fruits and candy. We had so much to eat we had to wait until Christmas morning for our party refreshments which consisted of cup cakes, soft drinks and other treats. Everyone in the Cottage seemed to have a grand time and we appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Rouse's efforts in our behalf.

—— Harrison Powell

* * * * *

Christmas celebration began in Cottage 13 on Christmas Eve with the annual party. Carols were sung, games played, and gifts distributed by the Cottage parents. Everyone was well pleased with their presents from home or other sources. Refreshments which consisted of cookies, cakes, and soft drinks were served. We had planned to watch television that night, but the set was out of order so we had to forget this pleasure until it could be repaired.

The boys wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson for helping make our holidays so enjoyable.

—— Donald Thompson

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve Cottage 14 had their Christmas party. After we had supper we went to the Cottage to have our party. First we all got our bags of fruit, candy, and nuts. After we had all eaten some of our fruits, nuts and candy we went back upstairs to say some poems and stories about Christmas. All took part in this program and enjoyed this very much. After everyone had said their poem or story we sang some Christmas Carols such as; Silent Night, Hark The Herald Angels Sing and many others.

When the singing was over the boys

watched television, worked some puzzles or played games while Mrs. Hooker fixed the cookies in pretty napkins. Mrs. Hooker made the cookies herself. They were cookies looking like Santa Clauses, bells, wreaths and Christmas trees.

The boys enjoyed the cookies very much with their cold drinks. Soon after the party we watched television and went downstairs to get ready for bed.

Every boy in the Cottage was looking forward to Friday morning when the time had come for them to open their Christmas presents. When we had all dressed and went upstairs we sat down in the chairs and waited for Mrs. Hooker to call our names and hand out our presents.

After all the boys had opened their presents we went down stairs to get ready for breakfast. All day Friday we sat an watched some of the special Christmas programs on television and went to the show at 1:30.

We all enjoyed a Merry Christmas day at the Cottage and had a swell time.

—— Sherwod Brown

* * * * *

The boys in Cottage 15 had their Christmas party on Christmas Eve. During the party refreshments were served and the gifts distributed. Each boy received presents. Some of them got watches while others received clothing and toilet articles. We also received a large bag of fruits, nuts, and candy from the school. Everyone enjoyed the party and the holidays very much and are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Peck for making them so pleasant.

—— Melvin Smith

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve the boys in Cottage 16 had their annual Christmas party which lasted until 1:30 Christmas morning. During this time we were served refreshments which consisted of fruit cake, cookies, punch, peanuts, cup cakes, soft drinks and candy. After the refreshments were served the boys listened to records, watched television, and played games.

The following morning we were up early to open presents. Each boy received nice gifts and everyone was very much thilled and excited about them.

We thank Mr. and Mrs. Troutman for making our holidays so enjoyable.

—— Ray Malpass

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve the boys in Cottage 17 enjoyed a period of recreation in the form of parlor games. Some of the boys played checkers, some bingo, and still others played card games. We also watched television and had a very pleasant evening.

On Christmas morning we were up bright and early to open presents before breakfast. On Christmas night we had a party and were served soft drinks, cookies, cup cakes and candy. Everybody had a wonderful time and much of the credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Parrish.

—— Paul Knight

To live in love is to live in everlasting youth. Whoever enters old age by this royal road will find the last of life to be the very best of life. Instead of finding himself descending the hills of life, he will find it uphill all the way, into clearer air. There the vision reaches further; there the sunsets are more golden, and the twilight lasts longer. —Selected.

CAMPUS NEWS

DONATIONS PROVIDE CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR BOYS

From all appearances this holiday season has been one of the most enjoyable the boys have ever had Everything was done to make their Christmas as much like home as possible and each boy was given special treats in fruit, nuts, and candy which was made possible through the generosity of friends of the school. Those contributing to the Christmas Fund were: Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Mr. A. W. Klemme, Mr. Herman Cone, Auditors of New Hanover County, Mr. Bernard M. Cone, The Outdoor Study Club of Charlotte, Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Sr., The Greenville Kiwanis Club, Mr. T. M. Stanback, Mr. John R. Boger, Mrs Mary M. Duelle, The Forsyth County Welfare Department, Miss Alice Armfield, Mr. Maurice C. Kimball, Mr. Bill Propst, Mr. J. W. Beckham, and the Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund. Some of this money was specified to be used as magazine subscriptions for the boys and some was entered into individual accounts. Other amounts went into the general fund to be used to provide Christmas cheer.

It is only through the generosity and rememberance of our friends at Christmas time that the boys can enjoy treats which their gifts make possible. The staff and boys sincerely thank all donors for their kindness in remembering our boys this year.

HOLIDAY MOVIES SHOWN

A movie was enjoyed in the school auditorium each day during the Christmas holidays. These movies were loaned the school gratis by various supply houses in Charlotte, N. C. These companies also provide us with a weekly movie shown throughout the year.

The movies shown during Christmas week were: *Blackbeard and The Pirate, With a Song In My Heart, High Noon, Detective Story, Show Boat,* and *Montana Belle.* These movies were a highlight of the day and the school is very grateful to those who made them possible.

OPEN HOUSE GIVEN

Mr. and Mrs. Scott entertained the staff with Open House on December 16. The house was very attractively decorated in the holiday theme, and delicious refreshments were served the guest. Guest, other than staff members, included Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse C. Fisher.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SCHEDULE

The following schedule was put into effect during the week from December 23 through December 29.

December 22
Annual Christmas Play presented in school auditorium at 7:00 p.m.

December 23
Recreational program in the gymnasium during the morning.
Movie at 2:00 p.m.

December 24
Recreational program in the gymnasium during the morning.
Movie at 2:00 p.m.
Individual cottage parties during late evening. (Gifts were distributed)

December 25
Christmas services in the school auditorium at 10:00 a.m.
Christmas Dinner at 12:00 noon
Movie at 2:00 p.m.

December 26
Recreational program in the gymnasium during the morning.
Movie at 2:00 p.m.

December 27
Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
Church Services 2:00 p.m.

December 28
Recreational program in the gymnasium during the morning.
Movie at 2:00 p.m.

December 29
Recreational program in the gymnasium during the morning.
Movie at 2:00 p.m.

——OOO——

A BOY

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
A boy at his work or play,
A boy who whistles about the place
Or laughs in his artless way.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
And the world must wait and see,
For every man in his honored place,
Is a boy that used to be.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
A boy with his bare white feet;
So have a smile and a kindly word
For every boy you meet.

—Selected.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

Harvey Day Flynn was admitted to the school December 4, 1953, from Yadkin County. He was placed in Cottage No. 14.

Toby Jack Cranfield came to the school December 4, 1953, from Yadkin County. He was placed in Cottage 2.

Dewey Cicero Guinn arrived at the school December 4, 1953, from Sampson County. He was placed in Cottage No. 9.

Thomas Hardy Tew from Craven County was admitted to the school December 4, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 15.

James Roger Russell came to us December 4, 1953, from Stanly Co. He was placed in the Infirmary.

Robert Eugene Colon was admitted to the school December 7, 1953, from Haywood County. He was placed in Cottage No. 13.

Earnest Ray Pinion from Haywood County came to us December 8, 1953. He was assigned to Cottage No. 7.

Wade Alden Mehaffy was admitted to the school December 8, 1953, from Haywood County. Wade was placed in Cottage No. 9.

Larry Wayne Lee Vernon came to the school December 9, 1953, from Stokes County. He was assigned to Cottage No. 9.

Jerry Wayne Scarbrough arrived at the school December 10, 1953, from Greensboro. Jerry was put in Cottage No. 7.

Grover Moses Collins was admitted to the school December 14, 1953. Grover is from Forsyth County, and was placed in Cottage No. 4.

David Franklin Strader was admitted December 14, 1953, from Rockingham County. He was assigned to Cottage No. 4.

Albert Hale Ross from Vance Co. was admitted December 15, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 13.

James Gilbert Johnson came to us December 15, 1953, from Wilkes Co. James has a brother, Clay Enoch Johnson also from Wilkes County. Clay was placed in Cottage No. 4, while James was placed in Cottage No. 14.

Harold Stanly Murry from Wake County came to us December 18, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 10.

Louis Ace "Bud" Dula was admitted to the school December 22, 1953, from Caldwell County. He was assigned to Cottage No. 14.

John Stanly Cromer from Caldwell County, came to us December 22, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Willie Howard Lancaster came to us December 31, 1953, from Wayne County. Willie was the last boy to be admitted to the school in 1953.

Otis Bryant from Robeson County was admitted to the school November 4, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 15.

Leon Eugene Davis came to the school November 5, 1953, from Wake County. Leon was placed in Cottage No. 4.

George Clodfelter was admitted to the school November 7, 1953, from Guilford County. George was put in Cottage No. 4.

Larry Scott Wright from Buncombe County was admitted to the school No-

vember 13, 1953. Larry was assigned to Cottage No. 2.

James Ray Pruitt was admitted to the school November 13, 1953, from Guilford County. James was placed in Cottage No. 4.

Ray and Roy Puckett were admitted to the school November 13, 1953, from Guilford County. Ray was placed in Cottage No. 4 while Roy was placed in Cottage No. 11.

David Dulaney came to us November 16, 1953, from Yancey County. David was assigned to Cottage No. 14.

James Riddle Mayfield from Burke County came to the school November 16, 1953. James was placed in Cottage No. 13.

William Robert Gillie Jr. was readmitted to the school November 17, 1953, from Rockingham County. William was placed in Cottage No. 13.

Billy Gene Bridges was readmitted to the school November 19,1953, from Lincoln County. Billy was placed in Cottage No. 10.

Ovilla Jerome "Tiger" Joyner was admitted to the school November 20, 1953, from Forsyth County. He was pleaed in Cottage No. 9.

Johnny Dean Sparks from Mitchell County was admitted November 20, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 9.

Mack Ray "Pete" Allman came to us November 30, 1953, from Mecklenburg County. Pete was placed in Cottage No. 13.

Wade Davidson Cox from Mecklenburg County was readmitted to the school November 20, 1953. Wade was placed in Cottage No. 15.

Bobby Gene Davis from Cleveland County came to us on November 24. Bobby was assigned to Cottage No. 9.

William Donald Hamrick was admitted to the school November 24, 1953, from Cleveland County. Donald was assigned to Cottage No. 1.

Willie Ray Ingram came to us November 24, 1953 from Caldwell County. Willie was put in Cottage No. 7.

Vaughn Mason Johnson was readmitted to the school November 24, 1953, from Cumberland County. Vaughn was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Walter Johnson Shelton came to us November 24, 1953, from Rockingham County. Walter was placed in Cottage No. 13.

John Lewis Chapman was admitted to the school November 27, 1953, from Burke County. John was put in Cottage No. 11.

Albert Goins from Burke County came to us November 27, 1953. Albert was placed in Cottage No. 14.

Otis Jacobs was admitted to the school November 28, 1953, from Robeson County. Otis has been readmitted to the school and has been placed in Cottage No.17. ?

Thomas Edward Transou was admitted to the school November 30, 1953, from Wilkes County. He was placed in Cottage No. 7.

-----OOO-----

When nothing seems to help, I go and look at a stonecutter hammering at his rock, perhaps a hundred times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet, at the hundred and first blow it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it , but all that had gone before.

—Jacob A. Riis.

DEATH CLAIMS FORMER BOY

Mr. Leon Godown, former printing Instructor, sent us the following letter concerning the death of one of our boys, Robert Eugene Trout.

Robert was admitted to the school on November 15, 1945 and released February 28, 1947. He received his Honorable Discharge on December 27, 1949. He was the son of Mrs. R. C. Trout of 257 Burton Street, Asheville, N. C. where he made his home after his release.

While at the Jackson Training School he lived at the Receiving Cottage under the care of Mr. T. R. Adams. He was in the 9th grade in school and worked in the print shop.

At the time of his death Robert was 24 years old.

Dear Mrs. Yarbrough:

Thought perhaps you had not heard of the death of Robert Trout, a former Jackson Training School boy, so I'm passing on the news to you as I recently received it.

Robert Trout died at his home in Asheville, N.C., October 10, 1953. He is survived by a wife and three children, ages five years, three years and the youngest just a few months old.

For quite some time Robert had been working on the Sanford (N.C.) Daily Herald, an afternoon daily newspaper published by William E. Horner. He had not yet made arrangements for his family to leave the home in Asheville.

Robert had been suffering from a heart ailment for quite a while, and he had been making weekly trips to a heart specialist in Ashville for treatment.

Friday, October 9th, he went to his home in Asheville as usual, and on the following day he suffered a heart attack from which he failed to recover.

Prior to going to Sanford, he was employed by the Clay Printing Company in Asheville.

I got this story from Mr. Horner, who came over to see about getting one of our boys to take Robert's place until he could secure the services of another full time operator.

Mr. Horner informed me that Robert was a very nice young man and a good worker.

Robert started taking linotype instruction at Jackson Training School quite a few years ago, but I cannot recall the exact date nor length of time he worked in the shop prior to being paroled.

Please tender my very best wishes to old friends at the school, and with kindest personal regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

Leon Godown

——oooOooo——

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the things you have to do, when it ought to be done whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly. —Thomas Henry Huxley.

SUNDAY SERVICE

By Billy Bushie, 6th Grade

Due to the absence of the visiting minister on December 6, 1953, there was no church service for that Sunday.

* * * * *

Rev. Mr. Byron N. Nifong, the new pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, was the visiting minister for December 13, 1953.

The Rev. Mr. Nifong chose his scripture from St. John and talked on the value of our Saviour. He told us a story of a King who in a dream saw a pair of scales coming down from Heaven. He then saw all of the earth's treasures placed on the left side and Jesus placed on the other. The side on which Jesus stood outweighed the gold by far. When the King awoke he asked his wisemen to tell him the meaning of this dream. The wisemen told him it was to show him that all of earth's treasures did not bring as much happiness as eternal life with Jesus.

Rev. Mr. Nifong said we must also think of the happiness of Heaven before earthly treasures.

* * * * *

Rev. Mr. E. L. Misenheimer, was the speaker for December 20, 1953. He is from Kannapolis. For his scripture he chose the book of Matthew. Rev. Mr. Misenheimer told us a story of two brothers that were caught stealing sheep, and brought before the people and convicted. The two brothers were branded with the letter S. T. on their forehead. For some time the older of the brothers roamed the country over but the letters S. T. followed him where ever he went. Later on he died and was not forgiven, The younger brother who stayed in the village was sorry for his mistakes and prayed to God for forgivness. When the people heard of this they saw that he was sorry for what he had done and they forgave him too. Then one day a stranger came in the village and saw the old man with the letters S. T. on his forehead and ask what it meant. Someone told him it started a long time ago, he did not know just when, but he believed the letters S. T. stood for Saint. This made a big difference in the life of the old man who once had sinned.

* * * * *

The Rev. Mr. E. J. Habison' pastor of Concord Circuit, was the visiting minister for December 25 which was Christmas Day. Rev. Mr. Harbison's scripture was taken from St. Luke 2:8. He told us a story about Mary and Joseph and how the Christ Child was born. He said that Mary and Joseph came to the Inn for a room to stay in that night, but the Inn keeper told them that there was no room for anyone else. He did not know who Mary and Joseph were, for if he had known he would have made room for them. They finally had to go out and stay in the stable that night where Jesus was born. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manager where shepherds

came and worshipped him. They were not angry because they had not gotten the room. They were just as happy as could be.

* * * * *

Rev. Mr. Paul Rimmer, pastor of Mount Herman Lutheran Church, was our visiting minister for December 27, 1953. His scripture was from Mark.

The Rev. Mr. Rimmer told us a story of when he was a boy and the kinds of Christmases he had. He said that when Christmas came he usually got a pocket knife, which he was very proud of. The only fireworks he knew was to take a hog blatter and blow it up and put a board over it and brust it. Rev. Mr. Rimmer said that the spirit of Christmas was what really mattered.

He said that a little girl's father got her up one morning to open her gifts but as she came down stairs she was saying "Happy Birthday to you." He said "she has it all wrong, for she thinks it's her birthday but it's Christmas." Later on he discovered it was he who had it wrong, for she sang, "Happy Birthday Dear Jesus." So it really is the spirit of Christmas that matters.

———OOO———

HOW MARK TWAIN PROVED IT

When Mark Twain was living in Connecticut he went to hear a noted divine who preached one of his best sermons. After it was over, Mark approached the doctor and said politely:

"I have enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it as an old friend. I have a book at home in my library that contains every word of it."

"Why, that can't be, Mr. Clemens," replied the rector.

"All the same, it is so," said Twain.

"Well, I certainly should like to see that book," enjoined the rector with dignity.

"All right," said Mark, "you shall have it,"

The next morning the rector received, with Mark Twain's compliments, a dictionary. —Selected

THE FIGHTER

Reprinted from The C. B. Diamond

He is down flat on his back and the roar of the crowd as they sense the kill is deafening. His vision is blurred. His sense are reeling. He tries desperately to pull himself together but all he is able to do is to flop over onto his stomach. His head throds with pain. His breath comes in gasps. As he lies there unable to get up he senses, rather than hears, the count being tolled over him.

His senses clear a little. He hears the people in the ring-side seats jerring at him and he remembers that it has always been like this. The crowd had been on him from the begining. They had never given him a chance....had ridden him in all of his fights, and now they were more hostile than ever.

Lately he had been meeting only mediocre opposition. Fights that at one time he would have won with one hand tied behind his back. Oh he managed to stumble through on top all right—but he had been lucky—very, very lucky.

And now this humiliation. He had been hit before....plenty of times. But this was the first time he had been dropped to the floor. Sure he had taken beatings....lots of them. But they had never really hurt him before never knocked him down.

But this was different. This time he was in trouble....real trouble. The blow that had knocked him down had landed with crushing force. They had warned him to be careful....not to get tagged. But he had laughed at them never really believed it could happen to him. Other guys got knocked out, sure....but not him....never him.

As he lies there with the savage roar of crowd in his ears he realizes this is it....his last chance....the end of the trail. If he blew this one he was washed up....finished for good. He didn't really care one way or another he had never really cared about anything. Then he thought about what it would mean to dad....to mon....to all the others who had believed in him.

He knew then that he had to get up—that a man's life isn't his own—that he owes it to the world to give everything he's got. He got off the floor—shaken and goggy—but he got off. As he warded off the flurry of vicious blows that rained on him he was aware that a few persons in the crowd were cheering for him. He gained confidence and fought back—weakly at first, then stronger and stronger. The few scattered cheers of the crowd turned into tumultuous acclaim—and it was all clear to him then. People are against you only when they sense that you are not giving all you've got—that you are a quitter.

He presses to the attack....slugs it out toe to toe. He carries everything before him and for a brief moment he is filled with exhileration. But he realizes he's not the man he used to be that he is tired very tired. For a moment he considers what might have been....his sholders sag and he is on the verge of tears. Suddenly he straightens up, quits feeling sorry for himself and breaks into a smile.

Sure there's a lot of tough fights lickings waiting fr him in the future but it's good to know that he'll never be counted out lying on his back.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

(The boys were asked to write their new year resolutions on a card and turn it in to **The Uplift** office. The following list includes those most often mentioned. Boys, allow us to say we hope you keep each one of these. —The Uplift Staff)

I RESOLVE:

- To help make the school a better place for learning and training.
- To make better grades in my academic work.
- To be more obedient and respectful to my cottage parents.
- To improve in my trades work.
- To stop cursing.
- To improve my spiritual life.
- To make more friends.
- To improve my whole life more this year than ever before.
- Help others when in need.
- To try to be a nicer person in all ways.
- To try to help my cottage be the best cottage on the campus.
- To learn to control my temper.
- To not fight with other boys when I don't get my way.
- To be kind and generous with the other boys.
- To be more helpful to my supervisors.
- To stop lying and blaming others with my misconduct.
- To improve my manners.
- To not argue with the boys.
- To improve my personal appearance.
- To learn good citizenship.
- To stop borrowing from other people.
- To finish all tasks that I start.
- To lead a clean and worthwhile life when I am released.
- To stop smoking.
- To be kinder to my parents.
- To be more understanding of problems which face other people.
- To do my cottage chores cheerfully and well.
- To do my best at all times.
- To stop swearing and using profane language.
- "When a task has begun, do not stop until it is done.
  Do a favor great or small. Do it well or not at all."

CAMPUS ACTIVITIES 20 YEARS AGO

Visiting was not permitted at the school on Christmas Day, but on the following Wednesday, regular visiting day, an unsually large number of boys were visited by their folks. Judging from the number of automobiles parked in different parts of the campus, it was estimated by several members of our staff that only once before in the history of the school had this number of visitors been exceeded.

———:———

The C. W. A. program at the Training School, mentioned in a previous issue of The Uplift, has gotten off to a nice start. The fill leading from the Campus to the barns is being widened about ten feet. The old fill was very dangerous as it was only ten feet wide, and on wet, slippery days, the skidding of cars or wagons would send shivers through your system for fear that you might suddenly take a twelve-foot drop. The widening of the fill will insure safe passage and at the same time will materially add to the effictiveness of the drainage in front of our dairy barn, from which place dirt for this work on the fill is being taken. To give an idea of the extent of the drainage project, we might state that 660 loads have already been placed in the fill, and it is not yet half completed. A very pleasing feature of the grading operations is listening to the harmony in song, by the colored laborers, in their even, steady movements of pick and shovel. If one enjoys rhythm and real harmony, there is no better place to find it than among a group of negroes at their work. Another part of this C. W. A. project is the painting of all our buildings, both inside and out. This as yet has not gotten under way.

———:———

The boys at the school are doing a fine piece of work in clearing the underbrush from a thickly wooded area on Highway No. 15, opposite the entrance to the new highway connecting Nos. 151 and 15. This place has been a dumping ground for old autos and trash of all kinds for some time, but after the clean-up work by the boys it looks more like a sylvan park than a rugged, unsightly stretch of woods. Every passer-by can at once note the improvement made.

———:———

Our shop foreman, Mr. Alf Carriker, has a reputation at the school of being one of those fellows who is able to make something out of nothing, because of the fact that he seems to be able to see and utlize many things that in the eyes of others would seem useless rubbish. The smokestack at the laundry, which is about twenty feet high, burned out recently. Mr. Carriker and his boys gathered up a number of discarded steel oil drums and soon had them riveted together, and in a short time there appeared in place of the old burned-out tin smokestack, a real steel stack, which is infinitely superior in every way to the former one. This is being passed along for information to those who might need a similar replacement, also as evidence of what real economy means.

———:———

It has begun! Last week we carried an item that work on the underpass would begin on Friday of that week.

The workers were here, but rain prevented much being accomplished. Last Monday morning work was begun in earnest. About twenty men, under the supervision of Frank Garmon have been working steadily since. It will not be long before the glad announcement can be made that there is an underpass across Highway No. 15, connecting the school grounds with the athletic field.

———:———

We have heard of many unique menus being served in this and other countries on Christmas Day, in fact we have partaken of some—such as vension, wild turkey, wild goose, and bear steak—but Mr. R. A. Sappenfield and family, of Cottage No. 14, have the distinction of feasting on the most unusual delicacy on Christmas Day that has as yet come to our knowledge. On this occasion, which the rest of our large family enjoyed turkey and chicken and all the "fixin's," they were being served frogs legs in generous portions. Mr. Sappenfield reports that he and several of his boys caught these frogs, some of them unsually large, a day or two before Christmas, in creek runnin through the school property, and that several others caught at the same time were judged too small and thrown back into the water.

———:o:———

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, or am not, and keep ever burning before my wandering steps the kindly light of hope. And through age and infirmity overtake me and I come not in sight of the castle of my dreams; teach me still to be thankful for life and time's old memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening twilight find me gentle still. —Selected

CAN YOU IMAGINE

By Garry Compton, 7th Grade

— The boys staying up all night?
— Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell and Betty Grable entertaining the boys?
— Having visitors every Sunday?
— Harold Harris not working in the hospital?
— James Pyrtle not talking in school?
— Starting basketball in December?
— Having a double feature movie on Thursday nights?
— Paul White not singing?
— The dining hall without Jerry Long?
— The dentist not coming to the school?
— Allen Jackson not arguing?
— Roland Jones not in the print shop?
— Ray Malpass not in Cottage No. 16?
— Pat Deal in the library?
— No. 4 winning a sports trophy?
— The supervisors not smoking?
— No. 10 sleeping until six o'clock?
— Lewis Turner not telling people about Texas?
— Benson Golding going to the Stork Club to make a speech?
— Mr. Russell without Bill Starnes in his room?
— No new boys being admitted to the school?
— Mr. Parrish having the gym?
— It snowing so much that you would have to climb out of the bedroom window to get out of the Cottage?
— Having a dance every week?
— Jimmy Scott going home after Christmas?
— Going to bed when you get ready?
— Bill Tucker wearing a belt?
— Garry Compton going home in March?
— Harrison Powell leaving the school?
— The boys not wanting to write a letter home?

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

Jan. 1 Wayne Pryor, Cottage No. 1, 14th Birthday

Jan. 4 Robert Babb, Cottage No. 11, 15th Birthday

Jan. 5 Jerry Gibbs, Cottage No. 14, 13th Birthday

Jan. 5 Larry Smeltzer, Cottage No. 1, 15th Birthday

Jan. 6 Billy Wiles, Cottage No. 1, 14th Birthday

Jan. 6 Eddie Redden, Cottage No. 11, 15th Birthday

Jan. 7 William Holt, Cottage No. 3, 16th Birthday

Jan. 8 Buddy Huffstickler, Cottage No. 11, 13th Birthday

Jan. 8 Ransom Hall, Cottage No. 1, 14th Birthday

Jan. 9 Robert Portis, Cottage No. 15, 15th Birthday

Jan. 11 Kenneth Hollifield, Cottage No. 1, 15th Birthday

Jan. 11 Donnie Bradley, Cottage No. 3, 13th Birthday

Jan. 14 Hollis Dowdy, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday

Jan. 15 Grady Crouse, Cottage No. 13, 15th Birthday

Jan. 17 John Harrold, Cottage No. 15, 16th Birthday

Jan. 18 Bobby Revels, Cottage No. 17, 15th Birthday

Jan. 21 L. B. Blackburn Cottage No. 6, 12th Birthday

Jan. 26 John King, Cottage No. 7, 13th Birthday

Jan. 27 Billy Mosteller, Cottage No. 15, 13th Birthday

Jan. 27,Claude Townsel, Cottage No. 3, 12th Birthday

Jan. 28 Tommy Mcbride, Cottage No. 3, 14th Birthday

Jan. 30 Benson Golding, Cottage No. 4, 16th Birthday

Jan. 30 Correll Bryant, Cottage No. 17, 15th Birthday

Jan. 31 Calvin Barefoot, Cottage No. 4, 15th Birthday

Jan. 31 William Hamrick, Cottage No. 1, 14th Birthday

Jan 31 Monroe Korn, Cottage No 2, 13th Birthday

BITS OF WISDOM

Be at war with your voices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man. - - Franklin.

—o:O:o—

The worst place in the world is just beyond your income. - - Selected

—o:O:o—

The world stands aside to let a man pass who knows where he is going.
- - David Starr Jordan.

—o:O:o—

There isn't any map of the road to success; you have to find your own way. - - Exchange

—o:O:o—

A formular for youth: Keep your enthusiams, and forget your birthdays
- - Eugene Lyman Fiske.

—o:O:o—

Go to bed each night with something on your mind to do tomorrow.
- - Elbert Hubbard.

—o:O:o—

There is no duty we so much underrated as the duty of being happy.
- - Stevenson.

—o:O:o—

Only a life lived for others is a life worth while. - - Albert Einstein.

—o:O:o—

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.
- - Cecil.

—o:O:o—

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else. - - Dickens.

—o:O:o—

Men must be decided on what they will not do, and then they are able to act with vigor in what they ought to do . - - Meneius.

We do not know how cheap the seeds of happiness are - - or we would scatter them oftener. - - Dickens.

—o:O:o—

You cannot do a kindness too soon, because you never know how soon it will be too late. - - Emerson.

—o:O:o—

A little actual experience will modify a great many academic theories.
- - Martin Vanbee.

—o:O:o—

Have patience. All things are difficult bfore they become easy. - - Saadi.

—o:O:o—

To profit from good advice repuires more wisdom than to give it.
- - Collins.

—o:O:o—

Too often we deliberate after we've made our decision. - - William Feather.

—o:O:o—

Dogs get affection because they give it, so let that be a lesson to you.
- - William Feather.

—o:O:o—

Faults are thick where love is thin.
- -Danish Proverb.

—o:O:o—

Habits are first cobwebs, then cables. - - Spanish Proverb.

—o:O:o—

A determinate purpose in life and a steady adhesion to it through all disadvantages, are indispensible conditions of success. - - W. M. Punshon.

—o:O:o—

The man who makes no mistakes usually makes nothing else. - - Phelps.

—o:O:o—

Don't judge a man by what he once may have done wrong. Judge him by the things he may do right.

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional oridinal funny-bone tickler added.)

Don't take life too seriously. You'll never get out of it alive.

——OoO——

A friend told us the other day about his uncle who was so hard of hearing that he conducted the family prayer while kneeling on the cat.

——OoO——

He: "We're coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

——OoO——

Big game hunter: "There I was! A ferocious lion to the right of me; tigers to the left; in front and back of me were wild boars—"

Breathless boy: "Yes, what happened?

Big game hunter: "The merry-go-round stopped."

——OoO——

Three men lived on the 25th floor of an apartment building. One day the elevator was out of order so they had to walk up the stairs to their apartment.

To pass the time, they decided that the first man would sing a song, the second would tell a joke, and the third would tell a sad story.

They were on the 24th flight of stairs when it was the third man's turn. All he said was "I forgot the key."

——OoO——

"When I was a boy," said the famous lawyer, "my highest ambition was to be a pirate." "That so?" said his client. "Congratulations."

"I know I'm not really much to look at," admitted the fiance.

"Oh, well," philosophized his bride to be, "you'll be at the office most of the time."

——OoO——

Customer: (to barber) "Do you have another razor?"

Barber: "Yes, why?"

Customer: "I'd like to defend myself."

——OoO——

Best way to change the noise in your car is to let her drive.

——OoO——

Prof: "Are you teaching this class?

Student: "No sir."

Prof: "Well sit down and stop acting like an idiot."

——OoO——

An auto of ancient vintage puffed and wheezed up to the toll gate.

"Fifty cents," the attendant said.

"Sold!" replied the driver.

——OoO——

The sales manager had been handing the boys a big story about his importance. At the conclusion he cried, "I'm a self made man! What do you think of that?"

A voice boomed up from the back of the room, "You knocked off work too soon!"

——OoO——

Mother: "Sammy, there were two pieces of pie in the pantry this morning and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

Sammy: "I guess it was too dark for me to see the other piece."

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

DECEMBER

FIRST GRADE

Wayne Jenkins
Charlie McBride
Gerald Packer

SECOND GRADE

Jackie Moore
Larry Call
Parks Aldridge
Wiliam Holaway
Edward Stines

THIRD GRADE

No Honor Roll

FOURTH GRADE

Beecher Carver

SIXTH GRADE

Hollis Dowdy
Charles Hodge
Charles King
Tommy Long
Mickey Davidson
Earl Fox
Ronnie Payne
James Scott
Lewis Turner
Eddie Wilburn

EIGHTH GRADE

Bill Hawkins
Melvin Smith

NINTH GRADE

Harrison Powell
Charles Rivenbark

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

December

MEAT CUTTING

Henry Banther
Baxter Franklin
Wilson Walker

CARPENTER SHOP

Pat Deal
Billy Gallion
Ransom Hall
J. D. Brooks
Harold Huggins
Herman Callahan

LAUNDRY

William Holt
L. B. Blackburn
Jack Phillips
Clifford Wyatt
Tommie McBride
Carl Harding
Donald Crow
Bobby Tedder

CONTINUATION OF THE FARM AND TRADES HONOR ROLLS

BARN FORCE

Earl Fox
J. B. Benfieid
Ray McGraw
Jimmy Mayfield
James Clay
Bobby Rebels
Hannel Rivenbark
Fay Elden
Donald Thompson
David Dockery

BARBER SHOP

John King
Ward Williams
Paul Ham
R. V. Eades

SHOE SHOP

E. C. Parker

MACHINE SHOP

Walter Glass
Wayne Everhart

TEXTILE MILL

Charlie McBride

PLANT BEDS

Vernon Erwin
Wayne Rowe
Dean Cranford
Glen Pruitt
Bobby Hannah
Jonathan Walker
Buddie Hufstickler
Bennie Garrett
Paul White
Ray Puckett
C. C. Munsey

DAIRY

Melvin Smith
Edward Stines
Howard Chapman
McRay Peele
Howard Case

CHICKEN FORCE

Cleatide Oxendine
Cardell Oxendine
Jessie Mathews

David Carpenter

TRACTOR FORCE

Bobby Janes
Jimmiy Swany
David Henderson
Joe Hyett
Gerald Packer
Thomas Powell

FARM

Edwin Duck
Jimmie Smith
Jack Brooks
L. D. Boone
Forest Hendrix
Joe Duncan
Bobby Revels
Donnie Sessoms
Caroll Bryant
Claude Townsel
Donald McElveen

PRINT SHOP

Eddie Redden
Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Garry Compton
Benson Golding
Robert Jones
Billy Bushie
Harrison Powell
Robert Babb

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

DECEMBER

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Garry Compton
Pat Deal
Harold Harris
Ray Malpass
Ronnie Payne
Bill Starnes
Lewis Turner

COTTAGE No. 2
Edwin Duck

COTTAGE No. 3
Bobby Avery
Garry Franklin
Glenn Franklin
William Holt
Bobby Jernigan
George Stubbs
Andrew Thomas
Claude Townsel

COTTAGE No. 4
Henry Banther
Earl Fox
Benson Golding
Rick Lutz
Wilson Walker

COTTAGE No. 6
Frank Brindle
L. B. Blackmon
Larry Call
Billy Hayes

COTTAGE No. 7
Ronnie Merritt
Danny Smith
Bobby Stevens
Tommy Wyatt

COTTAGE No. 9
Jackie Ashley
Ralph Carpenter
Billy Cooper
Charles Dail
Hollis Dowdy
Joe Duncan
Joel Green
Jesse Mabe
Archie Medford
Tommy Mercer
Bobby North
Marvin Phillips
Tommy Sargent
Alvin Sherrill
Mack Teal

COTTAGE No. 13
James Clay
Jimmy Mayfield
Walter Shelton
Donald Thompson

COTTAGE No. 14
Phillip Ball
David Blevins
Sherwood Brown
R. V. Eades
Jerry Gibbs
Paul Hamm
John King
Thomas Powell
Billy Roberts
Alfred Walker
Ward Williams

COTTAGE No. 15
Robert Portis

COTTAGE No. 17
Carol Bryant
Bill Gallion
Carl Harding
Paul Knight
Alton Locklear
Hersey Locklear
B. W. Murry
Johnny Polston
Wayne Shealy

THE UPLIFT

No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1954 Vol. 42

Be My Valentine

SONNET

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breath and heighth
My soul can reach, When feeling out of sight
For the ends of being, and ideal grace.
I love thee with the level of every days
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood faith.
I love thee with a love I seem to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! And if God choose,
I shall love thee better after death.

By Elizabeth B. Browning

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTER

Harrison Powell
Paul Knight
Eddie Redden
Ray Malpass
Garry Compton

PRESSMEN

Harrison Powell
Roland Jones
Robert Babb
Charles Simpson
Clyde Englebert

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Ray Malpass
Paul Knight
Garry Compton

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The Uplift

Editorial . . .

LOSING TO WIN

Jack awoke very early on Saturday morning, hopped briskly out of bed, and rushed to the bathroom to brush his teeth and dress for the day. This was to be a big day. He and several of his friends had planned to go fishing and they were looking forward to a grand time. All week they had planned many things they would do and the boys had thought of little else but living for Saturday when they could get this trip underway. Jack could not be blamed for being so happy on this early morning, because the great day had finally arrived.

After dressing he hurried down stairs without his mother or father having to call him even once. He rushed into the kitchen with a broad smile on his face and greeted his parents with a cherry, "Good morning, Mom and Dad". Both parents greeted Jack but stole a sly glance at each other. They knew the anticipation with which he had looked forward to this day. Jack took his place at the breakfast table and was impatient for his mother to serve his plate. He reminded his mother that she had promised to pack his picnic lunch, and his father that he had promised him that he could use his favorite rod and reel on this day. Neither parent had any comment to make but in his enthusiam Jack did not notice this lack of conversation. He babbled on and on about the acticipated activities of the day and was impatient with his mother because she was not serving breakfast as quickly as he wanted it. He felt sure that the other boys would be by for him before he was ready.

Finally the father stole a sly look at Mother and said, "This fishing trip means a great deal to you doesn't it, son."

"It surely does," replied Jack, "We have been planning this day for over a month and nothing is going to stop us from having a good time now."

Father looked at mother and said, "Jack, do you remember last summer when we planned to start on our vacation and were delayed for several days?"

"I sure do," said Jack, "But I don't see why we had to just because old Mr. Blevins down the street had to pick that time to die. Why we hardly knew him! He and Mrs. Blevins had moved here a few weeks before and I had only seen him about three times. You and Mom had only been down there on one visit."

"That is just the reason why it was so necessary for us to postpone our vacation a few days," said Dad. "They had just arrived in town from out west where they did live and did not know anyone in town very well. Poor Mrs. Blevins did not have anyone to turn to for help with the funeral arrangements and the least we could do was to offer our help in time of sorrow. Do you remember also that we were planning to spend sometime in the small fishing village on the Gulf Coast. Do you remember that if we had gone on down on schedule we would have been there when the worst hurricane that village has ever known hit there, and many people lost their lives. You see, Son, not always do things work out as we planned them, but they are usually for the best and if we would take advantages of our scheduled interruptions and put them to work for us they can become blessings instead of handicaps. I can recall other times when my plans have been interrupted and at the time I was very disappointed, but when I made these interruptions work for me they became stepping stones to something better."

"That is all very good Dad, but why are you telling me all this and bringing it up at this time." said Jack.

Father did not get to answer Jack's question because just then the telephone rang and Jack sprang to answer it, thinking it was some of the gang calling to tell him that they were ready to go.

"Hello!" Jack yelled into the telephone eagerly.

From the other end of the line a growling, "Hello, how in the world can you be so cheerful this morning when all our plans have gone to pot?"

"Oh it is you Hank, and what in the world are you talking about anyway," said Jack.

"The fishing trip of course; we certainly can't go in this down pour of rain can we? Golly, and after we made such nice plans too, and this is the only day in the week that we can go because of silly school," wailed Hank.

Jack stood startled. In all of his excitement he had not thought of the weather outside. So it was raining! This is something that had not entered into the planning of the days activities. Now he knew what Dad

meant when he was talking about interruptions in the plans that we make. Well he was right. Things did seem to work out for the best, like last summer and the time that he was detained at the office when the boss wanted him to work late to get some work out. A man came in and gave him the biggest order the firm had for last year. The boss was so pleased that he gave Dad a bonus check so large that he bought Jack the new bicycle that he had been wanting so long.

"Jack, are you still there," yelled Hank, jiggling the receiver up and down.

"Yes I'm here Hank," replied Jack. "Hank you know what we could do today since it is raining? That is, if you really want too."

"What can anyone do on a day like this? I think I will just go back to bed and sleep for awhile and maybe read some funny books," Hank moaned.

"No, Hank since we are up and ready for a day of it lets go down to Mr. Brown's garage," Jack pleaded. "You know he told us that the first rainy day that he had nothing much to do he would help us make a motor from some spare parts and some old motors for the power tools in our club house. I think that this would be a swell day for us to do that. What do you say? Then we could use some of those pieces of material down at the club house and make us a swell boat for use on the lake when we go fishing."

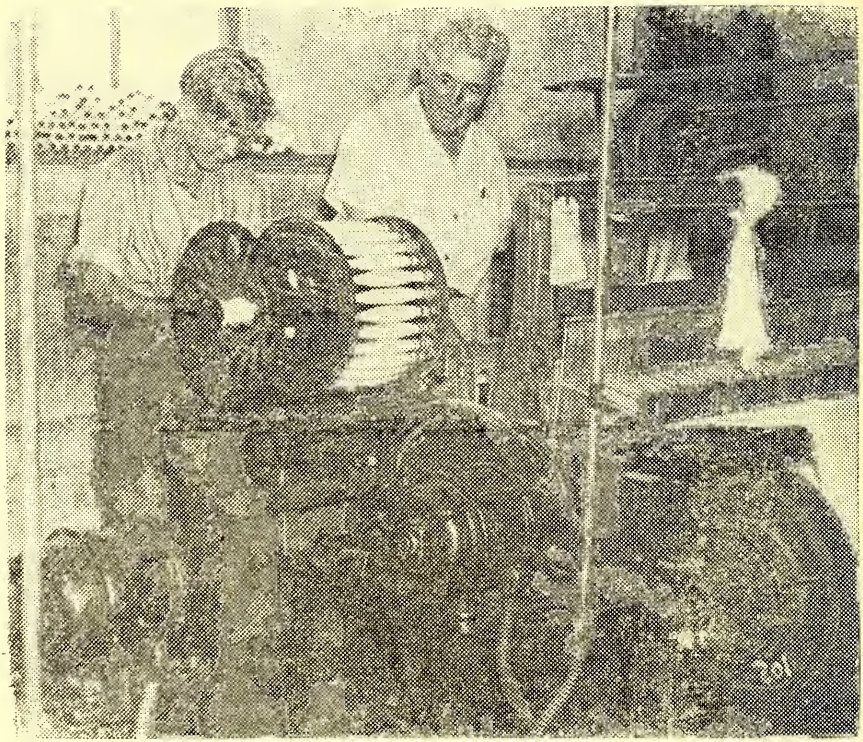
Hank's tone changed completely. "Boy, that will be swell. I'll call the other fellows ond we will be over in a few minutes."

Although Jack's and Hank's plans had been completely spoiled by an act of nature over which they had no control, they were using this interruption in their carefully planned schedule to a good advantage.

We too plan our daily schedules and we are often interrupted and sometimes we feel that they are completely spoiled. Yet if we would only look about us we can put these interruptions to good advantage. Despondency and anger over interrupted schedules only lead to unhappiness and perhaps more interruptions. Life is not a planned game but we must be ready to alter our lives and activities as the situations arise. An individual who cannot adjust his life to meet the interruptions and changes in schedule that arise will find himself bewildered and unable to produce to his maximum capacity. Interruptions can become stepping stones to a richer and fuller life and one will be far more happy and contented if we will but use them wisely.

MR. J. P. HORNE DIES

By Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough



Mr. J. P. Horne, Textile Instructor from 1945 to 1952

Mr. John Perry Horne, former cottage supervisor, died January 11, 1954 in the Gastonia Hospital after a lengthy illness. Many boys from all over the state will remember Mr. Horne who for over six years lived at cottage number seven and served as instructor at the Cotton Mill and Barber Shop. He and Mrs. Horne moved to the Jackson Training School on September 8, 1945, and remained here until March 31, 1952 when he was forced to resign because of ill health.

Mr. Horne was the son of the late J.B. and Julia Hardin Horne, and was married to Miss Etta Waldrop in 1907. To this union the following children were born; The Rev. B. Paul Horne of Salisbury, Mrs. T. C. Harrill, of Bessemer City, Mrs. J. G. Salem of Wilmington, Mrs. C. G. Clark and

Mr. Authur Horne of Charlotte. Also surviving are a brother, W. A. Horne of Bessemer City, seven sisters, Mrs. Effie Little of Charlotte, Mrs. M. B. Brown of Pacolet, S. C., Mrs. Susan Pruitt of Whitney S. C., Mrs. Maggie Gray of Copens, S. C., Mrs. Carrie Harrill and Mrs. Annie Lackey of Bessemer City and Mrs. Lee Griffin of Gastonia.

Funeral services were conducted Wednesday, January 13th at the First Baptist Church of Bessemer City by the Rev. Fred Forester, assisted by Dr. J. L. Vipperman and the Rev. Morris Baker. Burial was in Long Creek Cementery.

Mr. Horne's activities at the Training School went further than just a supervisor and instructor. To the approximately 25 boys in his cottage he was a father who found great pleasure in making "his boys" happy and as much at home as possible. He was a very soft spoken man with a contagous smile and very pleasant personality. Not only did Mr. Horne teach the little boys of his cottage the fundamentals of living peaceably together and the basic skills of the textile industry, but he also instilled into their lives the principals of Christian living by precept and example. The extent of the influence of this fine gentleman will never be fully known, but we are sure that many a boy has gone out from this institution a better boy today because he was once one of Mr. Horne's "Little boys".

---OOO---

As you think, you travel; and as you attract. You are where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the results of your thoughts but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the idle wish), of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you are, secretly, most love. Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn, no more no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain or rise with your thoughts, your vision, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.

—James Allen

CAMPUS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Faggart, Cottage Parents of Cottage 3, became the real life parents of a baby girl this month. Martha Faye was the name they chose and we think it is a pretty name. Her proud parents are vacationing now, getting acquainted with their little daughter.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rouse have recently recovered from a virus infection which incapacitated them for several days. Everyone is glad they are feeling better now.

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Mr. and Mrs. Mullis left recently for a vacation in sunny Florida where they plan to spend their time fishing and relaxing in the sun. They picked a good time to leave with all the cold and snow we have had recently.

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Mr. McCaskill, maintenance supervisor for the State Training Schools, came to the school recently to help with plumbing and heating problems. He is the proud father of a new baby boy by the name of Douglas Wayne.

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Mr. Auten has recently been ill which necessitated him being out of work for a few days. We are glad to see him up and around again.

Mrs. Smith, twin sister to Mrs. Stallings, recently joined the teaching faculty by assuming duties as first and second grade teacher. Mrs. Smith is living in Harrisburg and we welcome her to our staff.

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Mr. and Mrs. Troutman are moving around the first of February to a new staff house located near the campus. They are giving up their duties as cottage parents at the Receiving Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Henderson, from Kannapolis, are assuming duties as cottage parents of the Receiving Cottage soon.

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A blanket of snow 5½ inches deep covered the campus during the night of January 22 and remained on the ground for about three days. This was our first snow this winter and from the snowball wars and snowmen on the campus we would say it was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys and the staff. It turned our campus into a virtual winter wonderland and no one minded the slush left as it melted.

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James Southern who was at the Training School from 1939 to 1944 visited the school this month. He has been making his home in Charlotte for sometime but is now in the Armed Service and is on furlough

before going to Alaska for a period of eighteen months.

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Mr. Paul Cloer and his family were by to visit at the school recently. Mr. Cloer was cottage father in Cottage No. 5 in 1924 and instructor in wood working shop. He has been employed at the Sanatorium, McCain, N. C. for a number of years. Many of our employees remembered Mr. Cloer and were glad to see him.

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Clyde Small who was here from 1927 to 1930 was by the schol recently with his wife and three children. Clyde is a very successful florist in Morganton at the present time.

——OOO——

A Little Boy's Lesson in Anatomy

Your head is kind of round and hard and your brains are in it. Your face is the front of your head where you eat and make faces. Your neck is what keeps your head out of your collar. It's hard to keep clean.

Your shoulders are sort of shelves where you hook your suspenders on them. Your stummick is something that if you do not eat often enough it hurts, and spinach don't help it none.

Your spine is a long bone that keeps you from folding up. Your back is always behind you no matter how quick you turn around.

Your arms you got to have to pitch with and so you can reach the butter. Your fingers stick out of your hand so you can throw a curve and add up rithmatick.

Your legs is what if you have not got two of you can not get to first base, neither can your sister. Your feet are what you run on. Your toes are what always get stubbed.

And that's all there is of you, except what's inside, and I never saw it.

via The Ralford Record

ST. VALENTINE DAY

By Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough

For centuries February fourteenth has been known as a day set aside for lovers. Just what part St. Valentine played in this day of romance is not known, for there are seven Saints with this same name listed in the Acta Sanctorum (Acts of the Saints) from Italy, France, Belgium, Spain, and Africa. It is thought that this custom, faithfully observed each year by both young and old, originated from the ancient Roman festival called the Lupercalia, which took place on Fabruary fifteenth, and was something like a carnival.

In olden days the customs of St. Valentine's day were taken much more seriously than they are today. It was believed that the first person a young single boy or girl of the opposite sex met on this day woud be their "Valentine" for the year and sometimes for life. Geoffrey Chaucer referred to St. Valentine's day as the time when birds choose their mates, and this became a very popular belief in his day.

In the year 1797 a book was published called "Cabinet of Love, or Cupid's Respository of Choice Valentine". This was for the sole purpose of helping the young people of that day find words to send to their lovers. Sometimes they would have parties and place the names of all the girls in a box to be drawn by the boys present, and when each boy discovered the girl he had drawn she became his Valentine for the year.

An example of the early valentines is found in the writings of a young damsel in 1754. She wrote:

"I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning
Till he comes to my house,
For I would not have seen another man
Before him for the world."

Probably one of the most familar verses remembered by the older folks of our present day is the little verse that has been written on slates, or tree trunks, or scribbled in a childish hand on a crumpled piece of paper, and blushingly slipped across the aisle in the "little red school house".

"As long as the vine
Grows 'round the stump,
You are my darling
Sugar lump."

Every generation has its poets who have given to the world a valentine verse that will be used and loved for as long as the world stands. John Greenleaf Whittier said of Maud Muller.

"A form more fair,
A grace more sweet
Ne'er hath been my fate to meet."

Annabel Lee could have been the valentine of Edgar Allen Poe for he said:

"The moon never beams, without bringing me dreams,
of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

James Whitcomb Riley writes about "An Old Sweetheart" that is a very beautiful poem with a surprising ending- - a valentine any woman would be happy to receive.

"A face of lily beauty, with form
of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the
Genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of
a pair of Azure eyes;
As glowing as the summer and as
tender as the skies.
I can see the pink sunbonnet and
the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her
and she answered the carress
With the written declaration that,
"as surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump". she loved
me- -
That old sweetheart of mine."

We do not know who Percy Shelley had in mind when he wrote "Love's Philosophy," but it's lovely words would grace any valentine. and cause any lover's heart to skip a beat.

"The fountains mingle with the
river, and the rivers with the
ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one other's being mingle:- -
Why not I with thine?

We could go on and on even fill a book with the love messages of the poets, each in his own way telling his lady the things she loves to hear. But with all their fancy wordings and beautiful phrases we wonder if any of them say it any better than the old and familar words:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
And so are you.

———OOO———

The little three year-old boy had made friends with the neighbor's dog. One day he went through the hedge into the neighbor's yard. The dog came trotting up to the little boy, and with his tail wagging, he licked the boy's face. Somewhat frightened, the little fellow screamed. A man came running to the boy and asked. "Did he bit you, Sonny?" "No," sobbed the boy, "but he tasted me." —Selected.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

Randall Gray Brown came to us January 6, 1954, from Guilford County. Randall is a very intelligent boy, he was placed in the 9th grade, he was also placed in Cottage No. 14. We think that he will make a very good record while he is at the school.

Clyde Ray Englebert was admitted to the school January 11, 1954, he is from Iredell County. Ray is a quiet boy and likes to take part in all the sports that he can. We hope he makes good while here at the school.

Charles Lewis Simpson Jr. came to the school January 11, 1954, from Cabarrus County. He was placed in Cottage No. 4. We hope he gets along all right here.

James Archie Minton was admitted to the school January 12, 1954, from Wilkes County. James is very quiet and gets along very well with the boys in our Cottage. We are sure that he will make a good record while here at the school.

James Edward Woods was readmitted to the school January 12, 1954, from Cleveland County. James was placed in Cottage No. 6.

Edlen Locklear was admitted to the school January 16, 1954, from Robeson County. He was placed in Cottage no. 17.

Charles Edward Ruddock came to us January 19, 1954. He is from Guilford County. We hope he makes a good record while he is here at the school.

Richard Albert "Buddy" Strickland came to us January 20, 1954. He is from Cabarrus County. We hope he will make out all right.

James Morris Faircloth was admitted to the school January 20, 1954, from Robeson County.

James Russell Moose was readmitted to the school January 20, 1954. James comes from Iredell County. His favorite sport is football. He was placed in Cottage No. 14.

Charles Lynn James and William Boyd "Pete" James came to us January 22, 1954, from Caldwell County. Charles is the larger of the two, he is 11 years old, and "Pete", the younger, is 10. Both boys are very small and we hope that they will make the best of their stay here.

Donald Nelson Spillman was admitted to the school January 22, 1954, from Cabarrus County. Donald is a tall slender boy and gets along well with the boys in our Cottage. We hope he does the same in the other cottage that he is to be sent to.

Harry Lee Mintz came to the school January 22, 1954 from New Hanover County. Harry has some faults but we think that he will overcome them when he has become more familiar with the school.

Manuel Jackie Ward was admitted to the school January 22, 1954, from New Hanover County. We hope that he will make the best of his stay here.

——OOO——

The heights by great men reached and kept-were not attained by sudden flight—But they, while their companions slept—Were tolling upward in the night. —Selected

MEAT CUTTERS TAKE TRIP

By Wilson Walker

The boys in the meat cutting department, under the supervision of Mr. Cheek, took a trip on Wednesday, January 13th, to the White packing Company in Salisbury. We first went to the dinning hall and packed a lunch for six. There were Henry Banther, John Sparks, Bobby Metcalf, Ray Puckett, Mr. Cheek and myself.

In about thirty or thirty-five minutes we arrived at the company. We went in and met Mr. Dixon who showed us the pork in the freezers, and then he showed us the way weiners are made. They grind the meat until it forms a batter. Next, it is put in a big vat or barrel and is forced out through spigots about two-thirds of an inch in diameter. Then it is forced into cellophane skins. These are put in a cooker. After the weiners are cooked, the cellophane is removed. They are then ready to be shipped to the meat markets. Mr. Dixon showed us how hams are cured, fatback is salted, and bacon is prepared. All this was very fasciating.

Following this he took us down to the lower part of the plant and showed us how the lard was made. First, the fat is put in a vat with a slow spinning blade to agitate the thick lard. Then a white powder was dumped in, and after that it was forced through a thick threaded cloth. There were at least forty-eight of them, so that all the impurites were strained out of the lard. Following this it was canned.

He also showed us the company's machine shop, where if any machine was broken they could fix it right there.

From the machine shop we went to the top floor where they kill hogs. There is a man catching the hogs by the hind legs and another man cutting their throats. The hogs are put into a round, revolving machine that removes the hair. Another man with a blow torch singes what hair was not removed. The next man cuts off the heads of the hogs and then sends the hog up to the next one who removes the intestines from it, and the next one cuts him in half. After this he is washed and placed in the freezer.

We left White Packing Co. about 9:30 and went to Ketner's Super Market, here we looked at the produce department, the freezer and their butchers. They had two or three men in the meat department that cut up various steaks such as porterhouse, round and sirlion. This was placed in the display counters.

From Ketners Super Market we went to Ketner's Warehouse where Mr. Ketner has his office. He showed us where everything such as candy, food, coffee and many other products are stored. He also showed us the men working and unloading railway cars, he added that the railroad gives you three days to have the cars unloaded. You pay $20 for every day over.

We also went to Armour Packing Co. and they showed us the various kinds of beef, pork and lamb and all their canned goods, their cheese and where they get it. They also showed us where they grade eggs. After we left Armours, we went to the train depot and had lunch. After lunch we went back to Whites Packing Co. to see them butching the beef cows.

We went upstairs where we saw the men drive the cows up the chute and a man standing on a platform with a sledge hammer who knocks them out, another man slits their throat, cuts the heart, and pulls them up with an electric pulley. He then skins them, while another man breaks or cuts the legs off and guts them. Next they are halved, washed and placed in a freezer.

The men at the Packing Co. dress 200 hogs and 30 cows each day. Each man has a job and does it very well.

We left Whites Packing Co. and came back through Kannapolis, to another Ketner's Market where Mr. Cheek used to work. He showed us around the store, down in the celler where all the stock is kept, the freezer and the place where the meat is cut. The man was very nice to us.

At about 3:00 we started back for the Training School.

NOTICE

THE UPLIFT GIVES CONTEST

In an effort to encourage student participation in our publication a literary contest will be held during the next two months. This contest is open to every boy enrolled in our school. The contest will consist of three parts; namely Short Stories, Poetry, and compositions. A First and second prize will be awarded in each division, and the winning stories, compositions, and poems will appear in the April **Uplift**. Judges for this contest will be **The Uplift** staff. Each boy may write on the subject of his choice.

RULES FOR ENTERING THE CONTEST:

1. Each entry must be original. We will accept no material copied from any source.
2. Short Stories and compositions must be at least 1,000 words in length and we will accept ones up to 3,000 words.
3. Poems may be any length and cover any subject.
4. **The Uplift** staff reserves the right to edit all entries.
5. Entries must be in **The Uplift** office by March 15.
6. Every boy is invited to try his skill at one or all three parts of this contest.
7. Entries must be clearly written, preferably in ink, using only one side of the paper.
8. You may get help from your cottage parents' or teachers' on punctuation, grammer, etc.

EDUCATION TODAY

By W. I. Beer

A few years ago it was not necessay for a person to have very much in the way of academic education. The life that we lived then was a comparitively simple one, The technological advancement had not yet taken its full grip on the world. Automobiles and airplanes were still few and the distence between places were far and it took a long time to travel any great distance. We had an ocean that was a protective barrier between us and and our potential enemies, and we could afford to live independent of the rest of the world. Now however, it is but a manner of hours to any place in the world. This then, brings us much closer to the rest of the world and to the people that live in these places.

We must know something about their customs and try to understand and respect them as we want them to respect ours. To learn these things we must educate ourselves with the basic teachings of education. We first must learn to read and write so that we can understand what the different people who have traveled to these foreign places, and who have studied them to pass on to us. Secondly, we must understand some geography, economics, sociology, and history of these places so that we may understand why the people feel and act as they do.

We find vast areas of land that are barren and very poor for agriculture, but rich with mineral deposits, and we can see that these people must have a market for their raw material so that they can in return, buy from agricultural nations the food with which to feed their people.

We can also look at the change that has come over our world and see how the machine age has affected the lives of these people. We see that it takes more time spent in learning how to operate a machine than it took to learn to do the same job by hand, but after we learn, we can do the job much faster and better. Thus the man that educates himself finds he has a difficult time getting a job.

We pick up a newspaper and read the strange words such as, nuclear fission energy, and if we are to know of what they speak we must understand something about chemistry and physics. There are many ways in which we must broaden our knowledge if we are to get the most out of life. We can struggle also and become frustrated with life if we don't wish to improve ourselves, but to enjoy life we must educate ourselves to the limit of our mental capacity.

This article has only barely scratched the surface of the reason for educating oneself. We could go on about health, math, recreation, psychological aspects and many other things that we should know about, but in the interest of space and time we don't believe that a person can possibly compete in a society as complicated as ours for long if he does not educate himself.

RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS MONTH

Rev. Mr. Nifong of Kerr Shreet Methodist Church of Concord was the visiting minister in Cottage No. 1.

January 4th, the first night Rev. Mr. Nifong was here, he spoke on some prophets of the Bible. He told how David was brave enough to face Goliath and slay him with a stone, while others were afraid to face him.

January 11, the second night he came, he let us quote scripture from the Bible. Some verses quoted were 11 Timothy 2:15 "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Ephisians 6:1 "Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." We talked about what the verses meant. After the service Mr. and Mrs. Hinson treated Rev. Mr. Nifong and the boys with drinks, cookies, candy and nuts.

January 18, Rev. Mr. Nifong spoke on Daniel. Belshazzar was a king and he said that everyone should worship him instead of God. He found that Daniel didn't worship him and the king had him cast into the lions den. That night Belshazzar worried about Daniel so much he could not go to sleep. The next morning Belshazzar was up early. He went to the lions' den where Daniel was and found him not harmed by the lions because he believed in God.

January 25, the last night of the Religious Emphasis' month, Rev. Mr. Nifong spoke on the Sermon on the Mount, taken from St. Matthew 5, 6, and 7th Chapters. A few of the verses were: "Judge not, that you be not judged." Another was, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Then he explained the Lord's Prayer to us. After the sermon we had a good-bye party for Rev. Mr. Nifong which consist of drinks, sandwiches and cookies. Rev. Mr. Nifong said he was glad he was able to come to Cottage No. 1 and conduct our Religious services for the boys.

The boys enjoyed having Rev. Mr. Nifong for their guest minister.

—By Roland Jones

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On January 5th the Rev. E. J. Harbison led our first devotional period of January. No. 2 boys visisted No.3 boys in worship. He took his text from Proverbs 25, 11th verse. After that he told us a story of a princess who was a very fast runner. The princess said if any man would run faster than she, she would marry him. Lots of young men tried to out run her and failed, they would be put to death. But this did not stop them from racing with her. One day a prince came to race with her. The princess asked him if he knew the rules she had made. The prince said yes, but he still wanted to race her. After the race had started the prince could stay in front of the princes for a few minutes then she would pass him. The prince had three golden apples, every time the princess would get in front of him. he would throw one of the golden apples in front of her and she would stop to pick it up, finally he had thrown all of the apples but one. He threw it in front of her and beat her across the goal line.

Rev. Mr. Harbinson closed the per-

iod with a short prayer. We are looking forward to have Rev. Hardinson back with us.

—By George Stubbs & David York

The visiting ministers for cottage No. 2 during Religious Emphasis Month were: the Rev. Paul Rimmer. Pastor of Mt. Herman Lutheran Church of Concord, and Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor on the Concord Methodist Circuit.

Rev. Mr. Rimmer brought us a inspiring message about having faith and dedicating ourselves to be better boys and to help others.

One of his messages was based on the Old Testament, the story of Shadrack, Meshack, and Abed-nego. He told how they refused to worship the golden idol. The king, Nebuchadnezzar, had made and ordered the people to worship. When they were brought before the king he ordered them to be cast into a fiery furnace seven times hotter than it was ordinarily heated. Because of their great faith in God these three men were unharmed by the heat. Nebuchadnezzar, seeing the powers of the true God, Changed his decree and he, too, began to worship God.

This is just one of the many acts of faith recorded in the Bible, and it served to illustrate Mr. Rimmer's message that if we can have enough faith no harm can come to us.

The boys of No. 2 are very grateful to Rev. Rimmer for coming to visit us and for the inspiration he gave in his talks.

—By Charles Smith

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The boys in Cottage No. 4 think that they were very fortunate to have Reverend John H. Knight, pastor of McGill St. Baptist Church, Concord, N. C. to come to us each Friday night in January.

All the boys think that he is a wonderful person to come to the cottage last Friday night, in all the bad weather, to preach the word of God to us. He talked to us about Elijah, Gideon, John the Baptist and the life of Christ.

He took the story of Elijah from the first Kings, Chapter 17, and second Kings, Chapter 2. This is how the story goes, In the reign of King Ahab a great prophet suddenly rose up named Elijah. He came from the land of Gilead beyond the river Jordan, and he lived alone out in the wilderness. His clothing was a mantle of skin and his hair and beard were long and ragged. Without any warning, Elijah came in to the presence of King Ahab and said, "as the Lord God of Israel lives, before whom I stand, there shall not fall upon the ground and dew or rain until I call for it."

It came to pass as Elijah had said that no rain fell upon the land and there was not even any dew upon the grass. Every day the brook from which Elijah drank grew smaller until at last it was dry. There was no water. Then the Lord spoke to Elijah again and said, "Rise up and go to Zarephath, which is near to Zidon, by the great sea, on the north of the land Isreal, I have commanded a widow woman there to care for you."

So Elijah left the brook of Cherith and walked northward until he came to the city of Zarephath. There beside the gate of the city, he saw a woman picking up sticks. Elijah said

to her, "Will you bring me some water that I may drink." And she did so. Then again he asked, "Bring me also, I ask, a little piece of bread to eat." And the woman said to Elijah, "As sure as the Lord your God lives, I have not, in the house even a loaf of bread; but only one handful of meal in the barrel and a little oil in a bottle, and now I am gathering a few sticks to make a fire, that I may bake it for me and my son; and when we have eaten it there is nothing left for us but to die."

Then Elijah said to the woman, "Fear not, go and do as you have said, but first make me a little cake and bring it to me, and afterward make for yourself and your son. For thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste nor the bottle of oil fail, until the day when the Lord sends rain upon the earth."

And the woman believed Elijah's word, then she took from her barrel the meal and the little bottle of oil and made a little cake for the prophet and then found enough left for her self and her son. The barrel had meal in it and the bottle held oil every day. They had food as long as they needed it. After this one day the son of the widow was taken very ill, and his illness was so great that there was no breath left in him. The boy's mother said to Elijah, "O man of God! have you come here to cause my son to die!" And Elijah said unto her give me your son. He took the boy up to his own room and laid him on the bed. Then he cried to the Lord and said, "O Lord God hast Thou brought trouble upon this woman by taking away the life of her son." Then he stretched himself upon the boy's body three times and said to the Lord again, "O Lord God I pray Thee let this child's soul come into him again."

And the Lord heard Elijahs prayer, and the child became living once more. Then Elijah showed the boy to his mother and she said, "Now I am sure that you are a man of God, and that the word of the Lord which you speak is the truth."

Three years had passed and no rain had fell upon the land of Isreal. The brooks did not flow, and the springs became dry, the ground became parched, and the fields gave no harvest. There was no grass for cattle and flocks and hardly any food for the people.

Ahab's wife Jezebel sought to kill all prophets of the Lord. Obadiah was a good man trying to do right, he hid a hundred men in two caves, 50 in each, and gave them food and kept them in safety.

Then one day the king said to Obadiah to go through all the land in search for water, and when Obadiah was in his part of the country, he met Elijah. He knew him at once and he fell on his face before him, and said, "Is this my Lord Elijah?" And he answered him, "Yes, it is Elijah. Go and tell your master I am here!" And when the King saw Elijah he asked, "Are you here, you that have brought trouble upon Isreal." "I have not brought trouble upon Isreal. It is you and your house, for you have turned away from the commands of the Lord and worshipped the images of Baal. Now send and bring all the people to Mount Caramel and with them the four hundred prophets of Baal, and the four hundred prophets of the Asherah

who eat at Jezebel's table."

Then he asked for two young oxen one for Baal's prophets and one for himself, "Let the prophets of Baal take one ox, cut it up and lay it on the altar on wood, but let no fire be placed under it; then you call on your God and I will call on my Lord, and the God who sends down fire upon his altar is the true God of Isreal."

All this was done, and the prophets of Baal tried hard to call down fire but all was in vain. Time passed and still no fire, then it was time for him, he put his offering up and said, "Pour four barrels of water on it, he did this three times. Then he prayed and fire came and burned everything. Then prayed and sent a man to the sea seven times to see what was coming and he saw a cloud, as big as a man's hand.

At the end of Elijah's life he did not die, he went to heaven in a whirlwind on a firy chariot. So Elijah was taken away but Elisha stood in his place as the Lord's prophet.

Gideon was a boy of 17 when God called him to lead his people out of bondage through God's leadership and he was successful.

John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ sent by God to prepare the way for Christs mission.

Reverend Knight explained the life of Christ from his birth to his resurrection. He could not go into full details, because time would not permit.

He was very patient to explain fully some of the events in Christs life, such as Christs resurrection from the grave. He pointed out that if there wasn't but one boy on earth Christ would have had to die for his sins. It made it feel very personal. He extended the offer that if any boy had personal problems that he would like to talk to him about it. He would be more than glad to come out at any time. We are looking forward to Rev. Knight's future visits.

—Wilson Walker & Bobby James

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On Wednesday night, January, 6, we were all excited and interested. Why? Because, first, it was the begining of the Religious Emphasis Month here at Jackson Training School and second we were going to hear a man that we like very much. The Rev. George Wilcox pastor of the Rocky River Presbyterian Church, was to be the speaker in Cottage No. 6 each Wednesday night in January. Of course, we took our shower and put on our nicest clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox both came to visit us and we wished very much for a piano because Mrs. Wilcox is a wonderful pianist.

Mr. Wilcox told us that on each of the four Wednesday nights his talk would be about, "Jesus, our Friend." He told us that Jesus knows each one of us and wants us to know Him, and the way to know Him is to read the Bible and pray. Mr. Wilcox began each service with prayer and ended with prayer. We liked that part of his service very much, too, for he was talking to our best friend.

Later on in the month, Mr. Wilcox told us that since Jesus helps each one of us, we should help Him. But we wondered how. Then he spoke of the little lad with his loaves and fishes. We found that if we do our best and give Him first place in our lives that he will bless each small

deed we do for Him. We also learned what Jesus was doing when he was about 12 years old. He was in church, where we must all try to be every time we have a chance.

We hated for our services to end, and all of us want to thank Mr. Wilcox, for coming to be with us. We hope both he and Mrs. Wilcox will come again anytime, for they will really be welcome.

We boys in cottage 6 decided that since a preacher always carries a white handkerchief, that we would "pool" our money and get him some white linen ones with maybe a W embroidered in a corner. We hope that he will like them as much we like giving them to him.

—By Wayne Cook

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The month of January is set aside each year for Religious Emphasis month. A minister is picked to come to each cottage once a week during that month. Mr. and Mrs. Eller asked Rev. John Knight from the McGill St. Baptist Church of Concord for our religious speaker. He visited our cottage on Friday nights.

He told us a Bible story each night. The first two stories were from the Old Testament and the last two were from the New Testament.

The first story he told us was of Gideon, taken from the book of Judges, 6th Chapter.

He said the Lord choose Gideon to lead his people out of the hands of the Midianites. The Lord performed miracles for Gideon to show him he was the Lord. He gave Gideon and his three hundred soldiers power to smite the enemy and lead his people to victory.

Our second story was the Bible story of Elijah from Kings, 1st Chapter. The Lord spoke to Elijah and told him to go and tell Ahaziah he would not recover from his sickness because he would not turn away from his sins. Ahaziah worshiped an idol instead of worshiping God. When Elijah told him this he went up on a mountain to pray. The King sent a captain and fifty men to bring Elijah back. Elijah prayed to God to send fire and consume the captain and his fifty men. The King sent fifty men three times to bring Elijah back but each time the Lord sent fire down and consumed them. An angel spoke to him and told him to go down and the Lord would be with him. The Lord gave a message to deliver to the King. He told the King if he did not turn from his wicked ways of cheating people and over taxing them he would surely die. After Elijah visited the city it did not rain for three years. The cattle were starving and the farmers could not raise vegetables. Everything withered up and died. Elijah stayed by the brook of Cherith during the three years and the Lord furnished him plenty of water in the brook and the birds brought him bread and meat to eat. Just as God had promised they would.

The Lord told him to go to a heathern city called Rarepahth, there a widow would feed him, but when he got there the widow said she as sorry but she didn't have enough meal for a cake, he told her that if she would fix him one that her meal bin would not be empty as long as the famine lasts. So she fed him and always she would have enough left for the next meal.

The widow had only one son. The boy got sick and died. The widow thought it was some sin she had committed so Elijah took the boy and laid him on a bed and prayed to God for his soul to come back in the boy. The Lord heard Elijah and let life come back in her son. The widow was very happy. Elijah was one of the three men that never died but was taken up into heaven in a cloud.

Our third story was about John the Baptist, from Matthew 14- Mark 6, God sent John to make ready for devoted the coming of Jesus. He was a very devoted man and strange in appearance. He lived out in the wilderness and the rocky country, near the banks of the river Jordan.

He would talk to the people, who would listen to him about God. He told them to repent their sins and come to the river of Jordan and he baptized.

One day as John was baptizing Jesus came down and desired to be baptised, John knew Jesus had never done anything wrong in his life and he did not need to repent. He said that Jesus should be baptising him. After that the people were baptised by the disciples. After John baptised Jesus a dove came down and lit on the shoulder of Jesus. John knew that Jesus was the son of God.

In a large city where John preached there lived a wicked woman named Herodias. She did not like John because he told her of her sins. He told her it was unlawful to live with her husband's brother who was King Herod. Herod feared John because he knew he was a just and holy man. He went to hear John preach about his wicked wife and he was afraid he would turn her away from him. So she gave a party for King Herod and asked her beautiful daughter to dance for the King. King Herod liked the young girl very much. He told her he would grant her any wish. He would even give her half of the kingdom, but her wicked mother didn't want her to have half of the kingdom so she told her to ask for the head of John the Baptist. The king had promised so he had to fulfill his promise.

Our last story will be of Jesus and we are looking forward to it very much. Mr. and Mrs. Eller, Ellen Carole and all the boys at our cottage wish to thank Rev. Mr. Knight very much for the time he has spent with us, and we invited him back soon and often.

—By John King

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The guest minister for Cottage 9, during Religious Emphasis Month was Rev. Robert M. Bird, Pastor of the all Saints Episcopal Church, Concord. Rev. Mr. Bird has been a friend of the school for a number of years and the boys remembered him from his messages on Sunday afternoons in the past.

Rev. Mr. Bird spoke to us about the

Ten Commandents and how they applied to us. He called attention especially to the Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Commandents as they have special meaning for young people. He explained about taking the Lord's name in vain, honoring your father and mother, and keeping the Sabbath holy.

Rev. Bird's explanations of the Commandments helped us to understand them much better and to see where we have not been keeping them as we should.

We became very fond of Rev. Bird during his visits to the Cottage and we feel that he came to us not only from a sense of duty, but because he wanted to teach us. All the boys enjoyed having Rev. Bird and appreciate him spending his time with us.

—Marvin Phillips & Jackie Ashley

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The month of January was set aside as Religious Emphias' Month. During this month, ministers were invited to come to each cottage one night during the week and hold devotionals. The devotionals consisted of songs and a short talk by the visiting minister.

Cottage No. 10's guest minister was the Rev. John Powell of the Epworth Methodist Church of Concord. His messages were very interesting and helpful to the boys.

His first message was on "Time-The Past, Present and Future." We are to look to the future and live a better life by profiting from the past and present.

His second message was on "Jewels." Each and every one should be a great jewel living a life of beauty and brilliancy.

Rev. Mr. Powell's third message was on "Light," how our lives should be a great light, guiding others home to life eternal.

His final message was on the God that should be our true God. And not the worshiping of some material or earthly things, such as the rain, sun, stars, money and others.

These messages were very entertaining because Rev. Mr. Powell brought them to us in such an understanding and inspiring manner. Several of our boys were so touched that they held private talks with Mr. Powell after our meetings.

After each meeting we held a social hour and enjoyed talking with Rev. Mr. Powell about the different towns in which he had held pastorates. He knew interesting things about everyone of the towns from which we had come. During this social hour we enjoyed the slight hand tricks done by Mr. Powell. We were served drinks, coffee, cake, and candies made by Mrs. Liske.

On one of Rev. Mr. Powell's visits he brought his wife, son and daughter. We enjoyed having them.

We feel this month has meant a great deal to us by having these devotionals. Our month was made so much shorter, and we regret the the month has ended. It is our wish that Rev. Mr. Powell will call on us often and visit. When he has the opportunity.

Best wishes to you, Rev. Mr. Powell, in your life's work. Do come to visit with us again. We enjoyed having you and your lovely family.

—By Emmitt Phipps

On January 5, Rev. Wilson Payne and a group of singers from the West Concord Baptist Church came to Cottage no. 11 to carry out the first part of our Religious Emphasis program. They also brought their Church's piano player. We had singing from his quartet, and then the Rev. Payne read from the 5th Chapter of St. Luke, verses 11 to 32. He talked on the prodigal son and told how he liked the prodigal son had left home spent all his savings. Rev. Mr. Payne told of how he returned home like the prodigal son did and was forgiven by his parents and friends. Rev. Mr. Payne told us of how we must see our wrong doings and return to our Savior and recieve forgivness for our wrongs. One of the members of Rev. Mr. Payne's church closed the services with a prayer.

On January the 12th the Rev. Wilson Payne came to visit us again. He talked on how God called Samuel. Mr. Payne told of how he heard God call him in a fox hole on the island of Iwo Jima. He told of how he, like Samuel, answered God's call and was now trying to do his part in God's plan for us all. Rev. Mr. Payne told us if we heard God's call we must heed it as he and Samuel did. After that the singers from his church sang a few hymns with the boys. The service was closed by a prayer by the minister.

Rev. Mr. Payne's third visit at no. 11 was on January 19th. For his scripture he chose a passage from the book of Genesis. His sermon was about Joseph and how he was sold into slavery by his brothers. He told how Joseph became Prime Minister of Egypt and in charge of the grain stores of the land. Later Joseph's brothers came to buy grain from him. They were forgiven for the wrongs they had done to him. Joseph sent for his father and the whole family lived in Egypt thereafter. Rev. Mr. Payne gave the closing prayer.

Rev. Mr. Payne's last visit was on January 26. He chose as his scripture a passage from Luke 8:8-18. His sermon was based on Niccademus and his visit to Christ by night. Mr. Payne explained to us what Christ meant when he told Niccademus that he must be born again. He brought with him a tape recorder and recorded some of the boys singing and his sermon.

After listening to the recording Rev. Mr. Payne made, we had a party. Soft drinks, cookies, sandwiches, and pop corn were served. All of the boys had a good time and hope Rev. Payne will visit us again sometime.
—By Frank Barus & Harrison Powell

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Religious Emphasis Month was observed in Cottage no. 13 for four Friday nights in January. Rev. J. J. Powell of the Epworth Methodist Church of Concord was our Minister for each of these services. Everyone enjoyed his services and we think all of them were good. We sang songs at each of these services.

On the first Friday night his subject was "Time". He let us select numbers on his watch secretly, then he would guess the number we selected. He offered to help us learn the

trick. He said that a watch or clock would stop but time continued. It takes time to do everything. He gave us the illustration of building his summer home in the mountains. He wants to try to complete his summer cottage, but it will take time to do it.

—By Mack Allman

On the second Friday in January Rev. Mr. Powell talked about "Precious Jewels". He told us of a man who found a sack of precious jewels on a pile of rocks. He said that they were put there by some rich man to keep someone from stealing them or they were stole by theives and hid there. Probably theives were trying to rob someone and threw them on the rocks, forgot where they put them and went away without the jewels. Then he told us how we could have the most precious jewel in the world. He said that it would be to trust God and to take him as our personal Savior that we would have the most precious jewel on earth.

— By Donald McElveen

On the third Friday, Rev. J. J. Powell, our minister, came to see us and he told us about the light of the world and once when he experienced it. He told us of two kinds of light, one of the kinds of light is the light of the earth, the sun. The second kind of light is the greatest light of all, the light of God. Then he told us a story about the light of the world and how a blind man thinks of light. Rev. Mr. Powell based his text from the Bible, John 3:16, "The Light of the World". We all liked his message and asked him to come back again. —By Willie Lancaster

On the fourth Friday in January, Rev. Powell came out to talk to us. For his Scripture reading he read the 95th Psalm. It was based on the 6th verse. "O come let us worship, and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." He talked to us about worship. One kind of worship is when you are in school, and have a difficult problem in which you have been working on for a while and when disgusted, you might say, "Lord help me". Another kind of worship is when you are in a losing game, you might say, "Lord help us to win". Another is when the entire family gets on their knees for a short prayer. There are many kinds of worship in the world.

At the last of the service Rev. Mr. Powell said he had enjoyed coming out to talk with us. He said that he hoped the services would help us in our future. After that he gave out little booklets in titled, "The Sermon on the Mountain". We also had a party we served cookies and coca cola's. This ended the Religious Month in a happy way.

—By Walter Shelton

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Cottage No. 14 and 15 met together at Cottage No. 15 for the opening night of our Religious Emphasis Month.

The Rev. Joseph T. Hammond of Concord spoke to us. His message was about Jonah and how foolish he was to run away from God. He pointed out how God had a plan for each of us and how important it is for us to face the facts like a man.

The next week Rev. Hammond was with us again at Cottage No. 14. The service was opened by singing,

"In the Garden". This time he talked to us about great missionares like Livingston, and about the sacrifice they made for God. He told us about one especially who so courageously went to Japan and told Japanese of Christ's love for them, and how these people rebelled against him. But he kept risking his life in order that they might learn more about Jesus. They finally beheaded him.

Rev. Mr. Hammond pointed out to us to be a Christian was not easy. It takes lots of hard work and courage.

Rev. Worth Sweet of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church met with Cottage 14 and 15 at Cottage 15 for our third week of Religious service.

Rev. Mr. Sweet had scripture, prayer and one hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross". He talked to us about the life of Paul. He told us how Paul counted it a joy and privilige to witness for Christ, regardless of what state he was in.

Rev. Mr. Sweet was out with us again January 27 at Cottage No. 14.

Two selections were given by Thomas Powell on the guitar.

Scripture was read and followed by a prayer.

Rev. Mr. Sweet based his talk on "A Game of Football". He compared this to "The Game of Life." He pointed out how important it was for each player to do his best in what ever position he played. Also he thought the second yard line was the hardest to play. Just like the game of life. So many of us get so near but are not strong enough to hold when the test comes.

He told us how Mark Twain lost a fortune by not staying on the job. He was so close, but just like the second yard line. He failed by not carrying his last bucket of water.

The last night of our Religious services we had a social hour. Cokes and Pepsi Colas were served which were enjoyed by all.

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On Tuesday, January 5, Rev. John Fain and his wife came out and ate supper at the dining hall. After supper, Rev. Fain made a very interesting talk to us on "The Five Ways to Become a Christain".

I can assure you that everyone has improved since that night. You can notice many of the boys ways and tell that they got a lot out of it.

We wish to thank him very much for taking up his valuable time just to come out and talk with us. The boys of the cottage think he is one of the best ministers that has been to the Training School. He talked in a way that anyone could understand him. After his talk he sat and talked with us and answered any questions that we had to ask.

Rev. Fain is coming back Friday, February 12, 1954 to bring us another one of his wonderful messages.

We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Parrish for inviting such a wonderful minister as Rev. Mr. Fain.

The boy's at Cottage No. 17 hope the boys from the other Cottages got as much out of the Religious Emphasis month as we did. We hope to be able to to have this more often. It will do all of us good.

—By B. W. Murry

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

The new reporter had covered his first murder and wrote his concluding paragraph as follows: "Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all of his money in the bank the day before. He lost practically nothing but his life."

———OOO———

Perplexed wife, at dinner table to angry husband: "Monday you liked beans, Tuesday you liked beans and all of a sudden on Thursday you don't like beans."

———OOO———

"Of course I know what a cowboy is. That's a bull!"

———OOO———

Boy (about to be spanked): Did grandpa spank you when you were little?

Father: Yes, he did!

And did grandpa's father spank him?

Yes!

And did great-grandpa's father spank him?

"Well," said the boy, firmly, "don't you think it's about time to stop this inherited brutality?"

———OOO———

As Doctors hovered nearby, a three-year old patient left his wheel chair on direction and began to walk-clutching both hands tightly against his waist.

"Can't you move your hands, son? asked the doctors.

"No," said the boy.

"Do your hands hurt?"

"No!"

"Will you try to move them for me?" asked one kindly doctor.

"No!" replied the boy. "I've got to hold up my pajama pants."

——OoO——

Mistress: "Did you give the gold fish fresh water this morning?"

New Maid: "Huh."

Mistress: "I said, Did you give the gold fish fresh water this morning?"

New Maid: "No, they haven't finshed the water they got yesterday."

———OOO———

Two fisherman were driving along a highway when they came to a crossroad with "Closed sign blocking the main road. They noticed fresh tire tracks led around the sign so they decided to follow the tracks and disregard the sign. They had gone some three miles when the road ended at a broken bridge. The only thing to do was to turn around, and on passing the road block again they observed this inscription on the reverse side of the sign: "It really was closed wasn't it?"

———OOO———

The lady of the house summoned a TV serviceman to fix the set. Spreading out his tools, the repairman inquired: "What seems to be the trouble?"

Replied the little woman: "Well, for one thing, all the programs are lousy."

———OOO———

Anne had been reciting Mother Goose for her aunt and mother. Later, she returned to her mother and asked with a baffled air, "Why did Mary's lamb have white fleas?"

BITS OF WISDOM

If there be truer measure of man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives. —South.

———0O0———

One difference between a bachelor and a married man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby he's dancing.

———0O0———

If you have not often felt the joy of doing a kind act, you have neglected much, and most of all yourself. A. Nielen.

———0O0———

There are entirely too many crazy people in the world who possess a thousand acres of possibilities and have only one half of an acre under cultivation.

———0O0———

Usually a woman's age doesn't show until she tries to hide it.

———0O0———

The dearest mouth is the one that is never opened at another's expense.

———0O0———

An automobile should not be rated according too its horse-power, but rather to the amount of horse sense possesed by the driver.

———0O0———

There is one advantage of poor handwriting. It covers up a multitude of mistakes in spelling.

———0O0———

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more one has to do, the more he is able to accomplish.

—Sir Buxton.

When an apple a day costs more than keeping the doctor away brother, that's inflation.

———0O0———

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully. —Phillip Brooks.

———0O0———

A man true wealth is the good he does in the world. —Channing

———0O0———

We instinctively trust nations in which the power resides in the hands of the people, because that people do not want wars. For that reason we are against dictatorships.

—General Eisenhour.

———0O0———

The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. —Disrach

———0O0———

If you want to put the world right, start with yourself. —Hubbard

———0O0———

A learned man has always wealth within himself.—Roman proverb.

———0O0———

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning. —Hubbard

———0O0———

Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe. —St. Augustine.

———0O0———

All too often a clear conscience is merely the result of a bad memory. —Nietro Del Rio.

———0O0———

The darkest hour is only 60 minutes long.

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

JANUARY

FARM

Phillip Ball
Edwin Turpin
Jerry Lamm
Jack Brooks
Dickie Merritt
Bobby Coffey
Jack Ransom
Larry Mauldin
Dan Hamm
Archie Medford
Joe Duncan
Charlie McBride
Donnie Bradley
Hersey Locklear
Earl Dean Smith
Edwin Duck
Charles Smith
Bobby Revels
Forest Hendrix
Arthur Biddix
John King
Andrew Thomas
Howard Chapman

TRACTOR FORCE

Bobby James
Charles Dale
David Henderson
Thomas Powell
Gerald Packer

BARN FORCE

Robert Colon
Jimmy Mayfield
Ray McGraw
Don McElveen
Harrell Rivenbark

PLANTS BEDS

Vernon Ewing
Wayne Rowe
Dean Cranford
Paul White
Don Dillard
Glen Ray Pruitt
Bennie Garrett
Bobby Hannah
Elbert Cartrette
C. C. Munsey
Johnathan Walker
William Holloway
Frank Barrus
Carl Setzer
John Chapman

MEAT CUTTING

Henry Banther
Ray Puckett
Wilson Walker
Johnny Sparks
Bobby Metcalf

POULTRY

Jessie Matthews
Lawrence Jackson
Wayne Cook

MACHINE SHOP

Larry Smeltzer
Pete Cummings
Walter Glass
Wayne Pryor
Gene Towe
Wayne Everhart
Kenneth Hollifield
Bobby Bryson

Continued on Page 29

FARM AND TRADE HONOR ROLL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

CARPENTER SHOP

Pat Deal
Ransom Hall
Bill Gallion
Herman Callahan
J. D. Brooks

LAUNDRY

Donald Crow
Donnie Sessoms
Garry Lee Franklin
Billie Wiles
Cecil Lutz
Carl Harding
L. B. Blackmon
Steve Farrington

PRINT SHOP

Harrison Powell
Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Robert Jones
Eddie Redden
Robert Babb

CAFETERIA

Frank Brindle
Charles Walker
Ronnie Payne
Shelton Dalton
Hollis Dowdy
Tommy Dabbs
Emmitt Phipps
L. W. Johnson
Leroy Smith
Bobby Joe Lingle

---OOO---

That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; or who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

-- Robert Louis Stevenson

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

JANUARY

FIRST GRADE

Larry Call
Billy Nicholson
Thomas Powell
Wayne Halsy
Wayne Jenkins
Hersey Locklear
Gerald Packer

SECOND GRADE

Sandy Canady
Donald Crowe
Billy Joe Hayes
Leroy Lockamy
Edward North
Lewis Rhodes
Norman Williams
Rex Lee
William Holloway
Jesse Matthews
Charlie McBride
Ray McGraw
Jack Moore
Robert Musselwhite
Johnathan Walker

THIRD GRADE

David Case
Howard Chapman
Jerry Gibbs
Paul Hamm
Ray Marsh
Harrell Rivenbark
Bobby Revels
Robert Stancil
Shelton Taylor

FOURTH GRADE

Gene Towe
Everette Herman
Ralph Carpenter
John Chapman
Billy Wiles

FIFTH GRADE

NO HONOR ROLL

SIXTH GRADE

Charles King
Hollis Dowdy
Mack Davis
Ronnie Payne
Lewis Turner

SEVENTH GRADE

Garry Compton
Pat Deal
Bill Gallion
Elwin Parker
Harold Harris
Alex Parsons
Rupert Peele
J. W. Williams

EIGHTH GRADE

NO HONOR ROLL

NINTH GRADE

Ray Malpass
Harrison Powell
Charles Rivenbark

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Garry Compton
Pat Deal
Harold Harris
Ray Malpass
Ronnie Payne
Bill Starnes

COTTAGE No. 1
Jack Brooks
Walter Glass
Roland Jones
Alex Parsons

COTTAGE No. 3
Bobby Avery
Garry Franklin
William Holt
Glen Franklin
Charlie McBride
George Stubbs
Andrew Thomas
Claude Townsel
David York

COTTAGE No. 4
Henry Banther
Baxter Franklin
Bobby James
Cecil Lutz
Bobby Metcalf
Wilson Walker

COTTAGE No. 6
Frank Brindle
L. B. Blackmon
Lawrence Jackson

COTTAGE No. 7
Archie Sims
Tommy Wyatt

COTTAGE No. 9
Ralph Carpenter
Hollis Dowdy
Joe Duncan
Jesse Mathews
Tommy Mercer
Marvin Phillips
Tommy Sargent
Alvin Sherrill

COTTAGE No. 13
Mack Allman
Walter Shelton

COTTAGE No. 14
Phillip Ball
David Blevins
George Clodfelter
Bud Dula
R. V. Eades
Jerry Gibbs
Dan Hamm
Paul Hamm
Gilbert Johnson
John King
James Morrison
Thomas Powell
Billy Roberts
Alfred Walker
Ward Williams

COTTAGE No. 15
Billy Mosteller
McCray Peele
Troy Parrish
Melvin Smith
Donald Thompson

COTTAGE No. 17
L. D. Boone
Bill Gallion
Paul Knight
Alton Locklear
Hersey Locklear
B. W. Murry
Cleatide Oxedine
Cordell Oxedine
Bobby Revels

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THE UPLIFT

No. 3 MARCH, 1954 Vol. 42

Spring

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill=side's dew=pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven==
All's right with the world!

Robert Browning

—Published Monthly By—
The Printing Class of the Stonewall Jackson
Manual Training and Industrial School
Concord, North Carolina

The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agner Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STDENT REPORTERS

Harrison Powell
Paul Knight
Eddie Redden
Ray Malpass
Garry Compton

PRESSMEN

Harrison Powell
Roland Jones
Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Garry Compton
Paul Knight
Ray Malpass

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The Uplift

Editorial . . .

CLEAR THINKING

By M. E. Livesay, Principal at Eastern Carolina Training School

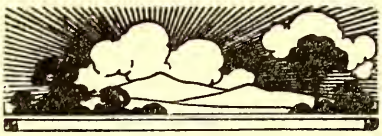
Only a few thousands years ago human beings lived like animals. Ocassionally we hear of extreme cases today of hermits who aren't taking advantage of civilization as the majority. But in yester-year man was a small, weak creature, and he had to battle with bears, tigers, wild horses, rhinoceroses, and other fierce beasts for the mastery of the earth and his own survival. At first, he had no tools and no weapons, he knew nothing of fire, and his laungage was limited to a few sounds. To escape the wild beasts he was forced to live in the branches of tall trees.

In the struggle for existence, however, man had one weapon that compensated for his physical weakness; the ability to think constructively. It was this power of thought that enabled him to conquer fire and use it, to invent tools and weapons, to make pottery for cooking, to plant seeds and cultivate the plants, and to devise a system of writing and communication. In short, man's development from savagery to civilization was made possible by his ability to think. When this was done constructively, he began to achive improvements; when done destructively failure confronted him.

Today very few of us are faced with the necessity of protecting ourselves against wild beasts. In destructive thinking we protect ourselves against each other. The problems which confront man have changed, but particularly in a democracy like ours, the need for clear and logical thinking is as great as it ever was. Every American citizen

is responsible for forming intelligent opinions on important issues and for selecting officals who will govern honestly, wisely, and justly. There are constructive leaders and constructive followers just as there are other types. If we can't all be leaders we can be constructive followers. This unites and builds the group toward success. Empires and men have met their devastation from destructive thinking. In the crucial years following an international conflict like the Korean war the need for clear thinking men and women to help in the reconstruction of nations and the readjustment of their people is especially acute. Following the civil war reconstruction was long delayed because of lack of constructive thinking and acting on the side of the victor.

In addition to meeting these important problems of citizenship, you, like everyone else, must make other decisions. Some of these are min-- or in comparison to major ones; for example, whether you choose chocolate or vanilla ice cream isn't to important, unless one is an allergen whereas choosing a vocational will profoundly affect your whole life. There is no better time than right now to commence forming the habit of gathering sound evidence on both sides of a question and of weighing the advantages and disadvantages of each course of action.



CAMPUS NEWS

We are happy to report that Mr. Liske is back at home after his recent operation. His condition is slowly improving and we hope he will soon be able to be back with the cafeteria. During his absence Mr. Cheek and Mrs. Troutman have been helping with the duties there.

Although our boys have remained in good health this month the flu "bugs" have been having a holiday among our faculty. Mrs. Spears has been confined with the flu for several days. She is some better and we hope she will soon be able to resume her regular schedule. Mr. Carriker was out of work for several days with a cold and flu. Mr. and Mrs. Rouse were confined to their rooms for several days with the flu. Both have recovered and are now back on regular schedule. We are glad that the epidemic is somewhat siding at the present time.

Mrs. Holbrook underwent an operation on her throat at Cabarrus Memorial Hospital last week. She is now back at work but cannot talk. Oh, the joy of working in silence.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott have just returned from the annual National Superintendents of Training Schools Conference which was held in New York City, February 24, 25, and 26. They reported a very nice time and the meeting to be a great success.

Among the visitors on the campus this month have been Mr. O. B. Brown, Farm specialist from the Budjet Bureau; Mr. J. B. Liner, State Psychologist for the Correctional Schools; and Mr. R. G. McCaskill, State maintenance Supervisor for Correctional Institutions. We are always glad to have these gentlemen visit us since they are so much help. In fact they do not seem like visitors at all but part of us.

The farm groups have been busy this month finishing up sowing top dressing on the small grain and sowing lespedeza seed. Although we have had much rain this month we have also been blessed with some beautiful warm and sunny days which gave us the feeling that spring is not far away. The farm has also been decorated with several strands of new fence. One farm group did a nice job of cleaning out the fence row along highway forty-nine into Concord and building a new fence. It certainly helps the looks of our campus in that direction. Another sore spot that has recently been removed was the area back of the grape vineyard. When the new highway was constructed it showed up this area to be very unsightly. Now that it has been cleaned up it improves the appearance of that section of that farm. The Peach orchard looks nice since the boys have finished the pruning and burning of the prunings. The farm roads are back in good condition once again after a rather hard season on them due to weather conditions.

Mr. Carriker and the Carpenter Shop boys are busy now building a new hog shelter for fattening the hogs for butchering. It is an enormous shelter and should do well for this purpose.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 8th Grade

Dorald Crawford was admitted to the school during the month of February. He enjoys all sports. Donald is intersted in mechanics. He was placed in Cottage No.1.

Randolph Norman Styles was admitted to the school during the month of February. He hails from Cherokee County. He was placed in Cottage No. 11. We think Namon will like it here.

Paul Joseph Willard came to us from Surry County. He likes to play cowboys and Indians. He was placed in Cottage No. 6.

Clearance Hubert Quinn hails from the mountains of Buncombe County.

Robert "Bob" Bagwell is chubby and has curly hair. He is from Buncombe County.

Joseph "Bobby" Barrett comes to us from Catawba County. He likes all sports and is interested in making a good record here.

David Thomas Page was admitted to the school during the month of February and is from Hickory County.

Jesse George Mathes Jr. came from Jackson County. We believe that he will like it here. He was placed in Cottage 13.

Joseph "Sam" Aldrige from Wayne County has made a good record here so far, we hope he continues this. He was placed in Cottage No. 6.

Van Harold Austin was admitted to the school during the month of February from Marion. Van has made a good record so far. He was placed in Cottage No. 16.

Bob Andy Shew, hails from Wilkes County. Bob is neat, curly headed boy, he was placed in Cottage No. 2

Alan Wayne Jackson came from Anson County, during the month of February to the school. He is in the ninth grade and was placed in Cottage No. 16.

Harry Russell Wilson Jr. hails from way down in New Hanover County. He likes the dairy so he was placed in Cottage No. 15.

James Reavis was admitted to the school from Statesville. His favorite sport is football. He is interested in dairy work so he was placed in Cottage No. 15.

Jack Reid Moore was readmitted to the school from New Hanover County. Jack is a nice looking boy. He was placed in Cottage No. 4.

Clovis Earl Walker came during the month of February from Rockingham County. He likes football very much. He was placed in Cottage No. 2.

Charles Erwin Byrd was admitted during the month of February to the school. He hails from Morganton. Charles was placed in Cottage No. 9.

James Cole Lockey. came to us from Mecklenburg County. He was placed in the 8th grale. He is interested in mechanics and was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Harrison and Subert Testerman were admitted to the school from Ashe County. They are good basketball players and can play football well. We hope they make a good record here.

Wilbur C. Mooring comes from Kinston N. C. He likes all sports Wilbur gets along well with most of the boys in the cottage, and we hope he does the same in his future cottage.

Joseph Monroe Welch comes from Winston-Salem. He has a nice personility and we hope he makes a good record here.

Kenneth Lane Ashley is from Forsythe County. He was in the 9th grade at home.

Joseph Doyle Hilton is from Forsythe County.

Leroy Haithcock from Randolph County. Leroy said that he likes it here and is going to make a good record.

Reese Evertte Wise was readmitted to the school during the month of February. He is interested in mechanics so he was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Verlin Hillard Dockery the last boy to be admitted to the school this month is from Gaston County. He is 14 years old.

——OOO——

Oil Up Your Tongue

Tongue twisters are always a lot of fun. Many people make a hobby of collecting different ones to try out on their friends. Of course there's always the old familiar one, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." But here are some others which perhaps are just as good.

"Are our oars here?"

"His suit showed spots of suet and soot."

"The menu means more than the men you meet."

"Many a wit is not a whit wittier than Whittier."

"Big Bill blew a big blue bugle."

—Sunshine Magazine

THE MONTH OF MARCH

By Mrs Agnes Yarbrough

This third month of the present calendar year was named for the Roman God of battle Mars. In mythology he is claimed to be the son of Juno and Jupiter, and his children were the famous twins Romulus & Remus who founded Rome. His emblems were the spear and the burning torch. It is said that in the middle of the city of Rome was a shrine to Mars in which his sacred spears were kept. When war broke out it was the duty of the Counsul to shake the spears and cry, "Mars, wake up!" If the spears would move themselves it was a very bad sign that the battle would not go so well.

Centuries ago March was the first month of the year all over the ancient world, beginning about the time of the spring equinox. Up until the year 1752 the legal year in England began on the first day of March, but the general observance was January 1. It was soon offically made the beginning of the new year.

March 3, of this year is the day known as the begining of Lent are Ash Wednesday. It is called this because in the early history of the church sinners gave public confessions by attending church services dressed in sackcloth and having ashes scattered over their heads by the priest. The custom was finally extended to the entire congregation and today the modified form is observed all over the Christain world by the Roman Catholic Church. The ashes are obtained by burning the palms from the previous Palm Sunday they are blessed by the priest and sprinkled with holy water. The sign of the cross is made on the forehead of each member by the priest who dips his thumb in the ashes and saying, "Remember, man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

Lent appears 40 days before Easter and is observed as a period of prayer and fasting by the Roman and Eastern Orthodox Churches and by some Protestant Churches. The word Lent comes from the Anglo-Saxon word "Lentcen" which means "Springtime". The custom of fasting goes back to the Old Testament days when Moses fasted for 40 days on Mount Sinai and Elijah fasted 40 days on Mount Horeb. The most important emphasis however are placed on the 40 days fasting of Jesus in the wilderness before the crucifixion.

On March 17 is the day for the Irish known as Saint Patrick's Day. This too is a feast day and one that has religious significance. The Patron St. of Ireland is said to have been kidnapped when he was a young boy and carried away where he lived as a shepherd. Being the son of a Christain deacon, the religious training he had received in his childhood made it possible for him to bear the hardships of his life away from his family. He spent six years in captivity and made an escape to France where he was taken into the monastery of St. Mart-

in. It was here that he heard the "Voice of the Irish" begging him to return back to Ireland and preach the gospel. In 432 he was given the title of bishop and returned to his native land to fulfill his call. Many miracles were preformed during his journeys by the saints, and his name became famous all over Ireland. The legend of Saint Patrick driving the snakes out of his homeland is the best story about him. He is said to have used the three-leaved shamrock as a symbol to explain the miracle of the Trinity. He found a savage race of sun and tree worshipers and converted them into a well-organized church, as well as introduced into Ireland the Latin language, and aroused the interest in classic learning. Today he is known as the Patron Saint of Ireland who began his mission as a slave and ended as a conqueror of souls.

—ooo—

The Scotman asked the bank for a loan of a dollar, and was told that he would have to pay four percent interest at the end of the year. For security, he offered fifty thousand dollars in U. S. bonds. The bank excepted the bonds and gave the man the dollar.

At the end of the year the Scotsman was back with a dollar and four cents to clear up his debt, and asked for return of the fifty thousand dollars in bonds.

Upon returning the banker remarked, "I don't want to inquisitive, but since you have all these bonds why did you have to borrow a dollar?"

"Well," said the Scot, "do you know of any other way I can get the use of a safety deposit vault for four cents a year?"

—Selected

THE ROAD TO GETHSEMANE

By Mrs Agnes Yarbrough

(*Editor Note: In the next issue of the Uplift we will continue this article with the story of the cruifixion and the resurrection of Jesus.*)

The last week in the life of our Lord was one filled with a variety of experiences. Some of these filled His heart with joy, while others tore at His soul like the thorns that would soon be pushed upon His head.

It was Sunday before the feast of the Passover. The roads leading to the city of Jerusalem were crowded with pilgrims on their way to the great celebration. The trip to the city was long and dusty, but the Master had had His spirits revived by the kindness of his good friend Mary who had so meekly knelt and bathed His feet in precious ointments and dried them with her hair. Some had complained about the wastefulness of such a jesture, but Jesus reminded them that He would not be around long for them to minister to and what she had done would be remembered for as long as the world stood. The thought had occured to Jesus that this annointment was more than just a jesture - - it was part of the preparation for His burial. He told the disciples so when they complained. He said "Let her alone; why do you find fault with this woman? She has done a good work upon me. You have the poor with you always, and when ever you wish you can give to them. But you will have me with you only a little while. She has done what she could; for she has come to perfume my body for its burial. And truly I say unto you, that where the gosple is preached this story shall be told in her menory.

This particular trip seemed to be different from any of the rest that Jesus and his friends had made. One instance they were a small group among many pilgrims, then before any one could determined why Jesus was being singled out and became the target for the praise and adoration of the great mass of people. As the crowd passed over the mountain tonward Jerusalem they gathered branches of palm trees and waved them before the lonely man riding a borrowed, donkey. They shouted "Blessed be the Son of David! Blessel is He that commeth in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest"

Not all that witnessed this triumphal march were in such a happy mood. On the outskirts of the crowd were some representatives of the Roman goverment who were beginning to realize the grave danger a man with such popularity could mean to their positions. It looked to them like the whole world were following this lone Nazarene.

As the procession slowly wound it's way upward toward the city of Jerusalem a feeling of nostalgia possessed the Master, bringing tears to His eyes. It was as if He could see into the future, see the armies that would fall upon this beloved city and

bring distruction.

The nearer they reached their destination the louder the cries arose from the crowd, "Hosanna to the Son of David" To the Pharises and scribes standing near by this was blasphemy. It would not be long until they would have enough evidence to haul Him into court.

After their arrival in the Temple the throng pressed closely about Him, asking questions and listening to the words that were to ring out through the ages and lift the hearts of men.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. Out of the mouth of babes and little ones, thou hast made thy praise perfect."

This same crowd that marveled at His words of wisdom fell back in horror as He swept the money changers from the Temple saying,

"My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations, but you have made it a den of thieves."

At sundown of the day before the great celebration, Jesus and His disciples met in a large up-stairs room to have their Passover meal. In spite of the warnings that Jesus had given the twelve, none of them seemed to realize that this would be their last meal together. It is possible that Judas had an idea because of the plots he had been making with the officials to get rid of Jesus, but no one except the Master ever dreamed of what lay ahead of this small group.

It was the custom in those days for servants to bathe the feet of guest because of the dust they had gathered on their long journey over dusty roads. And so it was that Jesus filled a basin with water and began to wash the feet of the twelve men that He had chosen to follow Him. When He reached Simon Peter, the old rugged fisherman said, "Master, do you wash my feet?"

Jesus said to him,

"What I do, you cannot understand now, but you will later."

Peter suddenly turned red and shouted, "Lord, You shall never wash my feet!"

The disciples were amazed at the scene before them, but the calm warning voice of Jesus quited the little room up-stairs as suddenly as it had the mighty waters on Galilee.

"If I do not wash you," said Jesus, then you are none of mine." This rough bearded man who had spent many days in the sun fishing and mending nets, slowly, hopelessly and humbly bowed his head and groaned, "Lord, not only my feet-but my hands and my head."Around the room He went washing and drying the feet of each man present. Finally He came to Judas, knelt slowly and washed, saying nothing.

After this they had their meal and Jesus spoke to them about many things:

"Verily, say unto you, that one of you that are eating with Me shall betray me and give me up to those who will kill me." And as He passed the food to Judas He said, "Do quickly what you are going to do." Judas couldn't stand it any longer—he left the room.

Jesus said,

"Little Children, love one another as I have loved you." "Let not in your hearts be trouble, you be lieve in God, believe also in me." "I am the way, the truth, the light, No man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

"If you shall ask anything in my name, that will I do." "If you love me, keep my commandments." I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you... "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

And slowly they decended the stairs and followed Him to Gethsemane.

—ooo—

A lady out shopping entered the bake shop and found the owner's small daughter watching the shop while her mother had stepped out for a moment.

"Don't you feel tempted to eat one of the cakes?" the lady asked.

"Of course not," answered the little girl. "That would be stealing I only lick them."

BIBICAL FACTS

Selected

That the Bible was written by 36 different authors, covering a period of 1,600 years.

That all the writters except St. Luke were Jews.

That the Bible has been translated in over 500 languages.

That Ezra 7:21 has all the letters of the alphabet in it except J.

That the 19th chapter of Second Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

That Jesus spoke 41 Parables and performed 34 miracles during His preaching.

That there are 137 prophecies in the Old Bible that are fulfilled in the life of Christ.

That if you memorized one verse of the Bible a day, it would take you 85 years to memorize the whole Bible.

That the Bible contains 3,567,180 letters, 773,692 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

That the longest chapter is the 119th Psalm, the shortest and middle chapter is the 117th Psalm. the middle verse is the 8th verse of Psalm 118.

That the longest name is in Isaiah 8. (Maher-shalal-hash-baz).

The word "and" occurs 46,227 times, and the word "Jehovah", 6,855 times.

That the longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther, the shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John.

That the finest piece of reading is the 26th chapter of Acts.

That the name of God is not mentioned in the book of Esther.

That John 3:16 is oftimes called "the Gospel in a nutshell".

That the Bible is filled with the wisdom, knowledge, holiness and Love of God.

TOO GOOD BOXER

From the *C. B. Diamond*

After the two had been coming to the 34th Street Gym for about three months the local element began to become aware of these two. They were in the fight business, but that was all they knew. The short, muscular fellow with the omnipresent dead stogie had been a fighter in his day; the crooked nose and scars around the eyes were marks of the trade. There was a slight droop of his shoulders that fit his supplicating, blue eyes. Although he was not more than forty, he had an old man's walk and tight voice.

The younger fellow was a replica of the older fellow; in face, enough alike for them to be father and son. He was tall, but his slumped figure hardly ever reached its full height.

Their clothes were a little better than the average around the gym, So there was a little wondering, but not much.

In some respects the ones who had noticed the two were correct. Pop Baker had been a fighter ten years ago. And, like most worn out fighters, he still fought, even though it was through the tall, doleful boy, forever at his side. He had been good not championship material, but enough of a fighter to make a living. He had set a little aside, too, but only enough to invest in a fighter if he payed off. Coy would pay off, and soon too. Coy had the one thing that Pop never had: cleverness in the ring, footwork, and the ability to be where you weren't punching.

They had met a year ago at the Golden Gloves. Since then, he had taught Coy all he knew and brought the kid along slow, not overmatching him as so many managers did. Pop knew he had a champ if nothing happened and they got any kind of break.

One night as Coy was working-out on the speed bag, Pop came from the telephone booth in the front of the gym. Coy stopped as he came up. "I've got a fight for next Friday. A veteran by the name of George Cager." Pop stood waiting to see what the reaction would be, Cager was of a different brand from the ones they had been fighting over in Los Angeles. Coy only nodded his head and started the bag again. Rat-a-tat- such speed that Pop never grew tired of watching. Coy's hands were his servants. He could control them with such ease that it looked easy. In fact, that had been their trouble in L. A.--Coy wasn't a crowd pleaser. He could box the trunks off any fighter in L. A. But the fight crowd didn't go to see a boxing match, they went to see mayhem. Coy had won thirty-one straight without working up a sweat. He won, but the crowd hated him. They called him yellow. They said he was leather-shy. Even the newspapermen hounded him, never giving him credit as a boxer. In a way Pop felt responsible for this. It was his idea for Coy to fight the fight he did. Pop knew that with Coy's ability that he could soon box his way to the crown, but his frail body would-

n't take the kind of punishment the crowd wanted him to endure. They wanted blood. All this was torture for Coy. Even through he never said anything about it Pop could see his face tighten when the crowd booed him . . . it was there in his drooped shoulders and lowered eyes.

Friday, Coy weighed in and was in perfect shape at a hundred and sixty-one pounds. The doctor gave him a clean sheet and they were ready.

In the dressing room before the fight Pop was more nervous than Coy He paced the small floor chewing into the stubb. He knew they could win but how would the crowd take it. Cager was a favorite in this part of the country. It was going around that he was going to get a title shot this winter. If that was so, then if he was beaten by a kid that didn't get close enough for you to hit, they might get really frantic. It didn't matter if the crowd didn't like you as long as you won, but there was the kid to look after.

Pop felt responsible for the boy's feelings. It was all his fault. If they had all fought like Coy wanted to there wouldn't be all of this. But, too, they wouldn't be where they were now if they fought a slugging match.

Pop's eyes rested on Coy, who was now asleep on the rub-down table. His small sensitive mouth was relaxed, but it still looked sad. Maybe it was just his facial structure that held his mouth like that. But, no, Pop had seen it when it lost its sadness and it cast his whole face into a cheerful, contented gleam.

There were no scars on the boy's face. Not even around the eyes where it was eastest to get cut. The nose was small and straight. Its long bridge suggested something of Greek features; and this could be true, for his father had been from Italy- - this with the customs of Ireland from his mother made him a humble creature. He was Irish even down to the observance of St. Patrict's day and dozens of superstitions.

Fifteen minutes before fight time, Pop woke Coy and started bandaging his hands. Coy was still sleepy and the sad expression was still there.

"Now, kid, this ain't L. A., so don't look like that. And if they do boo, it's 'cause they ain't got better sense. You just go in and box. Remember, keep moving to his right. . . It's not his right hand that will hurt. He's a southpaw." Coy only nodded his head and raised his other hand so Pop could wrap it.

Coy wasn't nervous as he left the dressing room and made his way through the asile to the ring. "Pepper" Cager was already in the ring dancing up and down, anxious, though a veteran, to get started. His stocky body was a dark dun from hours in the sun. The small, compact waist set off the large massive shoulders that rippled as he moved his arms. A lock of dark, black hair bounced over his flat forehead as he cut a few steps for the spectators' benifit.

Guy Catling, Pepper's manager and trainer, was giving him last minute instructions, all the time rubbing one of the rippling limbs. Another second was in the ring with them. He was looking out over the crowd, then his eyes caught Coy and Pop coming down the isle with two policemen in front and two in back.

As the kid neared the ring the crowd

began to turn their heads... then they booed. Even here in New York they had heard of him. Coy felt Pop's assuring hand tighten on his arm. "Pay no 'tention to 'im," Pop said, doing his best to keep from throwing something at the mass of bloodthirsty dogs.

Coy felt sick. This was what he had been afraid of. They hated him. They were here to see him get beat to a pulp. It would make their sadistic guts drunk with passion if he was beat, beat and beat.

"Where's your track shoes?', one of the newspapermen at ringside ask, as they started up on the skirt of the ring.

"Button your lip, pencil-pusher," Pop retorted, opening the ropes for Coy.

Usually there are two working a corner, but not with Pop and Coy. They had always worked it alone. Coy stepped in the resin and out with out dancing around as most fighters. "Ain't no place to hide in there Yellow boy," came a voice from ringside.

As the refree gave instructions Coy thought that he was emphasising them mostly to him.

"And keep fighting 'til I tell you to break. And protect yourself at all times. Now, shake hands and come out fighting." He looked straight at Coy as he said "come out fighting."

The lights went out in the arena save the lights directly over the ring. Most of the faces were cut out now, but not all of them. This was all Coy could see as Pop gave him instructions - - the sneering, leering faces of "Pepper fans" who wanted murder. The jeering mob was cut out as the bell rang and Coy went to meet Pepper Cager.

Pepper came directly across the ring and showed all the aggressiveness of a huge locomotive- -this the leering mob meet with shouts of drunken expectancy.

Coy sidesteped and shot a couple of experimental lefts to the nose, which was followed by a straight right to the brick-hard solar plexus. This was repeated time after time as Cager kept boring in trying to land a big one. He seemed to hold Coy with disgust as did the crowd. He wasn't a boxer- -maybe that was why he wanted to end it all quickly as possible.

The round ended with Cager's nose blood-red and he was crazy mad. He wanted to fight, to kill this clever kid that he hadn't been able to touch yet.

Pop had already slipped into the old pattern. This looked like another easy win. Probably a T. K. O. because Cager couldn't or wouldn't protect himself from the lightening-fast jabbs and rocking right hands that at any minute could open up an old cut. Pop was talking to Coy in his corner... loud as usual so the kid couldn't hear all of the slurs and bits of indignation the raving throngs were hurling at him.

The kid's eyes were searching into the darkness of the outer arena. The voices were just a roar that shook his body with digust. "What'sa matter kid... afraid! You'd better get outa there, you got him mad."

Coy met Cager in the second with a hard right to the head that surprised the boring bull. Then Coy stepped

back and started flicking out with stinging left and rights.

At the end of the second, Pepper was just about to tear in and throw the kid to the mat. He hadn't touched anything except gloves since he got in the ring.

Coy stood in his corner looking down at upturned faces. They were cursing and trying to make him so mad he would really fight. Coy's face flinched with indicision as he tried to make up his mind; then it relaxed as he turned for round three.

He tore into the enraged mass of power just as it turned from its corner. Coy was real close now. If this was what they wanted, damned if he wouldn't give it to them. He dug away with both hands, feeling the wonderful thud of the body before him. Pepper was so much surprised that he couldn't do anything momentarily. Then with a smirk he released the coiled, dangerous lefthand. It burst like a bomb on Coy's jaw. He felt his knees buckle and at the last second pulled himself back up. But he didn't move out. With determination he retalliated with a hard left and right to the jaw.

Pop was yelling: "No! No! Box him kid, box him!" But his squeaking voice fell on deaf ears.

The crowd went completely crazy. They were stomping the floor and laughing with excitment that was sickening to Pop as he watched Coy staggering back from another heavy blow to the head.

Finally, it seemed years, the bell rang. Coy wobbled to the corner and stood with his head down, trying to clear it before he had to explain to Pop.

"Stop it kid! That's just what he wants. Good God almighty, box him," Pop rasped, shaking the kid's arm.

"No use, Pop. I'm fighting this one my way."

He turned and rushed out to meet the oncoming slaughter as the bell rang for round four.

Pop was cursing and crying as the round moved slowly on. Coy came to the corner with a small abrasion over his right eye that was bleeding freely. Pop fixed this automatically as he cursed and cried into Coy's ear.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh came and went with Coy refusing to go down. His eyes were now partly blinded by blood that was profusely streaming down in them. His nose was also bleeding... and it was crooked now. The lips were slabs of raw meat as they quivered with agony. Even his own mother wouldn't reconize the distorted features that were being slowly torn from his body.

The crowd wasn't cursing now. Who could they curse? Coy was carring the fight to the raging dynamo. He was getting killed, but still he pushed forward.

"Let me stop it, kid?" Pop begged as he tried to stop the blood by pouring some collodion on the cuts.

"I'm fighting this one my way."

The referee didn't even attempt to stop the fight. He was being a part of the thing that the crowd was hoping for. But now they weren't shouting with passion, they were sick. You couldn't watch a butchering like this without getting sick.

Coy wasn't punching away now. He was only enduring and pushing for-

ed his eyes again. The blows weren't even hurting anymore, only pushing him back as they landed.

Pop had lost his stogie and tears were streaming down his face. With one leap he was in the ring and was between the two struggling, sweaty bodys. Cager was dumfounded, then he was mad. He pushed around the old man and started to hit the blinded kid again, but the referee, who couldn't take much more for himself, pushed him back and raised Peppers arm in victory. Pop had automatically given up the fight when he stepped in the ring.

As Pop and a policeman helped Coy from the ring the crowd was cheering. Everyone wanted to get close to Coy. They wanted to touch him and tell him they knew he had it in him. Coy was beyond all this. His legs were moving, but with no strength or sense of direction in them. He could hear the cheers for him and feel the hands that touched him as they made their way up the isle, but he couldn't see their faces. He couldn't even imagine them--the faces of those who minutes before had been calling him yellow.

At the hospital Pop paced the floor nervously, tears still streaming down his face. His small lips were moving slightly in prayer as he kept his eyes pinned on the big double doors. It was years before that door opened.

"How is he doc?" Pop demanded, as the doctor came from the operating room. "Tell me doc, tell me!"

The boy will live. That in itself is a miracle. . .but he'll never see again. I'm sorry — we did all we could." With a firm hand on Pop's shoulder they stood staring at each other. Then he left Pop staring at the big door.

When they brought Coy out all bandaged up on the portable, white table, Pop walked along beside it to the private room.

When they had placed Coy on the bed and gone, Pop sat down beside him and took the small hand in his own. The hand was warm. "Too good a boxer," Pop mumbled, "or too much of a human."

——OOO——

The family was having company for dinner. Louise, aged five, laid down her spoon, looked at her mother, and said: "Mommy, there's a hair in my soup."

"Hush, dear," implored the embarrassed mother, trying to cover the situation. "It's just a crack in your plate."

Louise picked up her spoon, stirred dubiously a few times. "Mommy," she insisted, "Can a kwack move?"

—Selected

SONG PERSONALITIES

Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

Bill Starnes ☞ "Smoke gets in Your Eyes"
Elbert Cartrette ☞ "I'm Walking Behind You"
Robert Arnette ☞ "Mama"
Pat Deal ☞ "Home On the Range"
Ronnie Payne ☞ "Baby, I'm Coming Home"
Charles Simpson ☞ "I'll Walk Alone"
The Restricted Area ☞ "Crying in the Chapel"
James Faircloth ☞ "Make Love to Me"
Buddy Huffstickler ☞ "Why Don't You Beleive Me"
James Buchanan ☞ "Shrimp Boats are Coming"
Jerry Gibbs ☞ "My Buckets got a Hole in it"
Garry Compton ☞ "Little White Cloud"
Shoe Shop Boys ☞ "Pacing the Floor"
Ray Englebert ☞ "I had a Notion"
Calvin Barefoot ☞ "If I had the Wings of an Angel"
Bobby James ☞ "Slipping Around"
Elijah Wililams ☞ "Why Did You do It"
Jack Ransom ☞ "I've been Working on the Railroad"
Charles Smith ☞ "She's Dynamite"
Roland Jones ☞ "I left My Home Way Back in the Mts."
Billy Bushie ☞ "You All Come"
Vernon Ewing ☞ "Down in the Hollow"
Harrison Powell ☞ "If I Never get to Heaven"
J. W. Williams ☞ "O My Papa"
Walker Felker ☞ "Baby, it's Cold Outside"
Leon Davis ☞ "Rub-aDub Dub"
Eric Von Metzer ☞ "I Didn't Mean to do it"
Clyde Walker ☞ "Just A-Bumming Around"
David Boswell ☞ "Let Us Talk, Talk, Talk"
John King ☞ "Roll or Bowl a Ball"
Charles Rivenbark ☞ "You Are My Sunshine"
Jimmy Scott ☞ "I'm Gonna Tell Everybody"

POPULAR SONGS

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise
All lost in a wonderland,
A stranger in paradise,

If I stand starry eyed
That's a danger in paradise
For mortals who stand beside
An Angel like you

I saw your face and I ascended
Out of the common-place into the rare!
Somewhere in space I hang suspended
Until I know there's a chance that you care;

Won't you answer the fervent prayer
Of a stranger in paradise?
Don't send me in dark despair
From all that I hunger for

But open your angel's arms
To the stranger in paradise
And tell him that he need be a stranger no more.

NO OTHER LOVE

No other love have I
Only my love for you
Only the dream we knew
No other love

Watching the night go by
Wishing that you could be
Watching the night with me
Into the night I cry
Hurry home, come home to me
Set me free, free from doubt and free from longing
Into your arms I'll fly
Locked in your arms I'll stay
No other love have I,
No other love

YOU'RE FOOLIN' SOMEONE

You're foolin' someone with your make believe heart
'Tho I know better that you're playing a part
Your foolish stories are exactly like you
You wouldn't tell me you were being untrue

You've found a new love congratulations from me
If she's not a true love oh, how lonely you'll be
Then you'll be sorry when your heart breaks in two!
You're foolin' someone and that someone is you!

OH MY PAPA

Oh my Papa
To me he was so wonderful
To me he was so good
No one could be so gentle and so wonderful,

Oh my Papa
He always understood,
Gone are the days,
When he would take me on his knee,
And with his smile,
He would change my tears to laughter,

Oh my Papa,
To me he was so wonderful.
Deep in my heart I miss him so today,
Oh my Papa,
Oh my Papa.

ONE HAS MY NAME

One has my name, the other has my

heart
With one I'll remain, that's when my heartache starts
One has brown eyes, the others eyes are blue
To one I am tied, to the other I am true
One has my love, the other only me
But what good is love, to a heart that can't be free
If I could live over, my life I would change
The one that has my heart, would also have my name.

VAYA CON DIOS

Now the hacienda's dark,
The town is sleeping.
Now the time has come to part,
The time for weeping.
Vaya con dios, my darling,
May God be with you, my love.
Now the village mission bells
Are softly ringing,
If you listen with your heart
You'll hear them singing.
Vaya con dios, my darling,
May God be with you, my love.
Where ever you may be I'll be beside you.
Although you're many million dreams away;
Each night I'll say a prayer, a prayer to guide you.
To hasten ev'ry lonely hour of ev'ry lonely day.
Now the dawn is breaking through a gray tomorrow,
But the memories we share are there to borrow.
Vaya con dios, my darling
May God be with you, my love.

TRYING

I'm trying to forget you
But try as I may
You're still my every thought every day
No use trying to forget you
'Cause I realize
That I'm trying to forget you
With tears in my eyes
And those tear drops only remind me
That I love you more and more
So I'll put my foolish pride behind me
And come knocking at your door
And I'll be trying to impress you
Hoping to possess you
'Tho I know I haven't a chance, dear
There's no denying
But you can't blame a fellow for trying.

——OOO——

A husband, complaining about the bill of fare in his home, was met with a strong argument by his wife.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Monday you liked beans, Tuesday you liked beans, Wednesday you liked beans; now all of a sudden, Thursday, you don't like beans!"

DEATH DIVE ON THE DEVIL

By Foss from *The Monthly Record*

Steven S. Mann, Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy, Captain of the U. S. S. Devilfish, swung the periscope in a complete circle starting around for the second time, he spoke directing his question to no one in particular. "Who's got the bridge when we surface?"

"Lieutenant Rich and Ensign Bradley," the chief quartermaster volunteered.

"Rich and Bradley, huh?" the captain muttered. Then directing his attention to the man on the sound gear, "Sound! Listen carefully around. The sky is overcast and the scope isn't much good. You'll pick up anything there before I can see it."

"Aye, aye, Captain," the sound man acknowledged.

"Control! Send Lieutenant Rich to the conning tower," ordered the captain.

Seconds later a form groped it's way up through the hatch from the control room. Once in the conning tower, the form proved to be Mr. Rich. He straightened himself, but before he could speak the captain broke the silence again.

"Earl, we have orders to take position as number one boat off the Empire for that B-29 strike today. We are about three miles off Japan now and the weather is really overcast. I doubt if they will send out the superforts today. However, be that as it may, we've got to go up and report On Station."

"What do you want to do about the radar?" questioned Earl Rich.

"What do you mean—what do I want to do about the radar,—I want to use it of course. Use the surface-search and leave the airsearch secured. Or, beter still, turn it on and leave it in a standby condition. We've got a better chance of the Nips not picking us up with their direction - finder equipment if we leave it alone. So, when we go up Earl, tell everyone on the bridge to stay on the ball!"

"Yes sir, Captain."

"Earl, get your lookouts ready. Pass the word to standby to surface. Soundman! Take a final sweep around very carefully. Quartermaster Notify the engine rooms to make eighteen knots when we surface."

"Engine room! Make eighteen knots when we surface," repeated the quartermaster into the intercomm.

"The azimuth's all clear round," reported the soundman on watch.

"Very well," Mann acknowledged. "Continue listening. Report anything unusual, immediately."

Then an unidentified voice from the control room, "Conning tower! Report to the captain—ready to surface."

"The Captain has the word, Earl," shot back Steve Mann.

Making his way to the tower for the second time, Earl Rich maneuvered his way to the hatch in preparation of being the first on the bridge, where he would "con" the ship.

"Bradley got the dive?" asked the

captain.

"Yes, sir." countered Rich.

"Jim!" exclaimed the captain, directing his voice down the hatch to the control room.

"Jim, aye," Bradley returned.

"Azimuth is clear around, by sound. No contact by the scope and the condition of the sea is rough."

"I got the word, Captain," Jim acknowledged.

"Surface!" bellowed the captain.

Three deafening blasts on the diving klaxon sounded immediately in answer to his command. The vents slammed hylraulically, air hissed loudly into the tanks and the lifting of the forward end of the ship announced that the bow buoyancy tank had been blown dry. The man on the planes was the author of the voice that interrupted the congregation of noises.

"Passing five zero feet passing four zero feet three zero two zero surfaced."

"Crack the hatch!" shot the captain.

The lieutenant spun the center wheel, retracting the dogs on the hatch to the bridge. The slight pressure in the boat hissed as it escaped around the hatch. The barometer needles matched up, announcing that inside and outside the boat were equal.

"Open the hatch!" ordered the captain.

The hatch was opened. Eight men scampered onto the sub's bridge, taking their respective posts while the Officer of the Deck took over the ship, the four big Fairbanks Morse engines roared as they came to life, giving ship forward motion. Once on the surface tanks blown dry, the boat cruising in a normal manner, the captain, now on the bridge pushed the talk-back to the control room.

"Control," he said, "have Lieutenant Rush originate a message to Guam that we are surfaced on station, and request instructions."

Steve Mann leaned his arms on the visor of the bridge and stared, concerned around him. Twenty eight years of age, one hundred and twelve men and fifteen hundred tons of submarine to worry about.

In Steven S. Mann there could be found the story-book type of coolness when the going got tough. A skipper that was entirely for his crew. Never have I met a man before, or since, that was so completely in charge of his faculties—come what may.

"You know, Earl," the captain began, "this may seem useless to some. I mean well, being out here, now that the war is almost over. But I'll bet it gives the crews of those superforts a good feeling to know they've got someone waiting for them out here if they got hit while they're over the Empire."

"Yes, sir." Earl eyed him skeptically. "But I sure wish I could get a leave. I haven't had a leave since way back..."

"Yeah, I know. Well, it won't be long before we all have leaves. This thing can't last much longer."

"I wonder, Captain, where he got that nick-name of his!" Earl said, changing the subject.

"Who?"

"Bradley... Jim Bradley. Do you know what the crew calls him?"

"Do you mean Jungle Jim?"

"Yes sir Jungle Jim and sometimes

Cherokee, stated Rich with a bewildered air.

"Well, the Cherokee comes from him being part Indian, offered the captain in a way of explanation." "Jungle Jim,"Well, I can only guess I hear tell he was a pretty wild enlisted man. He's the one that saved the submarine "Scamp" and got himself a Silver Star for it and made Ensign to-boot. Hellava good officer, that kid." Leaving this bit of enlightening news with Lt. Rich, the captain went below.

In the control room Steve met Charlie Rust, radar and communications officer. "Did you get the message off to Guam, Rusty?" Steve asked.

"Yes, sir message sent and received by Guam radio. That's where I was headed—looking for you to give the news."

"That's good, Rusty. I'm going into my stateroom. Keep me advised of any happenings.

On the surface, the Devilfish cruised on alternate courses to maintain position. The speed was an approximate eighteen knots. While the crew settled down to spend a few hrs. cruising on the surface.

Suddenly the talkback from the bridge came to life in the control room. It was Bradley's fear-filled voice. Something was wrong, very wrong. Bradley screamed, "Dive! Dive! Clear the birdge!'" Bradley wanted the boat down and he wanted it down fast!

Slamming of feet sounded in the conning tower. The men on the bridge hit the top rung of the ladder and just dropped, making room for the men that was literally riding their shoulders down. The diving klaxon sounded twice. Engines stopped dead. Vents, all but one, were opened. Christmas tree (opening indicator) lights turned from red to green. This all happening in a matter of seconds.

As the conning tower hatch slammed shut and the green light indicated the last engine exhaust valve closed the last vent was open—down the Devilfish headed!

"Passing two zero feet... three zero...," came the planesman's voice, announicng the increasing depth. He was announcing "Four zero feet" when it happened. A deafening explosion. Sounding like the whole control room blew up.

"Passing six zero feet," continued the planesman.

"Rig for depth charge! Rig for deep submergence! Planesman level off at two zero zero feet!" ordered the diving officer preparing for the worst.

"Control!" screamed a voice from the conning tower.

"Control, aye."

"We're hit in the conning tower! Leaking bad!"

"Close the hatch!" ordered the diving officer—and so isolating nine men in the conning tower.

The captain, who had gained the control room early in the incident, ordered: "Belay that last word! Plane up to seven zero feet! Open the hatch!"

Thus, Steven Mann had instantly summed up the whole situation. Sound hadn't reported any screws. One explosion, no more. So, it meant a plane. Had to be.

"What was it, Jim?" questioned the skipper.

"A plane, Captain, I caguht him coming in low, out of a cloud, either

a Zeek or a Zero," reported Bradley.

Humm... probably two bombs. They rig'em that way for work along the coast."

When the captain had ordered the hatch opened, the water that had a chance to build up in volume in the conning tower shot into the control room, hitting the electrial panels in the the compartment. Electrics arcs and the stench that accompanied them filled the boat Pump Motors were knocked out while the leaking continued in the tower.

"Gotta go up" mused the captain. Then ordered, "Gun crews, standby for gun action!" Then, to the diving officer, "Standby to surface! Jim, she's probably up there waiting for us with that other bomb. Can't stay down here though!" With this Captain Mann disappeared into the leaking conning tower.

"Ready to surface!" came the word from the control.

"Alright, Jim," answered the skipper. "Surface!"

Once on the surface, the gun crews popped out of various hatches on the boat to man their guns, too busy to notice that they wouldn't have to man guns against this intruder.

Draped across the 40mm on the after cigarette deck was the remains of a Japanese Zero and what was left of a good Son of Nippon. For this member of the Kampikaze Special Attack Corps, the Rising Sun had not long ago set.

Once on the surface we were relieved on patrol station and soon orders came through sending us back to the Marianas for emergency repairs. Then to Pearl Harbor where the boat was given an overhaul and the crew given three weeks in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Although there may have been boats that encountered a Kamikaze, the U. S.S. Devilfish is the only submarine to suffer such an attack and bring her crew back to tell of it.

——OOO——

Not long ago the worth of a man was computed at 98 cents, based on the chemical content of his body.

Now, with atomic power in view, this is all changed. Someone has figured that the atoms in the human body will produce 11,400, 000 kilowatts of power per pound—provided they could be harnessed. On this basis of computation, a man weighing in at 150 pounds is worth $85,500,000,000.

.—Selected

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional oridinal funny-bone tickler added.)

A traveling salesman stopped at a Kentucky mountain shack. When he walked inside, he found an old man playing checkers with his dog.

"Why that's the smartest dog I've ever seen," exclaimed the salesman.

"Oh, I don't think he's so smart," replied the mountaineer, "I've beat two out of three games.

———0O0———

Small boy to father. "Daddy, may I marry grandmother?"

Father: "Why no son, you can't marry my mother."

Small boy: "Well, you married mine."

———0O0———

A city boy, visiting his country cousin, was walking through a pasture when he heard a buzzing sound.

Cousin: "Come away from there! It's a rattlesnake. If you go near it, it will strike!"

City Boy: "Do they have unions, too"?

———0O0———

Willie: "Which leather makes the best shoes?"

Bill: "I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers."

———0O0———

Mrs. Johnson: "What are you doing out of bed at this time of night?"

Currier: "I just got out, to tuck myself in."

———0O0———

Woman: "I'll have a large lamb chop with buttered carrots and peas. And have the chop lean."

Waiter: "Yes madam, which way?"

Bystander: "Catching any?"

Dick: Caught forty bass and perch here yesterday."

Bystander:"Do you know who I am

Dick: "No sir, can't say that I do"

Bystander: "I'm the fish and game warden."

Dick: "Do you know who I am?"

Bystander: "No."

Dick: "Well, I'm the biggest liar in Connecticut."

———0O0———

A tourist traveling through the Texas panhandle got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling station.

"Looks as though we might have rain," said the tourist.

Well, I hope so," repliel the native, "not much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."

———0O0———

A young swede appeared in the county judge's office and asked for a license.

'W'hat kind of license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tanke aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want a marriage license."

———0O0———

The old man was applying for admission to a charity institution.

"What is your occupation?" asked the manager.

"I used to be an organist," answered the old man.

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

BITS OF WISDOM

The outrageous high prices make us do without so many necessities in order to be able to buy our customary luxuries.

———OOO———

No wonder it is hard to save money. The neighbors are always buying something we can't afford.

———OOO———

The chief reason that ideas die quickly in some minds is that they can't stand solitary confinement.

———OOO———

Fortune can take nothing from us but what she gave us.

———OOO———

Happiness can be built on virtue only, and must necessity have truth for its foundation.

———OOO———

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

———OOO———

My share of the work of the world may be limited, but the fact that it is work that makes it precious.

———OOO———

Friendship is the only cement that will cement the world together.

———OOO———

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.

———OOO———

What I am to be, I am now becoming.—Motto found in the study of a Chinese student.

By doing good with his money a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of Heaven. —Ruthledge

———OOO———

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

———OOO———

Be such a man and live such a life, that if every man were such as you and every life like yours, this earth would be a God's Paradise. —Phillips Brooks.

———OOO———

Do dogs like exercise or do they just like to get out and see what other dogs are doing?

———OOO———

Smile at your troubles and the boss may say: "Wipe off that silly grin and get back to your wife"

———OOO———

A great deal of talent is lost in this world for the want of courage. —S. Smith

———OOO———

The foundation of every state is the education of its youth. —Diogenes

———OOO———

They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason she will rap you on the knuckles.

———OOO———

If a single man achieves the highest kind of love, it will be sufficient to neutralize the hate of millions.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

FEBRUARY

FIRST GRADE
Bobby Avery
Garry Franklin
Hersey Locklear
Gerald Packer
Jimmy Shew

SECOND GRADE
Larry Call
Wayne Halsey
Billy Nicholson
Donald Crowe
Leroy Lockamy
Edward North
Lewis Rhodes
William Hollaway
Jessie Matthews
Charlie McBride
Jack Moore
Robert Musselwhite
David Reeves

THIRD GRADE
Howard Chapman
David Case
Grady Crouse
Paul Hamm
Kenneth Hollifield
Ray marsh
Bobby Revels
Harrell Rivenbark
Shelton Taylor

FOURTH GRADE
Ralph Carpenter
Kenneth Laws
Gene Towe
Alton Locklear

FIFTH GRADE
J. D. Brooks
James Buchanan
Tommy Dabbs
Charles Smith
Ward Williams
David York
George Stubbs

SIXTH GRADE
Hollis Dowdy
Charles King
Monroe Korn
Ronnie Payne
Jimmy Smith
Lewis Turner

SEVENTH GRADE
Sherrill Dalton
Bill Gallion
Alex Parson

EIGHTH GRADE
Melvin Smith
Donald Thompson
Bill Tucker
Bill Hawkins

NINTH GRADE
Ray Malpass
Harrison Powell
Charles Rivenbark
Charles Simpson

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

FEBRUARY

FARM
Shelton Taylor
Jimmy Smith
Jerry Lamb
Bud Dula
Edwin Duck
Wayne Jackson
Van Austin
Earl Dean Smith
Bobby Revels

Forest Hendrix
James Moose
Larry Mauldin
Jimmy Mayfield
Jerry Gibbs
Alferd Walker
George Clodfelter
James Morrison

BARN FORCE

Jimmy Mayfield
Robert Colon
J. B. Benfield
Jack Moore
Ray MeGraw
Williams Hines
Harvey Flynn
Walter Shelton
Faye Elders
David Dockery
Albert Ross

PLANT BEDS

Frank Barrus
Vernon Ewing
Dean Cranford
Bobby Hannah
John Chatman
Naymon Stiles
Bennie Garrett
Buddy Huffstickler
Glen Ray Pruitt
Grady Crouse
Don Dillard

CHICKEN FORCE

James Wood
Cardell Oxendine
Cladie Oxendine
Jessie Mathews
Wayne Cook

TRACTOR FORCE

Bobby James
Marshall Crenshaw
Thomas Powell
Dan Hamm
Gerald Packer
David Henderson
Herman Callahan
David Hassell

LAUNDRY

Donnie Bradley
George Stubbs
Edward North
John King
Charles Rose
Bobby Avery
Gary Lee Franklin
Tommie McBride
Clifford Waytt
David York

COTTON MILL

Billy Hawkins
Clyde McManus
Ralph Carpenter
Jimmy Merecr
George Holland
Ray Marsh
Charlie MeBride
Wade Mahafy
Andrew Thomas
Bobby Gordon

DAIRY

David Case
Howard Chapman
Frances Mayton
Billy Mosteller
Charles Harp
Wade Cox
Johnnie Johnson
Melvin Smith
John Harold

PRINT SHOP

Harrison Powell
Paul Knight
Roland Jones
Robert Babb
Ray Malpass

CAFERTIA

Jack Moore
Donald McManus
Richard Strickland
Junior Davis

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COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

FEBRUARY

Cottage No. 1

Garry Compton

Cottage No. 2

Fred Condrey

Cottage No. 3

Bobby Avery
Garry Franklin
William Holt
Charlie McBride
Andrew Thomas
Claude Townsel

Cottage No. 4

Henry Banther
Junior Davis
Ray Malpass
Bobby James
Donald McManus

Cottage No. 6

L. B. Blackmon
Douglas Eller
Ben Whitner
James Wood

Cottage No. 7

Harold Huffman
Willie Ingram
John King
J. R. Lambert
Carl Lawson
Ronnie Merritt
Larry Owens
Archie Sims
Danny Smith
Bobby Stevens
Shelton Taylor
Thomas Transou
Claude Webb
Tommy Wyatt

Cottage No. 9

Hollis Dowdy
Clifford Wyatt

Cottage No. 13

Mack Allman
Robert Colon
Faye Ellers
Ray Englebert
Harvey Flynn
Hubert Fox
Jimmy Mayfield
Albert Ross

Cottage No. 14

Phillip Ball
Sherwood Brown
George Clodfelter
R. V. Eades
Jerry Gibbs
E. C. Parker
Thomas Powell
Billy Roberts
Alferd Walker
Ward Williams

Cottage No. 15

Howard Chapman
Francis Mayton
Billy Mostellar
Archie Minton
Melvin Smith
Donald Thompson

Cottage No. 17

Marshall Crenshaw
Pat Deal
Paul Knight
Alton Locklear
Hersey Locklear
B. W. Murry
Cardell Oxedine
Gerald Packer

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

March	1	Sammy Glance, Cottage No. 7 11th Birthday
March	2	Charles Walker, Cottage No. 3, 15th Birthday
March	3	Harrison Powell, Cottage No. 11, 17th Birthday
March	5	Wayne Jackson, Cottage No. 16th, Birthday
March	5	Edward Turpin, Cottage No. 15, 13th Birthday
March	7	Steve Farrington, Cottage No. 3, 12th Birthday
March	7	Bobby Jerigan, Cottage No. 3, 15th Birthday
March	10	Jack Brooks, Cottage No. 1, 15th Birthday
March	11	Leon Davis, Cottage No. 4, 15th Birthday
March	11	Ben Whitner, Cottage No. 6, 10th Birthday
March	12	Clyde Smith, Cottage No. 10, 16th Birthday
March	12	John Ammons, Cottage No. 13, 16th Birthday
March	13	Bobby Stevens, Cottage No. 7, 12th Birthday
March	14	James Locky, Cottage No. 1, 15th Birthday
March	15	Clyde Andrews, Cottage No. 7, 14th Birthday
March	15	Melvin Hall, Cottage No. 9, 13th Birthday
March	17	Dan Hamm, Cottage No. 14, 16th Birthday
March	19	Ashburn Johnson, Cottage No. 13, 15th Birthday
March	20	Richard Strickland, Cottage No. 4, 16th Birthday
March	20	Sherwood Brown, Cottage No. 14, 16th Birthday
March	23	Robert Stines, Cottage No. 15, 16th Birthday
March	25	Ralph Carpenter, Cottage No. 9, 17th Birthday
March	25	Ronnie Merritt, Cottage No. 7, 13th Birthday
March	26	Walters Royals, Cottage No. 13, 14th Birthday
March	29	Roy Puckett, Cottage No. 11, 15th Birthday
March	29	Ray Puckett, Cottage No. 4, 15th Birthday
March	29	Paul White, Cottage No. 11, 15th Birthday
March	29	J. B. Benfield, Cottage No. 13, 16th Birthday
March	31	Robert Colon, Cottage No. 13, 15th Birthday

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Robert Musselwhite

SEWING ROOM

Archie Sims

SHOE SHOP

Robret Stiles

MEAT CUTTING

Henry Banther

Ray Puckett

BARBER SHOP

John King

Ward Williams

THE UPLIFT

No. 4 APRIL, 1954 Vol. 42

A PRAYER

I prayed a prayer to God above,
To watch over me and the ones I love.
To help me live right day by day,
And help me along life's rugged way.

I prayed that he would help me on,
And keep me safe from doing wrong,
To help me treat others the best I can,
And I prayed for peace in our fair land.

I prayed he would watch over Mom and Dad.
To cheer them when they are sad.
"Be with them Lord where e're they go.
Teach them the right they do not know."

"Walk with me Lord, all day long,
Keep me safe and cheer me on.
But most of all teach me what is right,
That I might live a life that is bright."

By Charles Rivenbark

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Concord, North Carolina

The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

Roland Jones
Garry Compton
Ray Malpass
Wayne Jackson
Charles Testerman

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Garry Compton
Roland Jones

PRESSMEN

Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert
Eddie Redden

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The Uplift

Editorial . . .

The results of our contest for Short Stories, Poetry and Essays among the boys in our institution has been very gratifying. In this issue you will find our selections for publication. We hope the response the students have given this will continue. This reflects the thinking, composition, punctuation, and grammar construction of the boys. They were encouraged to use original ideas and as far as we are able to ascertain this has been done. However, if there is any material which is not original it is beyond our knowledge and The Uplift staff will not be responsible for it.

THE YOUTH OF OUR COUNTRY

By Leon Davis, 7th Grade

Man is always worried about tomorrow. The coming day is always interesting to think about. Whether or not the future is bright depends a lot on your thoughts or the state of mind. Many of us are selfish in our thoughts. It is seldom that we think of others and especially the youth of today which are so important to the future of our country.

Most parents are very anxious that their children grow up to be respectable citizens of our great country. Some of them are very careful to see that their boys and girls receive good educations that prepare them for a profitable future. This is not true in many cases and many parents do not realize that the future man or woman is shaped in the home during his or her youth. What they grow up to be depends mostly on the way they are cared for while they are still young.

It is the duty and privilege of every parent to care for their children properly. It is in the home that most of the teaching is done. If parents are too busy to pay much attention to their children, there are organizations and institutions all over the country for this purpose. One of the

greatest organizations for the youth of America are the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts.

It is the purpose of the Boy Scouts to teach the boys to be dependable and trusted highly. To join the Boy Scouts one must get a handbook for boys. It will only cost fifty cents to get one of these books, It will tell you how to find a troop and how to get in. After you have joined you will pay a small entry fee. In order to become a member you must take the Scout Oath. Then you must learn and obey the Scout laws. The motto of the Boys Scouts is "Be Prepared". This means that a scout is always to be ready for any emergency that might arise.

The Girl Scouts works in the same way for girls. Both organizations teach the same high principles.

In addition to these organizations there are many schools, boarding school, military academies, training schools, and orphanages for children without homes.

The children are the most important part of the world today, tomorrow, and for years to come. If they are not given the principles of democracy and the golden rule in their youth it is quite possible that they could destory our great nation.

One primary step in training children is to teach them to obey. They must learn to obey their parents. If they do not learn this the parents will soon lose all control over them. That is when delinquency starts. You must not let this happen to your children. Teach them to obey you even though you must punish them. They may not realize right then that you are only trying to help them, but they will thank you later for punishing them. Had you rather see your children grow up to be useful citizens of your community or had you rather see him grow up to be a hardened criminal? This is your choice. You must decide what is to be. Once a boy has started on the wrong way it is hard to get him back on the right track. He gets the idea he can do what he wants to do and thinks he can get away with it.

There are authorities in the community to take children away from their homes if they cause too much trouble there. After they are taken away they are missed, since most children are a comfort to have around.

If the tomorrow in America is to be bright the youth of today must be learning the rules for a happy and useful life. To see that this is learned is the job of every citizen.

——*—*—*—*—*—*

CAMPUS NEWS

Miss Eleanor Bowdoin, Public Health Dietition from the State Board of Health, spent the week of March 15th with us in helping the cafeteria staff organize their work and gave a series of lectures and pictures on cafeteria work and management. She was very helpful in making suggestions as to new methods of preparing foods, the use of modern kitchen equipment, labor saving devices, menu preparation, and modern methods of cafeteria supervison. We are indebted to her for her time and effort given to us in making our cafeteria more efficient in serving our staff and boys.

Mr. James E. Auten, Dairyman, attended the short course offered at State College from March 8th through March 13th. He reports that the lectures were very informative and meant a great deal to him in his work here. He was priviledged to hear many of the outstanding men from the Agricultural Dept. of State College.

The Jackson Training School has just received a camplete fifteen volume set of the Encyclopedia Bratannica Jr. which was a gift from the National Exchange Club and made possible through the cooperation of the publisher. The set is one of 100 being presented to training schools for delinquent children throughout the country during the observance of National Crime Prevention Week, which is annually sponsored by the National Exchange Club and its local units.

The schools new irrigation system has just arrived on the campus, with a motor for pumping and several hundred feet of alumnium pipe to carry the water for great distances. With this new system all the fields bordering Lake Propst can be irrigated during the dry months of the summer. We hope this will prevent the shortage of fresh vegetables which we endured last summer during the drought.

Mr. Frank Liske is back at his job of supervison of the cafeteria after an absence of several weeks due to a series of operations. We are very happy to see him back in circulation once again.

Announcements has been made that bids are now open for the building project for the Jackson Training School. This project includes the renovation of fifteen of the cottages on the campus, to include new plaster, floor covering, stairways, wiring, plumbing, painting, etc. Bids will be closed April 22.

Due to the excessive amount of rain during the month farm work has been rather slow. However, the pastures are looking good and the green grass has caused an increase in our milk production.

The beds of pansies bordering the driveways on the campus are coming into full bloom. The Yard Force has completed the planting of new rose bushes in the rose garden facing the Infirmary. Mr. Propst gave the school funds for the purchase of these new bushes and they will do much to improve our garden.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 8th Grade

When a new boy is first admitted to the school, he goes to the Receiving Cottage where he lives for 2 weeks. During this time he learns the rules and regulations of the school. He also has new friends to get acquainted with and soon his homesickness is over. While in the Receiving Cottage a new boy takes three tests. These tests determines the placement in the school department, trades department, and in a cottage group.

Cottage No. 16 or the Receiving Cottage in now under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Henderson.

Some of the new boys admitted to the school during the month of March are as follows:

George Riley Wittemore was admitted to the school on March 2, 1954. George is from Buncombe County. He was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Cosner Robert Church was admitted to the school on March 3, 1954. He hails from Avery County. Cosner is a good prospect for Cottage No. 14's athletic team.

Robert Carl Glover was admitted to the school on March 9, 1954 from Gaston County. His favorite past time is playing and playing. Robert will make a good softball player for Cotage No. 6.

Robert Harden came to the school on March 11, 1954 and is from Robeson County. Robert is a nice, clean looking boy. His favorite sports are fishing and swiming.

James Keith Homewood was readmitted to the school on March 12, 1954 form Alamance County. James has made nice adjustments here at the school. He was placed in Cottage No. 11.

Billy Ray Lee was admitted to the school on March 15, 1954 from Harnett County. Billy is 15 years old. He should be a good prospect for the softball team in Cottage No. 14.

Ronald Smith is enrolled in Cottage 11. He was admitted to the school on March 15, 1954 from the hills of Buncombe County. Ronald is a well like boy. He made very nice adjustments in the Receiving Cottage.

Cecil Harold Jarrell was admitted to the school on March 16, 1954 from Winston-Salem. He said his favorite pastime is eating and he can really put the food away. He was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Grady Lee Bradshaw was admitted to the school on March 24, 1954 and hails from Cleveland County. Grady likes to play ball and other sports. Grady is very interested in making a good record at the school.

James Richard Johnson was admitted to the school on March 25, 1954 and hails from Buncombe County. James likes to play basketball. He has an advantage over most of the short boys because he is rather tall. Maybe this is reason for liking basketball.

Jackie Castrette hails from Robeson County. He arrived at the school on March 25, 1954. Jackie says he likes to play Cowboy and Indian,(a favorite game among small boys.)

THE EASTER STORY

By Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough

At the foot of the Mount Of Olives near the path over the hill towards Bethany, there was an orchard of olive trees called the "Garden of Gethsemane." Jesus often went to this lovely place with His disciples because of it's quiet shade. At the garden's entrance He left eight of His followers saying, *"Sit here, while I go inside and pray"*. He took with Him the choosen ones, Peter, James, and John and went into the orchard.

Jesus knew that it would not be long until Judas would be there with a band of men to seize Him—that within a few hours he would be beaten and stripped and led away to die. The thought of what He was to suffer came upon Him and filled His soul with grief. Turning to the three He said, *My soul is filled with sorrow; a sorrow that almost kills Me. Stay here and watch while I am praying."* Going a little futher among the trees He flung Himself upon the ground and cried out, *"O My father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou willest."* So strong was His feeling and so great His suffering, that there came out upon His face great drops of sweat like blood, falling upon the ground. Three times He knelt in prayer and got up to leave—three times He went back and prayed. Finally an angel from heaven came and gave Him strength to bear the burdens ahead.

In the confusion that followed the disciples were awakened and witnessed the beginning of the most heart-breaking experience ever known to man.

As Jesus expected, Judas came with the Roman soldiers to capture this man who had been causing them so much trouble, and influencing so many people. When the men approached the Master, Peter, old impetutious Peter as he was called, rushed out with his sword and cut off the ear of the high priest's servant. Jesus turned to Peter and said,

"Put away your sword Peter. The cup which my Father has given Me shall I not drink it? Don't you know that He could send an army of angels to protect Me?"

And stooping over He touched the wounded soldier and he was healed.

As the armed men moved in the disciples became afraid and ran away, leaving Jesus alone to face His enemies.

First He was carried before Annas, the former high priest who questioned Him and made smart remarks trying to trick Him. From here He was taken, still bound, to the house of Caiaphas, who had lately been made high priest by the Roman goverment in Annas's place. Here all the rulers were called together, and they tried to find men who would swear that they had heard Jesus blaspheme, but their stories would not agree.

Finally the high priest stood up

and said to Jesus, "Have you nothing to say? Are you the Christ, the Son of God?" Jesus standing in the middle of the hall bound and tied, softly said, "*I am*". This to them was blasphemy. Then they began to mock Him. They spit on Him. They struck Him on the face, but He opened not His mouth.

The rulers of the Jews, the priest and the scribes voted to put Jesus to death. But the land of the Jews was at that time ruled by the Romans and no man could be put to death unless the Roman Goverment commanded it. The Roman Governor at that time was a man called Pontius Pilate; so Jesus was carried before him.

Now up to this time Judas did not believe they would put Jesus to death, but when he saw Him bound and beaten and doing nothing to defend Himself, he realized what he had done. He brought back the 30 pieces of silver they had given him to betray his Master and threw it on the floor of the temple. Then he went out and hanged himself.

The rulers did not know what to do with the money, for as they reasoned among themselves, "We can't put it into the treasury for it is the price paid for a man's blood." They finally decided to use it for buying a burying ground for strangers and paupers, and called that piece of land Potters Field. But the people of Jerusaleum called it The Field of Blood.

It was early morning before the Jews brought Jesus before Pilate who questioned them as to their charges and Jesus as to His guilt. One question he asked the Master was, "Are you a king" To which Jesus answered, "*You have spoken it. I am a king. For this reason I was born and for this reason I came into the world, that I might speak the word of truth to men*". To the waiting crowd of accusers Pilate replied, "I find no evil in this man".

So he sent Him to Herod. You will notice how each man tries to shift the blame on to some one else. But after a few questions Herod knew that this was no ordinary man and did not want to get himself involved, so he sent Him back to Pilate, but not until he had dress Him in a gay robe as though he were a make-believe king and mocked Him.

Thus Pilate, much against his own will was compelled to decide the fate of Jesus. He tried to get the mob to let Jesus be the prisoner they released every year at this time, but they cried louder and louder, "Crucify Him, crucify Him".

Pilate really wanted to free Jesus, but like all politicians he wanted to please the people, so he turned Him over to the mob. They beat Him until the blood ran down His back. They made a crown of thorns and pushed it down upon His head. They mocked and laughed at Him shouting, "Hail, King of the Jews". And so Pilate gave orders that Jesus of Nazereth should die on the cross, even though he knew Him to be innocent of any wrong.

After beating the Master most cruelly they led Him, carrying His own cross, outside the city to a place called Golgotha to the Jews, or Calvery to the Romans. Both words meaning "the skull place". When they reached the appointed place they laid the cross down and stretched Jesus upon it and drove nails through

His hands and feet to fasten Him to the cross, and then they let it drop into the holes where it was to stand with a heavy thud. Now even though Jesus was a Heavenly being, He was also human, and His suffering was beyond human understanding, yet His only utterance was: "*Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.*"

Hoping to make His humilation greater, they placed Jesus between two thieves, and over His head they placed a sign on which was written:

THIS IS JESUS
THE KING OF THE JEWS

The chief priest did not like the wording of the sign and tried to get pilate to have it changed to read, "HE SAID, I AM KING OF THE JEWS", but the governor would not, he said, "What I have written, I have written".

People walked by the cross and mocked Him. Some of them said, "He saved others, himself He cannot save." One of the robbers beside Jesus said to Him, "If you are the Christ save yourself and us," but the other robber cried out, "Have you no fear of God to speak thus, while you are suffering the same fate as this man? We deserve to die, but He has done no wrong." Then turning to Jesus he said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Slowly turning His head to look at the dying thief, Jesus said, "*This day you shall be with me in Paradise.*"

Not all the people on Calvary were enemies of Jesus. Standing near by was Mary, his mother, and John, His beloved disciple. Mary Magdalene whom Jesus had cast the evil spirits from was also there. The Master must have sensed the loneliness of His mother for He looked first at her and then at John and said, "*Son, see your Mother, Woman, see your son,*" and from that day we are told that John took the mother of Jesus into his home and cared for her as if she were his own mother.

About noon on this unforgetable day a sudden darkness came over the land and lasted for three hours. In the afternoon when Jesus had been on the cross six hours—six hours of terrible pain, he cried out, "*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?*" After this He spoke again saying, "*I am thirsty*". For this simple request they gave Him vinegar.

Everything humiliating and painful they could think of was done to Jesus, and when He had borne all that any human being could possibly bear, He spoke His last words on the cross, "*It is finished. Father Into Thy hands I commend My spirit.*" The scripture says He gave up the ghost.

At that moment the veil of the temple between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies was torn from top to bottom. The earth trembled, the lightning flashed. One of the Roman officers who had charge of the soldiers around the cross saw what was taking place and said, "Truly this was a good man. He was the Son of God."

After Jesus had drawn His last breath one of the soldiers, to be sure that He was dead, ran a spear into the side of the body and out of the wound came pouring both water and blood.

Now even among the rulers of the Jews there were a few who were friends of Jesus, but were afraid to come out in the open. One of these

was called Nicodemus. The one, you remember who came to Jesus by night, and the other was a rich man from Arimathaea named Joseph. It was he who went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. His request was granted, so he and his friends took the body gently down from the cross and wrapped it in fine linen. Nicodemus furnished the embalming supplies then known to man, and they placed Him in the tomb that Joseph had made for himself located near Calvery. A large stone was rolled in front of the entrance to prevent any of the relatives or friends from moving the body. Pilate had not forgotten the promise of Jesus to rise again in three days and he thought that they might move Him and say He had risen. Soldiers were placed at the tomb for protection.

While all this was taking place the two Marys were standing by watching while their Master was laid to rest. The eleven disciples stricken with sorrow, hid themselves from the scornful glances of passerbys. They had forgotten the words of Jesus, that He would rise again. To them and all who loved this Man of Galilee, it was the darkest day of their lives.

And still above the shouts of rejoicing Jews and heart broken friends of Jesus, could be heard the repeated words of the Roman officer who was in charge of the soldiers "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

CHAPTER 11

The hours of watching dragged slowly by for the soldiers watching the tomb where the body of Jesus lay. No one had been near the grave, all had been peaceful.

The eastern sky was beginning to light up with the promise of a new day when suddenly the ground beneath the watchers feet began to tremble. The fearful watchers saw a mighty angel come down from the sky and roll the stone away from the door of the tomb and sit upon it. The face of the angel had the appearance of lightning, and the garments he wore were as white as snow. At sight of him the soldiers fell to the ground, trembling and helpless and lay there as if they were dead. While inside the tomb Jesus of Nazereth, the King of the Jews, had risen from the dead as He had said he would.

It was the Sabbath morning and as soon as it were light some women went to the tomb in the garden. These women were the ones who had stood by so loyally during the trial and crucifixion of Christ. The two Marys, and Salome were bringing more spices to place in the linen wrappings around the body of Jesus. They wondered how they would get the huge stone away from the door, but when they came to the tomb they saw that the stone had been rolled away and the guards were gone. As soon as Mary Magdalene saw what had taken place she ran to tell the disciples, but the other women went inside to see if the body was still there. It was then they noticed the angel in a long white garment sitting near by. This of course frightened them for all this, the open tomb, the Master gone, and the angel was all new to them. But the angel said, "Don't be afraid. You are looking for Jesus of Nazereth who was

crucified. He is not here. He is risen as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And then go tell the disciples that Jesus will go up before you into Galilee and you shall see him there."

While these women were listening to the angel, Mary Madgalene was spreading the news that something had happened at the tomb of Jesus. She did not know that He had risen. After she had told them all about the strange happenings she returned to the Sepulcher that was empty with no one in sight. Mary felt very lonely and heart broken. She couldn't help but cry as she thought of her Lord slain by wicked men and not even allowed to rest in his grave. Suddenly an angel appeared to her and said, "*Woman, why do you weep?*" Mary replied, "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have lain Him." Something caused her to turn around and she saw a man standing beside her. For some reason she did not recoganize Him. Maybe it was because she was weeping, or maybe it was because her eyes were held from knowing Him. The man said again, "*Woman, why do you weep?*" Mary probably thought He was the gardner and said, "Sir, if you have carried Him out of this place tell me where you have lain Him and I will take Him away." Then the stranger softly said, "*Mary,*" and she knew it was Jesus. No longer dead, or lost, but living, and standing there by her side. She fell to the ground crying, "My Master, My Master."

So Mary Madgalene was the first to see Jesus after He rose from the dead. The second appearance that Jesus made was to the other Mary and Salome, telling them to spread the word among the brothers that He would meet them in Galilee.

Later in that same day two men who were friends of Jesus were walking along the road to the village of Emanus. They were discussing the events of the day, and were sort of downhearted and blue. No doubt they unburdening their hearts to each other.

As they walked along they suddenly noticed that someone was with them, someone they did not know. The stranger said, "*Why are you so sad, and what is this you are talking about?* .The men began to tell Him about Jesus of Nazareth who they had hoped would deliver their nation from the rule of the Romans and set up a kingdom of his own. They told Him how the rulers had become jealous of Jesus because of the influence He was having over the people, and they captured Him and crucified Him. They told the stranger that this same Jesus had died on the cross and that His body had been buried by loving friends in a nice new tomb. Then they told Him about the recent happenings and disappearence of their Master.

The Stranger listened patiently and when they had finished He talked to them about the teachings of Moses concerning the promised Redeemer of Israel. He told them of how the old Testement writers had prophasied that the Man of Galilee should suffer these very things and rise again on the third day. The men listened quietly, wondering who this stranger could be.

When they were approaching the village of Emmanus the two men invited the stranger to stop with them for the night, and He humbly accepted their invitation. Later that evening when they were having supper the Stranger took bread and blessed it, and when He handed it to them they recoganized Him to be their risen Lord. Immediately He disappeared from their sight.

Words could not express the joy these two knew. Their Master was not dead, He was here in the very room with them. He had said this would happen, but in their grief they had forgotten.

Jesus appeared four times on that day to different ones of His followers. Each time they did not recoganize Him until He was about to leave them.

On the night of this strange and yet wounderful day, ten of the disciples were together in a room with the door closed. Suddenly Jesus was seen standing among them. He said, "*Peace be unto you.*" Some of them were afraid and He said, "*Look at the wounds in my hands and my feet. Feel them. A spirit does not have flesh and bones as you see I have.*" He showed them His hands and feet and side. They could not believe; their joy of seeing Him was so great. The Master for whom they had mourned for these three days was here before them, and with that appearence they acquired something far greater than they realized. That something that qualified them to go forth and proclaim the good news to the world. It was to give them strength to face the work that lay before them, courage to meet the enemies they would make by telling the things they were witnessing this day. Some of them would need all the help they could get, for some of the very ones that Jesus was talking to in the little room would have to give their lives for the cause of this man.

It was on this occasion in the little room up-stairs that Jesus sat down with those He loved and ate with them. Here He gave them that wonderful promise. He said, *This is what I told you while I was with you, that everything written of Me in the law of Moses and in the Prophets and in the Psalms must come to pass. It was needful that I must suffer as I have and should rise from the dead and that everywhere the gospel should be preached in my name. I will send the promise of my Father upon you, but stay in Jerusalem after I leave you until power shall come upon you from on High.*"

The next time He appeared before them was the day following the resurrection. The same ten were together, it seems that Thomas was absent from all the previous meetings and had not seen the Lord. When he did hear the news he refused to believe it. He said, "I will not believe that He is risen until I can see the marks of the nails in His hands." Doubting Thomas as he has ever since been called. But how human! He had those doubts removed about a week later however when Jesus stood among them again. He turned to Thomas and said, "*Thomas, come here. Touch my hands with your fingers, put your hand to my side, and no longer refuse to believe that I am living, but have faith in Me.*" When Thomas saw the proof that he had

insisted upon he fell to his knees and cried out, "My Lord and My God."

The next appearance of Christ to his disciples was several days later when they were fishing and a voice from the shore called out, "*Cast the net on the other side of the ship and you will catch some fish.*" They obeyed and caught more than they could carry. John, the beloved disciple, was the first one to recognize the Master. Some writers say he walked on the water to get to Jesus, while others say he swam ashore. After the boat reached the land where Jesus and John were they cooked the fish and ate all they wanted. Afterwards Jesus talked to them about many things. It was on this occasion that He asked Peter three times if he loved Him, and three times Peter replied, "Yes Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," and Jesus would answer, "*Feed My sheep*". When Jesus had asked the same question three times Peter became a little worried and said, "Lord Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." It was this same old fisherman you know that just a few days before had denied with cursing that he never knew this man Jesus. He must have remembered that on this occasion.

After this the followers of Jesus met on a mountain where a large crowd of people had gathered to see for themselves. Here Jesus spoke to them all. He said, "*A power is given Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and preach the gospel to all the nations of the world, and lo, I am with you always even unto the ends of the earth.*"

This was the eighth time Jesus was seen after the resurrection. The ninth appearance was to His brother James, but we don't know what was said at this meeting.

The tenth appearance found Jesus leading the disciples out of the city and over the hill to the beloved Mount of Olives, the place Jesus had spent so much time in prayer. Here He stopped and lifted up His hands in blessings upon the small group of men that had been so dear to Him during His short stay on earth. While He was blessing them the scripture says He began to rise into the air, higher and higher until a cloud covered Him and they could see Him no more.

While they were standing there looking upward two angles dressed in shinning robes stood along them and said, "O ye men of Galilee, why do you stand looking up into heaven? This Jesus who has been taken from you shall come again from heaven as you have seen Him go up from the earth."

And so the disciples, a little lonely and yet happy at the wonderful things they had witnessed, turned and went their way to prepare themselves for the great missionary work that was befor them. Still ringing in their ears were the words of their risen Lord and Savior, "*The Holy Spirit shall come upon you.....ye shall have a new power ..... My peace I leave with you.....Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the ends of the earth.*"

——oOoOo——

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

John 14:27

JOHNNY LEARNS A LESSON

By Donald McElveen, 4th Grade

Somewhere in the house a woman lay sick in bed while her son Johnny was loafing on the streets. He should have been home with the woman because she was his mother. Stealing and lying was all he had ever known since he was about five years old and his father had died. Since that time his mother had told him what a fine fellow he was and tried to keep him out of trouble. But, instead he would not pay attention to her and he was disobedient, would steal, lie, and do as he pleased.

Johnny knew some bigger boys and associated with them all the time. More than once they had tried to get him to run away with them and they talked to him until one day he decided to go with them. They planned to meet outside of town one afternoon. So Johnny left his sick mother without telling her anything about what he was going to do and went to meet the boys at a place they had decided on.

When he arrived at the meeting place the other boys were not there. Johnny waited for an hour or more on them but they didn't show up. Meanwhile his mother was waiting for him and worring about where he was. Several times she started to call the police, but decided not to.

Later that night a train pulled out of the little town of Linkville and in a corner of one of the boxcars sat a little boy. He didn't know where he was going, but he hoped he was headed for Washington, D. C. His father had some relatives there and it was in the back of Johnny's mind to find them and stay with them.

The night was cold and rainy. He wrapepd his big coat closely about him and lay down to sleep. No matter how hard he tried he could not go to sleep. Finally the train stopped in a big city. Johnny got up and went to the door. He tried to open the door but found it was stuck. Just then he heard somebody coming. He thought it was a workman coming to check the cars for hobos. The footsteps came to the car Johnny was in and someone tried to open the door, but it was stuck. Johnny was too scared to call out. He just sat there, not knowing what to do. In a little while the train began to move. Johnny started to beat on the door and call out but he was too late. No one could hear him for the noise of the train.

The train roared on and on into the night and Johnny, miserable and cold went over into the corner and tried to sleep. When he awoke it was still dark. The next morning he sat up and wiped his eyes It had rained during the night and water had run inside the door and nearly all over the floor was wet. He thought of the times when his father and mother had tried to get him to do better, and he thought of his father and how a man would want his son to do better.

Cold and thirsty Johnny tried to drink some of the water that was in a puddle on the floor of the box car. Fertilizer had been stored in the car

in the past and the water tasted acid and funny and Johnny could not drink it.

About the middle of the day Johnny was still scared and hungry. He was trying to figure a way out of the boxcar, but no matter how hard he tried he could not get the door open an inch. Finally the train began to slow down and put on brakes. With a great many squeaks and groans it came to a stop. He heard workman unloading the cars. By the time they finished it was almost dark again.

Suddenly he heard someone near the car talking. He began to beat on the door and call out, but he was weak from hunger and thirst and could not call loud enough to be heard. Fear gave him strength and he called again as loud as he could. Finally, someone heard him and tried to open the door. They could not get it open and telling Johnny to sit tight and they would be right back with they went for help. Soon Johnny heard men talking and working with the door on the boxcar.

Relief at being found made Johnny weak and he sat down on the floor and his dizziness turned to unconsciousness.

Opening the door of the boxcar with the help of crowbars the workmen were surprised to find a small boy unconscious on the floor. They called an ambulance and had him rushed to the hospital.

When Johnny regained his senses he was lying in a hospital bed and a couple of men were in the room with him. They immediately began asking him questions about where he was from and how long he had been in the car. He answered them as best he could and they went away. Soon someone brought him something to eat and after eating he went to sleep.

When Johnny was ready to leave the hospital he was taken to juvenile detention quarters in the city and held there. He couldn't understand why everyone was being so nice to him. In talking with some more of the children there he found that he was in a city over four thousand miles from his home. The thought of his mother at home sick and worrying about him gave him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

The next day the people told him they were going to send him back to his home town by bus. They bought him a ticket and Johnny started the long journey home. When he reached Linkville an officer was waiting for him. Johnny was taken to juvenile detention quarters, after being allowed to go home to see his mother, and held until he could be tried. The court decided to send him to a Training School since Johnny had been stealing and disobeying his mother so long.

Johnny made a good student at the Training School and worked hard there learning a trade that would help him in the future. Finally time passed and he was ready to return home. Now Johnny is again living with his mother and he is going to school and helping her by working part time at a nearby grocery store.

When a group of boys try to influence Johnny to steal or run away he only shakes his haad and will not go with them. Johnny has learned his lesson the hard way, a way that he will never forget.

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Fortune can take nothing from us but what she gave us.

TONY

By Francis Mayton, 7th Grade

For many years my greatest ambition was to own a horse. I had been saving my money in the bank for quite some time now, and I was planning to use it to buy a horse when I could find one I liked. There was a man in my neighborhood that owned a Pinto horse that I liked very much. After I saw this horse I knew that it was my only desire.

Finally one afternoon after school I rode my bicycle over to the neighbor, Mr. Case's house. My mind was made up. I was going to ask Mr. Case if he would sell me his horse. I parked my bicycle in his drive and walked over to where Mr. Case was standing on his lawn.

"Good evening, Mr. Case," I said. "Does the horse in the pasture down the road belong to you."

"Why, yes." he answered. "Is there something wrong?"

"No. I just want to buy the horse from you if you will sell him to me," I told him.

Mr. Case scratched his head. "So you want to buy a horse," He mused. "I can't sell him to you because he belongs to my son. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a bargain with you. I'll let you ride him every afternoon if you will feed him and take care of him just like he belonged to you."

I couldn't tell him quick enough that I would take him up on his bargain. Already I had decided to call the horse Tony.

The next day after school I went back to Mr. Case's house to ride the horse. The saddle was on the fence rail so I picked it up and went running across the pasture to catch Tony. I finally succeeded in getting the saddle on him and led him to the fence so I could get on him. When I got on him I was scared for a moment because he was so large and I was so small. I tapped him gently on the back and held my breath. Off he went like the wind! Down the road we went and across a field. When we came to a path that was a short cut to my house I turned him into it and I was soon in my own back yard. Mother came onto the back porch and asked where I had been. I explained the bargain I had made with Mr. Case the night before. She seemed worried about me and said I should have told her what I was up to. She was always thinking I was too little to do a lot of the things I did. I tied Tony to a tree and did the chores at the barn that had been my job for almost as long as I can remember. During the time I was feeding the cows and pigs I was glad mother hadn't made any bigger fuss than she had about me riding a horse.

It was getting close to dark. So I got on Tony and made him run as fast as he would go back to Mr. Case's house. Soon as I got there I put him in his stall and fed and watered him. Mr. Case came out and wanted to know why I had stayed away so long. I explained to him about mother and me having to tell all about our bargain. Then Mr. Case said he guessed I had

better ride Tony in the pasture until I got used to him instead of up and down the road like I had done.

The next day at the school all I could think of was the horse. I didn't do my work the way I should and was very much afraid at the end of the day that I would have to take another note from my teacher, but she must have decided to give me another chance.

As soon as school was out for the day I got my bicycle and rode to Mr. Case's. When I got the saddle on Tony and started to get on him he started bucking. I climbed down as best I could and ran for an ear of corn for him. He ate the corn and I talked to him all the time he was eating. When I got back on him he didn't buck at all.

From that day on Tony and I were the closest friends. I rode him constantly and finally Mr. Case decided he was ready to be ridden along the country roads that lay between Mr. Case's and my house. So it was with a good feeling in my middle that I got Tony ready for the ride to my home once again. The afternoon passed swiftly away and I was bringing Tony back from my house it was getting close to dark. Suddenly I heard a quick sharp sound and before I had time to think Tony had reared straight up and I was on the ground. Silence settled around me and Tony's heels made a faint clip-clop in the distance. I jumped up and started running after Tony, but I didn't stand a chance. He was already out of sight. It wasn't until then that I stopped to think about what it was that scared Tony and made him buck. It was a shot from an air rifle and I knew some boy had done it just to scare him.

When I finally reached Mr. Case's house it was dark and I was dreading telling him that Tony had been scared and had run away. Therefore, I was very much surprised to see Mr. Case standing in the yard holding Tony by the reins. It seemed Tony had run straight home.

I was so happy to see Tony home and safe that I forgot about being scared to tell Mr. Case.

"We were on our way back,,' I explained. "A boy shot an air rifle and it scared Tony so he bucked me off."

"I didn't know what had happened when I drove up and found Tony in the yard with his bridle and saddle still on," Mr. Case added.

"I sure am sorry, Mr. Case, I would not have anything happen to Tony for the world." I said. "Sure am glad she was here when I got here."

"Do you know the boy that shot the air rifle?" Asked Mr. Case.

"No. At least not his name. I know which house he was in front of though, Mr. Case," I replied.

"Then come with me and show me the house," Mr. Case said.

We got in his car and started down the road. When we came to the house I pointed it out to Mr. Case and he pulled over to the curb. We got out and went to the house and knocked on the door. The boy's father came to the door. Mr. Case told him about what had happened and the man called his son to come in the living room. When questioned about the air rifle and shooting at the horse the boy first denied knowing anything about it. However, after I said I was sure it was in front of this house he finally

admitted that he had shot and scared the horse. The boy's father assured Mr. Case that his son would not be guilty of such misconduct again and I'm afraid that boy was taken to the wood shed before he went to bed that night!

When I got home Mother was real worried about me as I had been gone so long. I had forgotten to telephone and tell her what had happened.

The next day was Sunday and after coming home from church I went out to ride Tony as usual. I didn't even take time to change my clothes as I was very eager to see Tony again. As Tony and I were coming out of the gate my pants caught on a piece of wire and a hole was torn in them. I didn't pay any attention to that. In fact I hardly noticed it. When I got home that night my pants were dirty and mother saw the torn place right off. She said I was spending too much time with that horse and was putting it in front of doing my chores and the like. She ended up by saying I would have to stop riding Tony at all.

It was with a heavy heart that I went to Mr. Case the next day and told him what mother had said. I had begged and made all kinds of promises but she still said I had to stop riding him. When I told Mr. Case, he told me it was his plan to give Tony away anyhow. I didn't think he was serious, but he assured me he was. I was so unhappy because I knew that once Tony was given away I would never get to see him or ride him again.

Not knowing what else to do I turned around and started to leave.

"Aren't you interested in who I am going to give him to?" asked Mr. Case.

"Sure," I answered. "But it won't make much difference, will it. Cause Mother said I wasn't to ride him any more anyway."

"But if Tony lived at your place and you didn't have to spend your time running over here and back, would she mind " He asked.

"If your mother will allow you to have him." Mr. Case continued. "You see, Tony is getting kinda old. I guess he needs a youngster like you to keep him company. You don't weigh much and you won't ride him often. I know you would take good care of him."

We went to see mother and between us we persuaded her that I should have Tony for my very own. So Tony came to stay in our pasture and eat our hay. I rode him almost every day for six months and then one morning when I went out to the pasture to feed him he wasn't there. The gate stood open and no Tony. I looked everywhere and couldn't find him. Finally, I went to the house and told Mother. She said to go to Mr. Case and tell him.

When I got to Mr. Case's house he was out on the lawn bending over Tony, who was lying on the ground. I knew without looking that Tony was dead. Old age had taken the horse and I had lost one of my best childhood friends. I cried all day about it and thought I couldn't live without Tony. But after a while he became only a pleasant memory and a part of my days as a youngster on the farm. To this day I think of him and remember him as one of the best friends I have ever had.

———OOO———

What happens seldom bothers us half so much as what might happen.

A GREAT PLAYER

By Pat Deal, 7th Grade

Bill Edward and one of his friends were out rabbit hunting one day. Bill was a scout for the New York Yankees and had a week-end off. They had been hunting about three hours and hadn't even seen a rabbit. When all of a sudden they saw a tall, long legged, raw-boned kid of about seventeen hurl a rock at a rabbit and the rabbit tumbled over like he had been shot. This startled Bill so bad he couldn't say a word. When he finally did get his breath he went over to where the boy was standing and asked him how did he learn to throw a rock like that. The boy replied, "I have been hunting like this ever since I was eleven years old." Bill asked him what his name was, he said Eddie Barnes.

Eddie walked with Bill and his friend up to their car and Bill asked him how would he like to try out for baseball. Eddie replied that he didn't care anything about it, but he would try it anyhow.

Eddie got in the car with Bill and rode on up to his house. Bill got out and went in and told his mother he was going to New York to play with the Yankees.

Mrs. Barnes asked Ed who the Yankees were and what they played. Ed told her they were just a bunch of baseball players who made their living playing ball. His mother told him his father would need him for spring plowing. Ed said he would probably be back by then. He got his few clothes he had and went out and got in the car and left with the scout.

When they got to New York the scout took him to a hotel and gave him ten dollars and told him he would be up to see him in the morning. Ed didn't know what to do so he went over to the lunch counter and said he wanted something to eat. After he finished eating he went over to one of the chairs and sat down. The next thing he knew he was being awaken by Bill.

Bill asked him how long he had been up and he said he had been sleeping there all night. Bill went over and checked him in the hotel and then went out to the dressing room and told the manager to give him a suit and let him pitch for batting practice. After Ed got dressed the manager Earl Scott took him outside and told him to get out on the mound and toss them a few. The first one he threw was so hard that the batter didn't hardly see it. Earl, the manager, asked him how did he learn to throw a ball like that. Ed replied that he all ways went hunting and didn't use anything but rocks. Earl told him to throw them a little bit easier during practice.

Weeks passed and Ed had learned all the signals and everything like that.

They were having an exhibition game on March 28th with the Giants and Earl was going to let Ed pitch in this game. The night before the game Ed wrote his mother and father

a letter and sent them fifty dollars in it. He told them he was going to stay and play with the Yankees.

The next day he went out to the park about twelve o'clock and started getting warmed up for the game. The game started at one-thirty and Ed was on the mound. The first ball he threw went about three feet over the batter's head. The next one was a strike. The batter bobbled a little roller to short for the first out. The next two batters fanned out. They didn't hardly see the ball. This new rookie was pitching his first game. The next inning he struck out one of them and the other two popped up. When his bat came he got two called strikes on him and knocked the next one over the fence. Earl met him and asked him why didn't he tell him he could hit like that. Ed replied, "you didn't ask me." They won that game 1-0. The paper said the next day that Barnes had won the game for himself.

The first real game of the season was to be played April 9th against the Cleveland Indians. Ed pitched a two hitter and won the game 2-0. Everybody was hearing a lot about this new rookie. The Yankees played twelve games and lost two of them before the last of April. Ed pitched three of those and won them all.

The newspapers were saying a lot about this young player who wasn't but eighteen years old and could throw a ball as fast as a streak of lightning.

As the season rolled along Ed kept winning games for the Yankees. The fans were crazy over him now. He was just an eighteen year old kid. By the end of August Ed had a 24 and 4 record. The Yankees were in first place in the American League.

People who were there that day will long remember this. The Yankees were playing the Chicago White Socks and Ed didn't do anything but pitch a no hitter and drive in three runs with a triple, two singles, and one double.

But Ed had his downfall too. They were playing the Cubs one day and three home runs were knocked off of him and Earl had to yank him from the mound. Five days later they were playing the Indians and they knocked him out of the box again. Ed said he didn't know what was wrong with him.

It seemed he was having nothing but bad luck, because he got a telegram saying his father had died. This was the last of September and the Yankees were supposed to play in the series in about two weeks.

Ed went home to his mother and told Earl he was through with baseball and was going to stay at home. Earl came out to his house two days later and asked him to come back and help them through the series. Ed told him he would go back and finish the season with them, but he was quitting and coming back home to his mother then.

When Ed went back they were to play the Chicago White Socks for the Pennant the next day. Ed came out of his slump and pitched a one hitter to win the Pennant for them.

The Dodgers took the flag from the Pirates, so that left them to play Dogers took the first game off of Ed by an error of his shortstop. The

next day the Yankees won even though Ed didn't pitch. The next game was to be on Sunday. It was going to be a double header. Ed pitched the first game and lost it 3-1. They also lost the second game by 1-0. The Dogers had three games to the Yankee's one. The Yankees merely did win the next two games by 2-1 and 4-3.

The next game was to be the one to decide who the champions were.

Earl was depending on Ed to pull them through that day. Ed went out that day and won his own game by a home run and pitching a one hitter.

The fans will long remember that. After the game the broadcasting booth announced that Ed was quitting baseball. The fans couldn't believe it but Ed talked to them and said he had to take care of his mother. People will long remember him.

——OOO——

The names of apples, like the names of race horses, have a cheerful sound that beguiles the customers. Such words as Winesap, Pippin, Delicious, Northern Spy, and York Imperial invite buying and eating. They are not so obviously synthetic as Sunkist on organges or Rinso on soap. The story behind the Delicious is that the Iowa farmer who first produced the apple called it Hawkeye, since Iowa is known as the Hawkeye State. But an early judge at a fruit contest tasted a sample Hawkeye and kept saying, delicious, delicious.

—Selected from The Imperial Magazine

POET'S CORNER

COURAGE

By Stanly Murry, 6th Grade

Now and then life is bringing
All our strength to test.
The brave that go on their way a-singing
Are the ones who're loved the best.

NEW SHOES

By David Carpenter, 4th Grade

I got a pair of shoes,
Very new and bright.
I wore them all day long.
And, boy! they hurt a sight!
Daddy sent another pair,
That do not hurt a bit.
I like them very well.
My feet don't have a fit.

THE ROBIN'S WINTER

By Steve Lance, 5th Grade

When the cold winds blow
And there is lots of snow,
Where does the Robin go?
He goes down South,
To get food for his mouth.
That's where Robin goes.

THE LOST SUIT

By James E. Woods, 5th Grade

I have a bathing suit that is trim,
And when I want to go for a swim,
  I can't find it.
I can hunt high and also low,
But where it is I do not know.
  But I'll find it.
I found it in a big old box,
Among all my old socks.
  Just full of holes
I knew I couldn' wear it,
So I let the dog tear it.
  Now its gone.

VISITING DAY

By Wayne Cook and Roger Melton

Wednesday morning always dawns
  Bright and warm and clear.
No matter if there is rain or snow,
  We never know it's here.
For Wednesday is a special day;
  It's not like any other.
It's the day when boys here
  Get to see their mother.
And when the day is almost gone
  We watch her get on a bus.
Our hearts are sad, but we feel sure,
  Our mother prays for us.

THAT'S SUMMER TIME

By Monroe Korn, 6th Grade

When warm sun makes the flowers bloom,
And the lillies leave their sweet perfume.
When ducks are swimming in the pond,
And everyone is having fun,
  That's summer time.
When our kites are in the sky,
And baby birds begin to fly,
The farmer's plow is in the ground,
And horses feet make a soft sound,
  That's summer time.
When out of trees the birdies peek,

And nature wakens from her sleep;
When trees are turning verdant green,
And every creature loves the scene,
That's summer time.
The crops are growing with our care,
And katy-did's song fills the air.
In answer to the blue-winged jay.
That's summer time.

A LITTLE BOY WANTS

By John Jethro King, 6th Grade

My wants are many. If each were told,
They would count for many a score.
Could I but find a pot of gold,
I'd still look for more and more.
What I want first is daily bread,
Ginger snaps and drinks so fine,
All things of goodness spread
Before me when I dine.
Next I want a horse of black
To ride in sun and frost.
Then I would like a whip to crack,
And a stream to jump across.
I want a buddy, a faithful friend,
To guide me when I'm wrong.
Upon whose love I depend
To lend a hand so strong.
Before time's chariot rolls along,
And age and fortune fill my store;
I want to play marbles, shout a song,
And fight a bully once more.
These are not the wants of a little boy
Who cannot have them long.
For the years will come to soften the joy
Of play, and sound, and song.

THOUGHTS ON BIRDS

By Don Dillard, 6th Grade

Up in the clouds, up in the sky,
I often wonder why birds fly so high.
Is it to escape from mother earth,
To the Heaven that gave them birth?

As we think how wonderful they are,
I would love to know how they fly so far.
Does a western wind spread their wings?
Is it love that makes them sing?

Singing a song in the blue so high,
Singing it for earthbound you and I.
Now that spring greens the earth again,
Their songs bring joy akin to pain.

As they come each spring from warmer climes,
There voices are sweeter than man made chimes.
Their colors splash the spring time sky,
When a cardinal mews at a tanger flashing by.

They spend the day light hours without rest,
To feed their young ones in the nest.
They are joy and song, covered in down.
A gift of Heaven in color and sound.

NIGHT

By Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

In the beginning God gave us Night,
He gave us the moon and the stars so bright.
It was here before man, It was here before beast.
Next came the sun that rose in the east.

At the end of the day when we feel all alone,
We discard our worries and we ride off for home.
Hoping and praying we've done our best,
And glad for the night that brings all things rest.

We wash our hands and we wash our face,
We go to the table where we take our place.
Mother sits here and I sit there,
We bow down together and say a prayer.

We thank God for bread and we thank him for meat,
We thank him for everything we have to eat.
I thank him for mother and she thanks him for me,
We thank him for home and our chance to be free.

After we've eaten and start up the stairs,
We put on our pajamas and once more say our prayers.
We thank God for day and we thank him for life,
We thank him again most of all for the night.

——OOO——

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. We cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-men; and no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

—Walter Scott

SPORTS

COTTAGES 15, 17, AND 7 WINS TROPHIES

By Garry Compton and Ray Malpass

Basketball officially ended with the presenting of the trophies on March 25, 1954. In the A league, Cottage No. 15 received the trophy. Francis Mayton accepted the trophy for his team. In the B league, Cottage No. 17 received the honors with Paul Knight accepting the trophy for his team. In the C league, Cottage No. 7 had the honor of receiving the trophy. John King accepted the trophy for his team.

Cottage No. 4 received the Best Sportsmanship trophy. Ray Malpass accepted the trophy for Cottage No. 4

The high scorer in the A league was Harold Harris. He received a prize for this achievement. The high scorer in the B league was Howard Hollifield. He received a prize for his high scoring. And in the C league, Archie Simms received the prize for being the most improved ball player and Bobby Tedder received the prize for his high score. Paul Knight received a prize for being the best sport in the B League.

Boys receiving prizes for playing in the All Star game against the staff were: Francis Mayton, Edward Stines, Bill Tucker, Harold Harris, and Lewis Turner.

Glancing back through the records of games played during the basketball season, of 1954, we find the following facts of games won and lost.

In the A League:

	W	L
Cottage No. 10	6	0
Cottage No. 15	3	3
Cottage No. 4	2	4
Cottage No. 1	1	5

Cottage No. 15 won the tournament.

In the B league:

	W	L
Cottage No. 17	5	0
Cottage No. 13	4	1
Cottage No. 11	3	2
Cottage No. 14	3	2
Cottage No. 9	1	4
Cottage No. 2	0	5

Cottage No. 17 won the tournament.

In the C League:

	W	L
Cottage No. 3	2	1
Cottage No. 7	2	1
Cottage No. 6	0	3

Cottage No. 7 won the tournament.

Also while glancing through the records we noticed that the following boys made rather high scores. They are as follows:

In the A League:

	Pts.
Harris	78
Turner	50

Stines	30
Tucker	26
Malpass	31
Puckett	25
Compton	16
Mayton	16
Leroy Smith	16
Rivenbark	15

In the B League:

	Pts.
Hollifield, H.	77
Crenshaw	35
Murray	33
Deal	28
Packer	22
Barrus	19
Knight	18
Boone	17
Williams	16
Morrison	16
Locklear	15
Garrett	15
Benfield	15

In the C League:

	Pts.
Tedder	34
Simms	32
Laws	20
King	14
Stubb	10

The final games of the tournament were real exciting. Many of the Cottages were pulling for the favorite team, while others were pulling for the underdog. In the A league, Stines of Cottage No. 15 was the outstanding player. He led his teammates to a winning victory by downing the favorite, Cottage No. 10. On this particular night Cottage No. 10 was weaker than usually. Although the boys put up a good battle, they just could not get enough ringers to pass the cow boys.

In the B league, Cottage No. 17 was the favorite team through out the season. Murry, Crenshaw, and Paul Knight led the red skins through the tournament and in the final game against No. 11. The boys had stiff competition in downing the mighty 11. Howard Hollifield, the leading scorer in the B league, had his teammates on the go but they couldn't keep up with the Indians. It was a tough break for Cottage No. 11. They really have a good, clean team.

In the C league, Cottage No. 3 played Cottage No. 7, but they were unable to secure enough points to beat the boys of No. 7. Simms a very small boy set the pace for No. 7 For No. 3, Bobby Tedder and Kenneth Laws were the top scorers for their team.

On March 5, 1954, the annual Staff—Boys game was held at the School's gymnasium. The boy's team were the All-Stars from the A League. Cottage No. 10 donated 3 players—Harold Harris, Lewis Turner and Bill Tucker. Cottage No. 15 gave two Stars—Francis Mayton and Robert Stines. No. 4 pitched in one—Ray Malpass.

The Staff team, consisted of the school staff, their sons and friends of the school. Many of the workers had a good excuse for not participating in this game—too old. (Or was it, they were afraid of losing the game for the Staff's team.) Mr. Calvin Phillips and Mr. Fred Phillips, who have been helping our Athletic Director, Mr. J. W. Garmon call games.

Bob and Bill Troutman, Mr. Eller, Mr. James Russel, Jimmy Thompson, and Jimmy Irvin, and Mr. Garmon.

The game was a very good one for the staff. They put on a good show. The staff stayed four and six points ahead of the boys the first half. In the second period they began to move away from the "little boys" Bill Troutman and Mr. Garmon were all over the floor scoring points after points. This combination made 31 points together.

The leading scorers were Robert Stines and Bill Tucker. Together they added 23 points to the underdogs score. Although the boys lost the game they showed some of the best sportsmanship presented on the Gym floor.

The final score of this exciting game was 52 - 39 with the staff's team on top.

Beginning on March 31, we will begin a soccer and horseshoe tournament. Soccer has never been played before on J.T.S. campus. Many of the boys do not know anything about this game. Mr. Garmon, the Athletic Director, will instruct the boys on how to play this game during gym class before the tournament gets underway. This will be a thrill to some of the smaller boys who lack the requirements for the standard games—softball, football and basketball. From the way things look now, this will be a good season for soccer. Interest is being aroused and it might be that this new game will start a new thrill for the boys. The athletic director is working on some schedules and is getting the equipment together for the two tournaments.

From the looks of the players in the gym classes there will be stiff competition among the teams.

—000—

WEALTH'S DECEPTIONS

Wealth is supposed to increase the happiness of the home and yet all too often it divides it and seperates even bosom friends. It breed envy and hate between brethern and sometimes curses the very home which it was expected to bless. It makes children less amenable to control and seems to come between them and parents, so that they become seperated in thoughts and alienated in affection. The man who thinks that happiness is increased with the increase of wealth has only to look careful at the world's records for some thousands of years to witness the contrary. The poor man has a better chance of happiness than his rich brother; the rich boy is handicapped far more in life's race than the son of the poor man. Wealth is more often a burden than a blessing; better not pay too much for it. It isn't worth it. —The Record.

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

April	4	Bud Dula, Cottage No. 14, 14th Birthday.
April	4	Pat Deal, Cottage No. 17, 17th Birthday.
April	7	Robert Musselwhite, Cot. No. 4, 15th Birthday.
April	7	Tommy Mercer, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday.
April	9	Jackie Ward, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday.
April	10	Lewis Van Rhodes, Cot. No. 2, 15th Birthday.
April	11	Billy Hayes, Cottage No. 6, 11th Birthday.
April	12	Tommy Sargent, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday.
April	13	Joe Barrett, Cottage No. 3, 14th Birthday.
April	13	Joel Green, Cottage No. 9, 15th Birthday.
April	14	Homer Bartley. Cottage No. 17, 16th Birthday.
April	15	Riley Whittemore, Cottage No. 1, 16th Birthday.
April	15	David Strader, Cottage No. 4, 14th Birthday.
April	18	George Stubbs, Cottage No. 3, 16th Birthday.
April	19	Alvin Sherrill, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday.
April	19	Dan Edga Smith, Cot. No. 7, 16th Birthday.
April	24	Wilbur Mooring, Cottage No. 1, 16th Birthday.
April	28	Bobbie Gillie, Cottage No. 13, 16th Birthday.
April	29	Archie Minton, Cottage No. 15, 17th Birthday.
April	29	David Boswell, Cottage No. 14, 15th Birthday.

——oooOooo——

The salesman who knocks his competitors usually doesn't make a very good impression. Neither does the fellow who knockes his associates or his company. If you can't say something good about a person, it's just as well not to say anything. The fellow who throws mud always windsup with a pair of dirty hands.

—Moritz Rosenthal

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

APRIL

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Van Austin
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson
Monroe Korn

COTTAGE NO. 3

Bobby Avery
Joe Barrett
Garry Franklin
Charlie McBride
Clyde McManus
William Holt
George Stubbs
Andrew Thomas
Claude Townsel

COTTAGE NO. 4

Henry Banther
Junior Davis
Donald McManus
Ray Malpass
Richard Strickland

COTTAGE NO. 6

David Carpenter
Paul Webb
Ben Whitner
James Wood

COTTAGE NO. 7

John King
Carl Lawson
Larry Owens
Archie Sims
Danny Smith

COTTAGE NO. 9

Ralph Carpenter
Jesse Matthews
Wade Mehaffey
Clifford Wyatt

COTTAGE NO. 10

Tommy Dabbs

COTTAGE NO. 13

Robert Colon
Richard Key
Albert Ross

COTTAGE NO. 14

George Clodfelter
Dan Ham
Joe Hilton
Jimmy Scott
Ward Williams

COTTAGE NO. 15

David Case
Howard Chapman
John Johnson
Billy Mosteller
Archie Minton
Edward Stines
Donald Thompson
Russell Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 17

Paul Knight
Alton Locklear
Eldum Locklear
Cardell Oxedine
Cladie Oxedine
Charles Smith

INFIRMARY

James Russell

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

APRIL

FARM

Homer Bartley
Claude Townsel
Alton Locklear Jr.
James Moose
Jimmy Smith
J. R. Lambert
Charles Byrd
Bobby Revels
Edwin Duck
Carl Hollifield
Alfred Walker
Jerry Gibbs
Dickie Merritt
Shelton Taylor
Wayne Jenkins
James Morrison
Earldean Smith

BARN FORCE

Jimmy Mayfield
Robert Colon
Harvey Flynn
Albert Ross
Johnny Polston

PLANT BEDS

Frank Barrus
David Page
Buddy Huffstickler
Joseph Welch
Paul White
Billy Bushie
Don Dillard
Keith Homewood
Vernon Ewing
Dean Cranford
Naymon Stiles
John Chatman
Douglas Eller
Carl Setzer

TRACTOR FORCE

Marshall Crenshaw
B. W. Murry
David Hassel
Herman Calahan
Stanly Murry
David Henderson
Gerald Packer
Joe Hyatt
Dan Ham
Thomas Powell

CHICKEN FORCE

James Wood
Lawrance Jackson
Billy Hayes

DAIRY

Sammy Fisher
James Reavis
Wade Cox

CAFETERIA

Banks Loy
Tommy Dabbs
Clyde Smith
Charles Hodge
Bobby McMahan
Charles Davis
Bobby Davis
Roy Puckett
Donald McManus
Junior Davis
Jack Moore
Robert Musselwhite
Luther Johnson

COTTON MILL

Andrew Thomas
Wade Mehaffey
Jerry Lamm
Charlie McBride
George Holland
Clyde McManus
Ralph Carpenter
Tommy Mercer

LAUNDRY

John King

Donnie Bradley
George Stubbs
Tommy McBride
Bobby Avery
Gary Lee Franklin
Daivd York

MEAT SHOP

Henry Banther
Charles Simpson

PRINT SHOP

Roland Jones
Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Garry Compton

SEWING ROOM

Larry Owens
David Quinn
Verlin Dockery
Archie Simms

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

APRIL

FIRST GRADE

Bobby Avery
Gary Franklin
Wayne Jenkins
Hersey Locklear
Tommy McBride
Gerald Packer

SECOND GRADE

Calvin Barefoot
Jessie Matthews
Charlie McBride
Jack Moore
Robert Musslewhite

THIRD GRADE

David Case
Howard Chapman
Steve Farrington
Jerry Gibbs
Kenneth Hollifield
Bobby Jerrigan
Harrell Rvienbark
Bobby Revels
Shelton Taylor

FOURTH GRADE

Kenneth Laws
Everette Herman
Larry Owens
Buddy Hyatt

FIFTH GRADE

J. D. Brooks
George Stubbs
Tommy Dabbs
Ward Williams
Andrew Thomas

SIXTH GRADE

Vernon Ewing
Eddie Redden
Walter Shelton
Jack Moore
B. W. Murry

SEVENTH GRADE

Garry Compton
Ray Englebert
Buddy Huffstickler
Elwin Parker
Alex Parsons

EIGHTH GRADE

Bill Tucker

NINTH GRADE

Charles Rivenbark
Charles Simpson

THE UPLIFT

No. 5 MAY, 1954 Vol. 42

MOTHER'S REQUEST

By Charles Rivenbark

She was sweet and kind and gentle too.
Oh, that she could start life anew!
But God and the angels need her there.
All I can do is say a prayer.

I'll ask God to help me without her love,
I know she is happy in Heaven above.
I'll ask God to help me and guide me along
And grant forgiveness for my wrongs.
I thank Him for giving her to me,
Another like her just couldn't be.
Her life is short, she never grew old,
But she left me love more precious than gold.

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Concord, North Carolina

The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

Roland Jones
Ray Malpass
Wayne Jackson
Donald Spillman
Wayne King
Charles Testerman

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson

PRESSMEN

Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert
Eddie Redden

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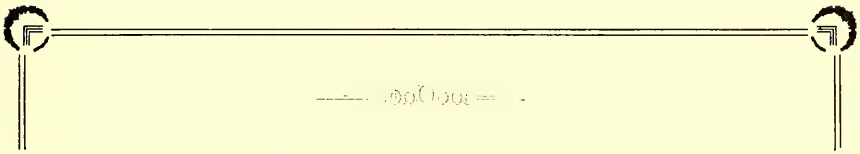


SPRING FEVER

In the spring we are often accused of being afflicted with an imaginary disease called "spring fever". According to the "experts" on this disease it leaves the individual with a tired, lifeless, and lazy feeling. There are many remedies given for this malady but perhaps the most popular among certain groups is the use of sulphur and molasses. If this is given in the proper proportions and at regular intervals one may escape this annual affliction. It seems to spare no group but abounds rampart over the land. No one seems to become immune to it, and yet it is not a fatal illness. It has been observed to gradually subside if allowed to run its course. In some cases its effects seem to last longer than in others depending upon the will power of the individual.

Although "spring fever" is widespread over the land it seems that there is another spring affliction which is more rampart. When the warm days began to show there is always a rush to the great outdoors. The housewife upsets the whole household with her spring cleaning. The man of the house brings out all the lawn furniture and paints both it and himself. Hedges are cut away, new flower beds are dug, the lawn must be reseeded new bulbs planted which could not be resisted at the local markets, and hundreds of other projects large and small are begun. There seems to be a great awakening which makes us more concious of things that need to be done. We use muscles which have not been used for many months, and the nice suntan which we acquired last summer lost its tint during

the cold winter months and it is to be done all over again with sore backs, arms, and legs being the result.

After several days of pushing ourselves we become less enthusiastic about the many projects which were planned earlier in the season. The result "spring fever". Perhaps if we would take things a little more moderate until we once again become use to the warm days, the sun's rays, and the strengthening of weak muscles this spring malady could be averted.

—oooOooo—

LOOKING TOWARD SUMMER CAMP

One of the highlights of our recreational program at the school is the annual Summer Camp. This two week program is held at Camp Cabarrus, a Boy Scout Camp, near Concord. This year the Summer Camp will be held from June 28th to July 10th. During this time there will be approximately one hundred sixty to two hundred boys taken out for a two day period of camping.

Extensive work has been done on the lake recently and we will be able to have both swimming and boating this year. Due to the reconstruction of the camp lake last year it was necessary to bring the boys back to the campus for swimming. Plans are under way to have instruction in swimming, boating, handicrafts, nature study, first aid, recreation, and spiritual training.

Boys who are eligable to go will be those recommended by their cottage parents. These selections will be made upon the basis of the boy's cooperation, courtesy, dependability, helpfulness, obedience, and the response they have made to the efforts of the cottage parents.

The purpose of the camp it to give the boys a real vacation with instructions in those things which will help them later in life and also be entertaining to them. There is nothing that takes the place of camping cooking, camp fires, outdoor religious services, boating, canoeing, and nature classes in a boy's training. We feel that this program has meant much to our boys in the past in helping them to adjust to the requirements of society. We are looking forward to a better camping program this year than ever before.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

The recent warm weather has given the campus a face lifting. Borders of pansies along the driveways are a carpet of color and are now at their peak. The peony bed at the front entrance is very pretty with the red, white, and pink blossoms. The new roses which were planted in the rose garden this spring are thriving and many of them are beginning to bloom. The colors are very pretty and add much to the gardens attractiveness. The yard force boys have just finished planting a number of azaleas and camellias. These were planted around the main buildings, the front gate, and a bed of camellias was placed by the overhead bridge near the road. In a short time Mr. Hooker and his boys will have a profusion of flower plants to plant in the beds on the campus. The dry weather last fall really hurt the chrysanthemums and as a result many of them did not come up this spring. We hope that some of the nicer varieties will still come along.

Some of the children of the staff members have been suffering with mumps and measels this spring. So far we have had only three cases of mumps among the boys. All of them are now out of the Infirmary and back in the cottage.

J.R. Lambert, Alfred Walker, and Sherwood Brown have been in the Cabarrus Memorial Hospital with appendectomies this month. All are getting along nicely. Sherwood and Alfred have been allowed to return to their cotages and J.R. will be able to do so soon.

Donald Thompson was a very luckey boy this week. He fell from the gable end of the lounging barn at the dairy. After a series of x-rays at the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia he was dismissed. The doctors could find no broken bones and the only results were some bruises.

David Bleven's father has been seriously ill in Winston Salem and David has been spending several days with him. We hope he recovers soon, David.

The warm weather is certainly here. Wherever you go on the campus you can find a pair of shoes that have been discarded. Sore backs, arms, and legs from being sunburned is the order of the day. Every boy is getting a good sun tan as quickly as possible.

The farm is producing some nice vegetables for our table now. The lettuce, radishes, and spring onions are very good and add much to our meals. By, the way, the strawberries are ripening I hear, and perhaps before this is published we will be enjoying strawberry short cake.

The plant bed boys have been setting out some small plants recently. Many tomato plants have already been set. The pepper, egg plant, and sweet potato plants are ready and they will get to it in the next few days. The nice rainy weather we have been having is a great help in transplanting and the problem of hauling water is eliminated.

The new irrigation system is working beautifully. Only one time thus far has it been needed. After using it on the garden crops and the strawberry field, the rains came.

Forty boys took the Achievement Test this month for promotion. From the looks of the papers most of them were able to make the next grade. We hope to have about that many

mor ready to take the test next month.

We were very fortunate to be able to secure the movie "KING of KINGS" as part of our Easter program. On Good Friday this picture was shown in the school auditorium. It was secured through the Ministerial Association of Cabarrus County. It was a very worthwhile picture and the boys enjoyed it very much.

EASTER PROGRAM PRESENTED AT SCHOOL

On April 16, 1954 the fourth and fifth grades presented a Easter program. This program consisted of the Biblical side of Easter and also the "Bunny side". The fourth grade gave a short one act play entitled, "The Easter Bunny". The cast were:

Mr. Easter Bunny - Johnny Johnson

Mrs. Easter Bunny - Gary Cummings

Sonny Bunny - Jerry Rudisill

Mr. Ben Bunny - Johnny Polston

Dr. Oswalt - Charles Harp

The Maid, Bertha - Johnny Jackson

The fifth grade gave the Biblical side of Easter. Their program consisted of poems, songs and a story about Easter.

The devotion was by Ovilla Joyner, prayer by Bennie Garrett. J. D. Brooks recited a poem entitled, "What does Easter Mean to You". George Stubbs recited a poem entitled, "The Man on the Cross". Luther Johnson recited a poem entitled, "The Easter Story". Larry Mauldin recited a poem entitled "At Easter Time". Roy Puckett, Maxie Teal, Larry Owens and Donnie Bradley recited poems also. William Holt read a story, "Benny Bunny and the Easter Eggs". Paul White and Donald McManus entertained the boys between acts.

The first grade boys gave a Bunny Hop, which was very good. These boys were dressed in Bunny costumes. While they were acting, a song was sung by Larry Owens and Donnie Bradley.

EASTER SUNDAY

The following program took the place of the regular Sunday Morning Sunday School and was under the direction of Mrs. Liske.

1. Song: (Audience) "THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD"
2. Devotionals: Responsive Reading "THE LORD IS RISEN"
3. Prayer: James Buchanan
4. Reading: "MAN ON A CROSS" By James Wood
5. Reading: "THE STORY Of EASTER"—By Luther Johnson
6. Song: (Audience) "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS"
7. Filmstrip: "LIFE OF CHRIST" (taken from the famous art work of JACQUES BAROSIN) (Reader: BILL TROUTMAN)
8. Remarks: MR. SCOTT BENEDICTION

On Saturday, April 24th the Young Married Peoples Sunday School Class of Mt. Zion Reformed Church near China Grove visited the school and made a tour. They were accompanied by their minister, Rev. Myers.

On Saturday, April 24th the Honor Roll group went to Camp Cabarrus for a barbecue dinner. About thirty two boys attended and all reported a good time.

Mrs. "Pinkey" Isenhour, Case worker Assistant for McDowell County

gave the following report on two of our boys that have returned to their homes.

Franklin Robinson, who was released from this school on September 11, 1950 is now a linotype operator for the Marion Progress in Marion, N.C. He is happily married and getting along fine. Franklin was in No. 14 and ready for the 12th Grade when he left. He worked in the print shop where he learned to operate the linotype machine.

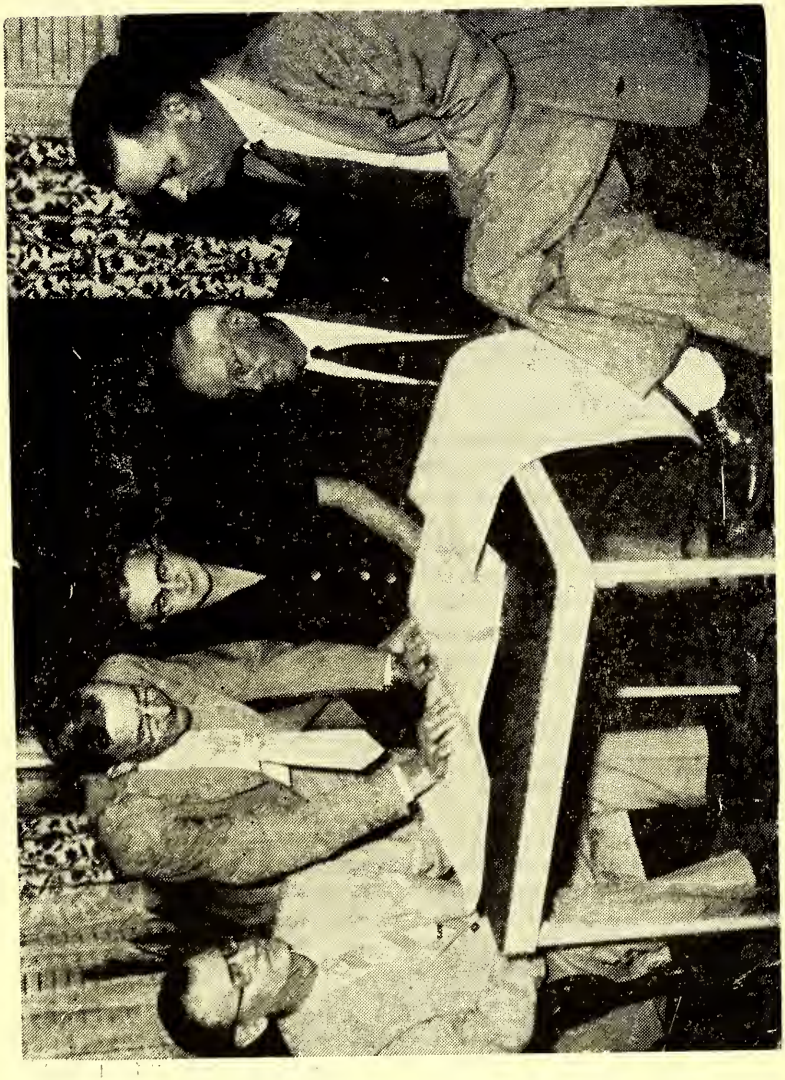
Darrell Jones is in the U.S. Marine Corp and has recently been transfered from Camp LeJune to Virginia. Darell was in cottages 3 and 9 and was in the 4th grade in school. He was released from here on September 10, 1951.

O * * * O

Some Things I Can Do For Mother, When I Go Home

— Make my mother happy.
— Help make her home more modern.
— Rake the yards and work in the garden.
— Wash the dishes and sweep the floor.
— Buy her some pretty clothes and some jewelry.
— Help her with some of her bills.
— Get her a nice box of candy.
— Help look after the smaller children.
— Go with her to church.
— Take her to a movie.
— Help her by being good.
— Make her a flower garden.
— Help her to get dinner.
— Buy her a canary.
— Get her a corsage for Mothers' Day.
— Keep my room nice and tidy.
— Make the fires for her.
— Buy her some flower vases.
— Milk the cows and feed the dog.
— Make it possible for her to go on a vacation.

—By The Fourth Grade



The North Carolina Board of Correction and Training reviewing blue prints for the renovation of the cottages. Reading left to right are Joseph W. Nordan, Samuel E. Leonard, Miss Pearl Thompson, J. C. Fisher, and T. Clyde Auman.

BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING HOLDS QUARTERLY MEETING HERE

On Wednesday, April 21, the North Carolina Board of Correction and Training held its quarterly meeting at our school. There are five state Training Schools under the direction of this board. They are: Eastern Carolina Training School at Rocky Mount, State Training School for Negro Girls at Kinston, State Training School for White Girls at Eagle Springs, Morrison Training School for Negro Boys at Hoffman, and Jackson.

The renovation of Cottages 1 through 15 at J.T.S. was discussed by the board. Bids for this work were opened the following day.

The board approved a revolving fund recently established at Morrison Training School for Negro Boys. This fund will assist eligable boys at the school in financing their higher education.

Also the board approved a resolution to ask funds to build gymnasiums and swimming pools at the state schools of correction for white and negro girls. All three of the boys' Training Schools have gymnasiums and pools.

A resolution of respect honoring, Dr. Walter A. Stanbury, a past chairman of the board who died last March, was approved.

Those attending the meeting were Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction; Mr. Clyde A. Dillon, Chairman; Mr. Joseph W. Nordan of Raleigh, Miss Pearl Thompson of Rowan County; Mr. J. C. Fisher of Concord, Mr. T. Clyde Auman of West End, Mrs. Shoemaker of Asheville; and member ex-officio Dr. Ellen Winston, Commissioner of Welfare.

At the close of the business session the group was served lunch in the school cafeteria.

——OOO——

ETERNAL

No matter how low he has fallen
  In the muck and mire of sin,
How devious the path he has followed,
  How base the heart within;
No matter how close he has come
  To the bottomless pit, and beyond;
No matter how wicked and worthless,
  He is some mother's son—
And she loves him. —W. C. Thurston

MR. WILLIAM H. BARNHARDT DONATES BOOKS

For a number of years now Mr. William H. Barnhardt of Charlotte, N.C. has been furnishing the school with Bibles to give to the boys when they are released from here. Recently he has decided to give them a very good little book called **Daily Light** instead of the Bible. This book, published by Harper and Brothers Publishing Co. of New York, consist of a daily Bible reading for both morning and evening.

On the cover of this book is the story of it's origin from which we quote:

"Probably the most widely read collections of daily readings from the King James Bible ever published. For three generations it has been a classic religious work, and the number of its printings has long been forgotten. Its compilation was the work of the descendents of the London bookseller, Samuel Bagster. Robert Bagster, the grandson of Samuel and who passed away in 1924, was the last survivor of those members of the family who undertook the task of compilation.

In a letter answering an inquiry about the orgin of Daily Light, Robert Bagster wrote, "Daily Light on the Daily Path" was prepared entirely within the family. Few are able to appreciate the heart-searching care with which each text was selected, the days, nay the weeks of changes, alterations and improvements, until at last each page was passed to the printer.

"It has been said that each page was prayed over." This is true enough but far less than the fact that the portions were left over for weeks to see if any further guidance came.

"It has often struck me as a wonderful thought that hundreds of thousands of Christians throughout the world, to its remotest corners, are each day reading the same page with its message of comfort and help."

On the fly leaf is a page by Mr. Barnhardt to the receiver of the book on which the following is written:

"Through the everyday Counselor newspaper column of the Reverend Herbert Spaugh, D.D., I became acquainted with "Daily Light on the Daily Path." Dr. Spaugh's statement that "He would not take $1,000 for his copy, if he could not get another," led me to purchase my first copy. I agree with Dr. Spaugh, and he would add that no monetary value can be placed on this book.

An old English family, who has long been in the Bible publishing business, compiled this volumn for their own devotional use. Later, by popular demands, it was made available to the public.

If you will take time each morning and each evening to read the pages for that particular day, selecting one verse as a watchword, you will receive spiritual food that you need, which is even more important than physical food.

This book will also help you to--

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path."

BOY SCOUTS ATTEND DISTRICT CAMP-O-REE

Members of the scout troops of the school attended the Cabarrus District Camp-O-Ree held at Camp Cabarrus on April 30 and May 1. Troop No. 60, under the direction of Scoutmaster Robert Readilng, is composed of two patrol, The Eagle and Flaming Arrow. Troop No. 61, under the direction of Scoutmaster Sam Hinson, is composed also of two patrols, The Wolf and Buffalo. There are ten boys in each patrol.

The purpose of the Camp-O-Ree was for the Scouts to demonstrate their ability and to have fun and fellowship with other scouts of the area. They were judged on the point system in the following respects: Uniforms, proper equipment, preparation of food and cleaning up, troop and patrol layout, discipline in the patrol, sleeping arrangments, promptness in meeting schedules, scout craft and skills, and check-out and cleaning up. Also they were assigned Scouting Skill problems to solve in Second and First Class work. Some of the boys had to translate messages in Morse Code, while others demonstrated first aid, etc.

The boys left the school on Friday afternoon, April 30 at approximately 3:00 p.m. and returned on Saturday, May 1 around 5:00 p.m. They enjoyed the Camp-O-Ree very much and came away with many honors.

The following schedule was observed:

	FRIDAY
4:00-6:00	Check In
6:00-8:00	Supper-Set up Camp Site
8:00-8:15	Assemble on Ball Field for Campfire
8:15-9:15	Campfire Program
9:15-11:00	Troop Activities and prepare for bed
11:00	Taps—All Quiet
	SATURDAY
7:30-	Reveille
7:30-8:30	Breakfast
8:30-9:30	Prepare for inspection
9:30-10:30	Inspection
10:30-10:45	Assemble Patrol Leaders at Mess Hall for Instruction on Scout Skills Demonstration
11:00-12:30	Scout Skills
12:30-1:30	Dinner
1:30-2:00	Break Camp
2:00-3:00	Check Out

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Two women were preparing to board an air liner. One turns to the pilot and said, "Please don't go faster than sound. We want to talk."

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

By Paul Knight, 7th Grade

Mr. Tomkinson has stated that he was very proud of his 70 shotes. He has 40 fattening hogs and said that he was planning to kill them later. He has already killed 130. He has got 20 pigs which he plans to kill in the fall. And their are 8 brood sows and 2 stock hogs in which he plans to keep for breeding pigs.

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The poultry farm at Jackson Training School is really looking good. At the present time the chicken coops are housing 1,024 hens, 800 of these hens are laying from 550 to 575 eggs per day. The rest of the chickens are old hens and they will be killed soon. Mr. Russel has charge of the poultry. His workers are Cordell Oxendine, Cleatie Oxendine, Lawerance Jackson, James Wood, Jessie Matthews, Wayne Cook, and Billy Hayes.

******

The yard force, under the supervision of Mr. Hooker, have been setting out new rose bushes. The names of these bushes are Pink Radiance, Etaile De Holland, Editor McFarland, Poinsttia, Forty Niner, and Charlotte Armstrong. The boys working on the yard force are Billy Roberts, Jimmy Scott, Ward Williams, Jerry Gibbs and David Blevins.

******

The dairy has received a new modern bottling machine. This machine when adjusted will bottle from 12 to 36 quarts of milk per minute. It also can be adjusted to bottle the milk in pints. The boys are now enjoying drinking their milk from pint bottles. These bottles has a cover cap on them. The milk production has an increase of 130 gallons of milk a day. This milks comes from 40 cows and it won't be to long before we will have more milk cows. We have 30 heifers not including the 8 calves under six months old. We should not have to worry about food for the cows because there has been a new pasture made near the dairy and it sure looks fine. fine.

******

During the past few sunshiny days great activities have been quite noticeable on our farm, consisting of cutting hay, corn-planting, gardening, etc. The cafeteria crew have been serving fresh lettuce, radishes, spring onions, and etc. Many plants have been set out and according to the report the rain we had the other day will be a great help in their survival.

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It has been brought to our attention that we should have fresh strawberries in about another week. The strawberry patch sure looks good from the road. All the boys enjoys eating the berries and it is worth the efforts put forth in picking the berries for consumption.

******

The machine shop has been keeping a steady pace with the farmers. As the tractors bring in equipment for

the shop crew to repair it is no time until it is back in the fields working as if it was a new piece of equipment. The shop boys are doing a fine job of repairing machinery.

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Mr. Hahn and a crew of boys have been busy working on a combine. This machine will see plenty of action in the fall.

******

Mr. Cruse and the carpenter shop boys have been busy making a wagon. This is really a wagon. It is painted black with high iron pipe side post. It also has rubber tires. This wagon will be used to haul hay to the barns.

——ooo——

Mother

By Douglas Parsons

I have a life, and when it's o'er,
  I want the things I've laid in store
To be a tribute evermore
  To the one I love, my Mother!
If in this life, I e'en attain
  This cherished thing which men call fame,
I want it bestowed upon the name
  Of the worthy one, my Mother.
I want the world to know the one
  Who dared to suffer and bear a son;
Who crossed the valley of shadow and won!
  To become, that day, my Mother.
Sacrifice and toil and care
  Have left their mark in her white hair;
But she'll be rewarded over There
  For the task of being my Mother.
Each night, in asking God to bless
  And keep the ones whom I love best:
I place one name before the rest, and say,
  "God bless my Mother!"

SPORTS

By Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

The A League Soccer Tournament came to a close with No. 4 playing Cottage No. 10. On the cannery field No. 4's players were in top shape and proved it as the game progressed. No. 10 was all out to win the championship game but No. 4 put a stop to that by getting ahead in the first half with 5 points. Although this was the only score of the game both teams were still playing with all their might in the last quarter. At the end of the final quarter the score was 5-0 in favor of No. 4.

The B League came to a close with Cottage No. 17 on top after playing No. 14 in 35 minutes of overtime. B. W. Murry, goalie for No.17, starred in this game by making some outstanding blocks at the goal. James Moose also starred on the offensive team, and spurred his players on to victory against the hard playing of E.C. Parker on the defense and Ward Williams on the offense. Billy Roberts, goalie for No. 14, showed some excellent sportsmanship.

James Moose made the winning points for No. 17, with 4 points. E.C. Parker tallied for No. 14 with 2 points.

No. 14's star player, Alfred Walker, was out with appendicitis. We hope that he will be able to play softball this coming season.

In the C League Cottages 9, 3, and 2 were tied for first place.

Mr. J.W. Garmon, the athletic director, has announced that he is going to give the champions of each league a party to be held after all of the games have been played. We thank Mr. Garmon very much.

One of the hardest fought games was between Cottages No. 9 and 3. The final score was 4-3 in favor of No. 3.

At the end of the first half the score was 4-0 in favor of No. 3, But No. 9 not to be left alone made their final bid in the second half and came out with three points. Although this was not enough to win many of the boys felt much better, after all someone has to lose.

The school groups have been helping Mr. Garmon and his gym. boys clean out the swimming pool for the coming swimming season. Work was begun April 16, and we are expecting to be swimming by the middle of May.

Mr. Garmon has also announced that he is going to give life saving courses for the boys who are interested. We hope some of the Boy Scouts are interested in getting their life saving merit badges. We also understand that this is a hard merit badge, so the boys are going to have to work hard to get it.

The softball season is expected to get under way within the next two or three weeks. All of the boys are looking forward to it with a lot of enthusiam.

The softball teams will be divided into three groups; The A, B, and C Leagues. The A League for large boys; the B League for middle sized boys and the C League for small boys.

The A League Cottages are: No.s' 1, 4, 10, and 15. All of these cottages have some very good players.

The B League Cottages are: No.s' 17, 14, 13, and 11. We hope to see some good games from these boys too.

The C League Cottages are: No.s' 2, 3, 6, 7, and 9. We hope they have a good season.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

During the month of April there were not very many boys admitted to the school. The boys that were admitted were:

Jimmy Ronald McManus was admitted to the school on April 1, 1954 from Mecklenburg County. Jimmy loves all sports and can play them very well. Jimmy was placed in Cottage No. 11, and is getting along rather well.

Charlie Franklin Anderson came to the school on April 1, 1954 and is from Rockingham County. Charlie's favorite pastime is eating and playing. Charlie was placed in Cottage No. 3.

Billy Gene Anderson was admitted to the school April 1, 1954 and is from Rockingham County. Billy, much like his brother, is a nice looking boy and he said that he wants to make a record that he can be proud of when he leaves the school. Billy was placed in Cottage No. 13.

Hershall Radford Summers was readmitted to the school on April 7, 1954 from New Hanover County. Hershall is a nice looking chap. And if there is any guy that loves to fish better than this young man, they had better step in and claim the record because Hershall is a "fishing boy". He can be found down at the little lake almost any afternoon after work. Hershall was placed in Cottage No. 1.

Broadus Wendell Wade hails from Harnett County. He was admitted to the school on April 9, 1954. Broadus is the type that can really put the food away. He also enjoys a quiet nap under the shade trees.

SEPARATIONS

According to the record in the office of the Superintendent 14 boys were given permisson to leave the school. Some of the boys leaving were:

Donald McElveen Jr. who was formerly of Cottage No. 13, went to live with his mother in Cleveland County. His job here at the school was down at the barn working with Mr. Tompkinson.

Clyde Garry Compton, formerly of the Receiving Cottage and Cottage No. 1, was permitted to leave the school on April 5, 1954. Garry worked in the Print Shop while he was at the school. He went back to Kannapolis to live with his parents.

Edgar Buddy Huffstickler, formerly of Cottage No. 11, left the school on April 6, 1954 to live with his mother in Cleveland County. Buddy worked on the plant beds while at the school.

Alec Parsons, a red haired, short and stocky guy, formerly of Cottage No. 1, departed from the school on April 7, 1954. He went to live with his sister in New Hanover County. Alec's job was with Mr. Hinson in the machine shop.

Kenneth Ray Hollifield, from Cottage No. 1, left the school on April 12 with his brother Carl Lee Hollifield. Ken helped Mr. Hinson in the machine shop.

Ronnie Lee Payne, one of the old Receiving Cottage boys, worked in the cafeteria during his last months here at the school. On April 12, 1954 he went to live with his Aunt in Gaston County.

POET'S CORNER

MOTHER

Thank you dear God for giving me Mother,
The one who is dearer to me than all other.
I'm grateful to you for the love in her heart
That I know is for me tho' we're far apart.
God made my mother, so sweet and so true—
He took from the roses the fresh morning dew,
And placed in each eye like a bright sparkling stone,
Understanding and love for her children alone.
I'll get on my knees every evening in prayer,
And ask God in his love to keep mother there—
Until I return to her arms to stay,
Where love in abundance is mine every day.

—By Ray Malpass

WHAT MY MOTHER MEANS TO ME

My mother means a lot to me.
When I don't feel so good,
She helps me all the time
To be both kind and good.

My mother means a lot to me.
When I am in distress.
She helps me all along the way,
And brings me ever happiness.

My mother means a lot to me,
And on this Mother' Day
I'll give to her a present small
To cheer her on the way.

—By Ernest Pinion

MY MOTHER

I thank God for giving me my mother
To me she is so sweet and kind.
I know there is none other
Someone like her I could never find.

She loved me as an awkward child,
Her heart was pure as gold.
She corrected me from ways so wild,
But now she is growing old.

Her wrinkled face and silver hair
Brings memories back to me
Of how she took me in her care,
And sat me upon her knee.

I'll love my mother until the end
Then God's throne she'll help make fair,
She'll wait in heaven until the angels send
To bring me up to her up there.

—By Stanley Murray

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

Our Heavenly Father never fails.
He never lets us down.
He always keeps his children safe,
From all the dangers that abound.

No matter where or what we do,
We know He loves us still.
We'll do our best from day to day,
To do His holy will.

—By Marvin Phillips

POPULAR SONGS

Selected By Wayne Jackson 9th Grade

THE JONES BOY

The whole town's talkin about the Jones boy,
The Jones boy, the Jones boy.
The whole town's talkin' about the Jones boy,
He acts mighty peculiar now.

The whole town's saying, he was a good boy,
A nice boy, a swell boy,
The whole town thinks that he's not a well boy,
He just isn't the same somehow.

He hops, he jumps, so merrily over the water pumps,
He stops and then, he'll come to a pump and he'll jump again,
They're buzzin over the fences,
That he's gone out of his senses.

The whole town's talkin about the Jones boy,
That poor boy, the Jones boy,
But I just happen to be the Jones boy,
And I happen to be in love,
Yes, I happen to be in love.

TILL THEN

Till then, my darling please wait for me,
Till then, no matter when it will be,
One day I know I'll be back again,
Please wait till then.
Our dreams will live
Though we are apart,
Our love I know will keep in our hearts,
Till then when all the world will be free,
Please wait for me.

SECRET LOVE

Once I had a secret love
That lived within the heart of me
All too soon my secret love
Became impatient to be free
So I told a friendly star,
The way that dreamers often do,
Just how wonderful you are,
And why I'm so in love with you
Now I shout it from the highest hills
Even told the golden daffodils;
At last my heart's an open door,
And my secret love's no secret anymore.

SHE WAS FIVE AND HE WAS TEN

She was five and he was ten,
Twice as old as she was then,
She was much too young for him in puppy love.

As the years went rolling by,
He was fifteen and quite a guy,
But she was ten, still too young for him to love.

And then as he grew older,
He changed his point of view.
She was seventeen,
He was only twenty two.

So he fell in love you see,
And it all began when she was only five,
And he was ten, in puppy love.

WHAT IT COSTS TO DRIVE A NEW CAR

By The Square John

EVER WONDER WHAT is costs to drive the average family car based on an average yearly mileage of about 12,000 miles? Well, hold on to your seats for the average motorist puts out about 10 cents per mile on his medium priced car ... a few years ago.

What has happened to driving costs recently? Plenty.

Today the motorist is spending about 14½ cents per mile and the cost is still rising.

Let's make a breakdown of today's costs, so we shall assume that our average motorist drives to work and parks in a parking lot, the following figures show what he's spending by the year:

Depreciation on $3200 (after financing, etc.) at 20%	$640.00
Insurance	180.00
Gasoline for 12.000 miles, 15 miles to the gallon .. 800 gallons at .30 cents reg.	240.00
City and State Licenses	25.50
Oil—6 changes; 36 quarts at .40 cents	14.00
Grease	10.00
Anti-freeze	7.50
Repairs, motor tunlng and misc.	100.00
Parking - downtown city lots	300.00
TOTAL	$1517.40

This total divided by 12,000 miles, gives a per mile cost of 12.64 cents

Now if Mr. Average Car Owner is buying his "new" car on time and financed $2000 of the purchase price, he is paying $100 a year interest.

Supposing also he has the car washed every other week, that adds up to $52 for the year and if he has two polish jobs in the year, that means another $40.

That adds another 1.6 cents a mile in cost, for a total of a little more over 14 cents a mile. If fewer than 12,000 miles a year are driven, the cost per mile increases, as depreciation, insurance and other fixed expenses are spread over fewer miles.

If more than 12,000 miles are put on the car, the per mile cost decreases.

Another item that adds up in a year's time is parking meters fees. With more and more meters in the neighborhood shopping districts, those nickels and pennies amount to enough in the course of a year to buy a new tailor-made suit.

Suppose you are earning $300 a month —now, here's an interesting thought:

This is $3600 yearly, less 20% (more or less income tax for single gents with no dependents), which leaves $2880—now deduct the costs outlined above for a years operation on a medium priced car which is about $1500 which now leaves $1380 and gives our wage earner only $115 per month left to live on. drink on, pleasure on or just exist on AFTER paying other hidden taxes in the purchase of living. Odd, isn't it? We no longer earn a living, we purchase a living. Modern, eh?

FISHIN' WITH UNCLE BILLY

By Ray Becker in *The Monthly Record*

School that week was a tough grind. three R's—wasn't even thinking how I'd like to marry that scrumptuous dish of a teacher—because come Saturday I was going fishin' with Uucle Billy.

With school finally over for the week, it was a mad dash home to make sure the fishin' gear was ready for action. I just had the feeling, while unwinding and rewinding the lines about a dozen times, that tomorrow we were going to bring back a basketful—had the basket ready, too. After several hours of preparation, and satisfied that all was in order, it was off to bed early...with the alarm set for five ayem. Had to be in tip-top condition for the oncoming battle with those aquadic animals.

A whopper! I had got him on the hook, bringing him over the side... It was a dissapointment, aggrevated by that dang-blasted alarm reverberating in my ear. Irritaed, I reckoned there were bigger and better fish in the sea than I could ever concoct in a dream. So, feeling much better with that consoling thought, I leaped out of bed and into my dungarees.

Just then it struck me that something was wrong. It was Uncle Billy. There he was, still in bed, all nice and with that silly grin spread all over his face. I wondered if he, too, could be dreaming of fish. Well anyway, we had to be moving, and all this was too inviting. Quietly stepping up on a chair, I jumped from chair to bed. Irving's sleeping hero was sent about three feet into the air, shouting an exclamation that I couldn't figure. It was something about "honorable intentions." He wouldn't tell me what it meant, so I told him to activate his bones, as it's the early bird (seagull) that catches the fish.

After regaining some of his normal composure Uncle Billy admonished, "Hold on a minute...slow down. We gotta dig the worms first. You can't catch anything with out bait, you know."

Meditating a minute upon the profound wisdom of these words, and although eager to get started, I said, "Well, okay, shouldn't take long with two of us. Besides, wormin's fun, too."

So, after a hearty breakfast, we were off to the beach with digging hook and cheese box (good for keeping worms in...they must like the cheesey fragance) to get the worms. My job was to turn over all the rocks to find holes; Uncle Billy's was to dig like H. It was more of a race than anything else, because those buggers could travel like a Grand Central-Time Square Shuttle once they knew they were in the process of being captured. Sometimes I'd be lucky and catch the sons-a-guns by the tail before they could do the vanishing act. Those worms unlike their cousins in a garden, were red, long and fat, with about a thousand legs—just what the fish found delight in; something like a steak dinner for them. Complimenting ourselves on our successful Frank Buck expedition—aggregating about a dozen and bedding them down with sand that wasn't too wet nor too dry. Had too be just right, topped with a little seaweed to make them feel more at home—we were ready.

Returning home, we put the digging hook away, picked up our lunch and fishin' gear and, after "goodby," "be careful" from Mom, finally set out for our day of fishin'.

Down at the boat-yard, where the sign "Boats to let—$1.00" swung in the breeze, I proceed to pick out our boat while Uncle Billy settled the financial end of it. Everything was ship shape and ready to go by the time a few yarns were swapped with the Old Captain Olsen, proprietor of the boat yard.

With a yo-heave-ho it's off we go. With Uncle Billy at the oars and me back after handling the navigation end of things, we got underway for that good spot out at the end of the jetty. The secret of there being good fishin' there had been confidently entrusted to us. We had only waited for the chance to get out to it and clean it up.

Upon reaching our destination we were happily surprised to find the surrounding waters deserted, except for the screaming seagulls, squatting here and there on the rocks of the jetty. It almost sounded as if they were laughing at us . . . stupid birds. Satisfied that that was the spot and a fine place for fishin' we dropped the hook. Getting my line baited first, it was over the side with a plunk of the sinker. Then only to wait for the unwary to bite.

Things didn't happen very fast, but it was kind of early yet. Oh, there were all kinds of reasons for the unfortunate fishin' especially because it was unfavorable—tide wasn't right, wind was from the wrong direction.

At about noon-time I was getting hungry, and while I was breaking out the chow I asked, for the dozenth time "Any bites yet, Unk?"

"Nope, but give them time. Don't be so impatient," he answered sharply.

Just about that time a motor launch headed our way with its lone occupant. As it came near, the man cut the motor and bellowed over to us. "Howsa da luck . . . catcha many?"

I turned to look at Uncle Billy and hear what he would answer. Well, the stranger just as well have saved his breath because Uncle Billy didn't even lift his eyes from his line. But I could see he was irritated, on the verge of apoplexy by the question. I looked back at the intruder with an icy stare, as if to say, "Shove off jerk do you expect us to tell you we're having luck so you can muscle in?" He gave me a big greasy grin, as he reached for the throttle, that made me burn. I was glad to see him move away toward the shore. At least he wouldn't be coming by us again later.

Unfortunately it wasn't long after this intrusion that Uncle Billy said, pointing to the east, "There's the reason for our bad luck."

Looking over my shoulder in the direction he was pointing, I saw what he meant. Rapidly rolling toward us were huge, black thunderheads that looked anything except inviting. Turning back to Uncle Billy, I saw that he was pulling in his line. I quickly followed suit.

"Guess we had better get out of this place," Unk yelled. The water was already choppy from the rising breeze and somewhere the bell on the channel buoy was ringing ominously in rapid succession.

With our lines in the boat, Uncle Billy started to pull up the hook while I took another glance over my shoulder....only to find the storm much closer Filled with anxiety I looked to Uncle Billy, who was hauling in the hook. Hurry up! I was saying under

my breath. Another look....still closer, and the water was getting rougher. Then I heard the hook drop to the bottom of the boat with a dull thud, and Uncle Billy moved to his place at the oars, fixing them into the oar-locks. Then finally, we were moving in toward the shore which was about a mile and a half away.

With the water getting still rougher, I could see it was tough going at the oars. I wanted to help but all I could do was hold my breath with every pull. The clouds were almost overhead and it was becoming darker all the time. Then it began to rain and, worse yet, the wind was blowing hard, everything seemed to be against us. I could see we weren't making much headway; it seemed as if we weren't moving at all. I used one of the rocks of the jetty with the shore-line to the right as a line to mark our progress. We were not moving very fast, but at least we were getting there, slow but sure. Then we began to slow down, then we weren't getting anywhere—just wearily pulling away in the same place. Holy mackerel! I saw that we were losing ground . . . We were falling back being blown out to sea!

I was really worried. But I had never heard of any sea dog bawling because of some old storm; so I sunk a fang into my lower lip and held on, wishing our friend would return with his motor launch.

Looking to Uncle Billy again, who was pulling on those oars for all he was worth to keep from losing too much ground, I could see by his rapid breathing and the perspiration that ran down his face that he was done in. Had to do something. But what? I moved forward on the seat and put my hands over his and pushed and pulled. He smiled approvingly, but it was not a very strong smile. I could read the worry written all over his face.

Then, at about twenty yards to the right, we spotted a channel buoy—the last one before open sea. If we could only get over to it we would be able to tie up and wait out the storm. We directed our backward course toward it. Fifteen yards . . . ten yards . . . just a little more to go . . . just a few more feet and we would reach it; if we did not pass it first. We were almost even with it.....just inches out of reach we couldn't make it, we were going past it . . . it was falling away.

That was our last hope. Slowly it fell away. But we still didn't let up for a second. We were not losing the buoy we were gaining on it again and this time for sure. Quickly we tied up and fell back on our seats, exhausted.

With a crafty smile Uncle Billy said, "Knew we'd make it all the time." At that we both had a good laugh.

O * * * O

Don't worry too much about what lies ahead,
Go boldly forward as far as you can see.
When you get there you will see further. —Selected

CAN YOU IMAGINE

By Robert Babb, 6th Grade

— Roland Jones running the hand press.
— Steve Lance and James Wood not drawing pictures.
— Alfred Walker not being not being called "Yankee".
— James Morrison letting the "Allis Chamber" kick him.
— E. C. Parker not in the shoe shop.
— Mr. Garmon being farm manager.
— Garry Cummings not in the machine shop.
— Mr. Readling having the barn force.
— B. W. Murray not driving the crawler.
— Mr. White not being at the Training School.
— Joe Greene being an Eagle Scout.
— Van Austin on the farm crew.
— William Mauldin going home.
— James Russell not being in the hospital.
— Maxie Teal in the cafeteria.
— Paul Knight in the eight grade.
— The office without Mrs. Yarbrough.
— Ray Malpass making a speech.
— Mr. Rouse selling his beehives..
— Wayne Jackson not being in the Receiving Cottage.
— The school without Paul White.
— Jack Moore not playing basketball.
— Henry Banther not in the meat shop.
— Monroe Korn not getting mad.
— Donald Spillman not running the hand press.
— Vernon Ewing without red hair.
— Bennie Garrett being in the scouts.
— Dean Cranford going to the seventh grade.
— C. C. Munsey driving a tractor.
— Frank Barrus going home.
— Eugene Williams hiding Easter Eggs.
— No. 11 going to the movie.
— Carl Setzer being called "Ears".

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

May 2	Key, Richard, Cottage No. 14, 13th Birthday.
May 2	Murry, Stanley, Cottage No. 10, 16th Birthday.
May 2	McGraw, Ray, Cottage No. 2, 15th Birthday.
May 5	Rivenbark, Charles, Cottage No. 10, 17th Birthday.
May 5	Reavis, James, Cottage No. 15, 15th Birthday.
May 5	Bradshaw, John, Cottage No. 4, 16th Birthday.
May 5	Jarrell, Cecil, Cottage No. 1, 16th Birthday.
May 6	Cooper, Billy, Cottage No. 9, 16th Birthday.
May 8	Simpson, Charles, Cottage No. 4, 16th Birthday.
May 8	Shelton, Walter, Cottage No. 13, 16th Birthday.
May 8	Bryson, Bobby, Cottage No. 1, 16th Birthday.
May 8	Cromer, John, Cottage No. 1, 13th Birthday.
May 9	Teal, Maxie, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday.
May 13	Bryant, Otis, Cottage No. 15, 15th Birthday.
May 16	Lane, Mendell, Cottage No. 9, 14th Birthday.
May 16	Arnett, Robert, Cottage No. 2, 15th Birthday.
May 17	Mayfield, James, Cottage No. 13, 15th Birthday.
May 17	North, Bobby, Cottage No. 9, 16th Birthday.
May 17	Quinn, Clarence, Cottage No. 14, 15th Birthday.
May 17	Williams, Ward, Cottage No. 14, 15th Birthday.
May 19	Manley, Fletcher, Cottage No. 10, 15th Birthday.
May 23	Williams, Norman, Cottage No. 6, 14th Birthday.
May 28	Hodge, Charles Dub, Cottage No. 10, 15th Birthday.
May 28	Sims, Alton Lee, Cottage No. 3, 14th Birthday.

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In any argument, the man with the greater intelligence is always wrong because he did not use his intelligence to avoid the argument in the first place. —Don Wilson

CAMPUS NEWS 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the Uplift of 1934

The boys on the farm force are harvesting the first cutting of alfalfa. The rather wet spring months have produced a good growth and we are expecting a very good cutting at this time. We have about 50 acres in alfalfa.

———o0O0o———

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have started battling the old summer pests, flys and mosquitos, by repairing all screen doors and windows at the cottages and dairy barn. He's hoping we will be able to keep Mr. Fly on the outside this Summer.

———o0O0o———

As the cottages lines filed into the auditorium last Sunday, both at the morning and afternoon service, we noticed that almost every one of our five hundred boys wore either a white or red rose in honor of his mother.

———o0O0o———

Recent rains have greatly improved the appearance and increased the productiveness of our gardens and the cottages are now being supplied with plenty of fresh vegetables. A few days ago we made the first picking of strawberries and as a result 104 gallons of fine berries were issued to various cottages.

———o0O0o———

To date forty cases of measles have developed among our boys. One of the cottages, No. 13, is being used as an infirmary. As each case develops the boy is immediately transferred to this building. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris cottage officer and matron in this cottage are in charge of this temporary infirmary. The boys are visited daily by our physician Dr. R. M. King, of Concord, and so far all have gotten along nicely.

———o0O0o———

In a recent conversation with our farm manager we learned the following interesting facts concerning agricultural activities at the Training School so far this season. Thirty thousand sweet potato plants were gathered and set out one afternoon this week, also more than eight hunred quarts of fine strawberries were picked the same afternoon. Our first gathering of aflalfa hay amounted to forty-one tons. It was the best first cutting of alfalfa we have ever had and was placed in the barn in excellent condition without having had any rain fall on in. The prospects for watermelons and cantaloupes are quite promising at this time. Our gardens are furnishing plenty of onions, lettuce, spinach, rape and mustard salads. The lettuce is unusually fine, being a New York market variety. We are about to harvest crimson clover seed and our mechanic is putting our reaper in shape to harvest the oats crop, which is fair, in spite of the extreme freezing weather in late winter and the early spring drought. Our stand of lespedeza is fair and has responed wonderfully to recent showers. We have also planted two acres of stock beets to be used as dairy feed, which is a new venture at the School.

EXCHANGES

LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK: April.

Associate Editor's "Take it from the Rose" excellent. The cartoon "Unwanted Child" best we have seen. Enjoyed Wesley Grimes "Droop-Net".

******

THE MENTOR: 1954 Edition

Enjoyed the Professor's story of Lydia in his article "They also Serve". Tell Joseph A. Martin we're pulling for him. His article "One Good Step" did a good job for A. A. Interesting reading too.

******

AGRICOLA: April.

Your editorial by Thomas P. Hodgen was right down our alley. We haven't all decided that we agree all the way with you but it was good food for thought.

******

PRESIDIO: April.

Congratulations on 20th anniversary. Throughly enjoyed the "Individual Defecit Return."

******

PAAHAO PRESS: April.

Pat Yim's article "The Problem of Rehabilitation" hits the nail on the head. Nice magazine that P. P.

O. S. R. (Ohio State Reformatory)

Your striking cover for the Easter edition showing the hand of Christ deserves top honors. We thought this issue unusually good.

******

THE CITIZEN: Spring Edition

Beautiful art work- -front cover and illustrations as well. Dorthy F's "He is Risen" was very good.

******

THE WOMAN: March

Enjoyed your magazine very much this month. The story of Jane arriving in Girl's town was very interesting and had a lot in common with our program.

******

ANGOLITE: April.

Editoral, "NEEDED, A NEW TYPE INSTITUTION" nice article. Wish you luck in your fight for first offenders.

******

RECORD: April

Just about the nicest little publication we received this month. Front cover cute as it could be and jokes were good.

Your Easter Greetings were the best we have seen.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt. —Thomas Fuller

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

If at first you don't succeed, try again. Then stop. After all, there's no use being silly about it.

OOO

The Colonel had insisted to Sam, his cook, that the Thanksgiving turkey be a domestic corn-fed bird, no wild fowl. Came the day and the Colonel cut into a beautiful done-to-perfection turkey. He frowned, cut again, then sent for Sam.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted a domestic bird?" He thundered.

"Yes, suh, that's a domestic corn-fed fowl."

"Well, what about these shots I'm finding?"

Sam shuffled from one foot to the other. "Those shots, suh, were meant for me."

OOO

The Boss returned in a good humor from lunch and called the whole staff in to listen to a couple of jokes he's picked up. Everybody but one girl laughed uproariously. "What's the matter?" grumbled the Boss. "Haven't you got any sense of humor?"

"I don't have to laugh," said the girl. "I'm leaving Friday anyhow."

OOO

"I hate to remember my youth", said the first old maid.

"Why what happened?", asked the second.

"Nothing."

OOO

The two old friends met after a long time, and one was startled at the change in his companion. "Why, George! What's the matter, what's making you look so old?"

"Trying to keep young," sadly answered George."

"Trying to keep young?"

"Yeah, nine of 'em!"

OOO

After an absence of many years, an old fellow returned to his home town and dropped in at a doctor's office seeking relief from an ailment.

The physician ran down a long list of questions about the old man's health, and finally asked:

Doc—How are your kidneys?

The patient brightened preceptibly and answered in a proud voice:

Patient—Well, Dr. they is all grown up now, and most of them married and got families.

OOO

A Nergo Preacher addressed his flock with great earnestness on the subject of "Miracles,"as follows:

"My beloved brethern, de greatest ob all miracles was bout de loaves and de fishes. Dey war 5,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes, and de 12 postles had to eat em all. De miracle is, dey didn't bust!"

OOO

A voice on the telephone talking to the school principal.

"Is this Mrs. Leary?"

"Yes it is."

"Well I'm calling for Johnny Jones He has a sore throat and can't go to school today."

"Oh I'm sorry. Who is this calling?"

"This," came the soltmn reply, "is my father."

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

APRIL 1954

1st Grade

Bobby Avery
Gary Franklin
Wayne Jenkins
Tommy McBride
Gerald Packer
Jimmy Shew
Bobby Davis
Wayne Halsey
Gilbert Jackson
Billy Nicklesin
Ablert Ross

2nd Grade

Calvin Barefoot
Jerry Lamm
Jesse Matthews
Charles McBride
Jack Moore
Robert Musselwhite
David Reeves
Archie Sims
Sam Aldrige
Kenneth Franklin
Edward North
Von Lewis Rhodes
Norman Williams

3rd Grade

David Blevins
David Case
Howard Chapman
Steve Farrington
William Hines
Lawrence Jackson
Bobby Jernigan
Roger Melton
Dickey Merritt
Harrell Rivenbark
Bobby Revels
Shelton Taylor

4th Grade

Kenneth Laws
David Carpenter
John Chapman
Ralph Carpenter

5th Grade

David Boswell
Charles Smith
Ward Williams
Robert Babb
J.D. Brooks

7th Grade

Charles Byrd
Billy Cooper
Ray Englebert
Paul Knight
James Pyrtle

8th Grade

Walter Glass
Bill Tucker

9th Grade

Charls Rivenbark
Robert Arnett

O * * * O

Everything seems to even itself up. As you have less hair to comb, you have more face to wash. —Selected

BITS OF WISDOM

A danger sign can't talk, but it's not so dumb as the guy who disreguards it. Drive carefully; don't insist on your rites.

—o0O0o—

A man's reputation is a blend of what his friend's, enemies and acquaintances say behind his back.

—o0O0o—

A snob is a nobody who convinces himself that he is superior to his equals.

—o0O0o—

Smile at your troubles, and the boss may say: "Wipe off that silly grin and get back to your work."

—o0O0o—

The highest goal we can hope to attain is not knowledge alone, but sympathy with intelligence.

—o0O0o—

It is better to understand a little than to misunderstand a lot.

—o0O0o—

The more education a man has, the more likely he is to be independent in his views and abstinate in adhering to them.

—o0O0o—

Some men are counted wise from the cunning manner in which they hide their ignorance. In what little they do know such men play the padant. - A. Ricand

—o0O0o—

If you want a thing well done, don't do it yourself unless you know how.

—o0O0o—

A man may be a fool and not know it, but not if he is married.

—o0O0o—

If there be any truer measure of man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.- -South.

Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary.- -Dr. Reinold Niebur.

—o0O0o—

If you treat people right they will treat you right- -90 per cent of the time.- -Franklin D. Roosevel.t

—o0O0o—

All too often a clear conscience is merely the result of a bad memory.- -Nietro Del Rio.

—o0O0o—

The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way to make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show your mistrust.- -Henry L. Stimson.

—o0O0o—

The world has forgotten, in its preoccupation with Left and Right, that there is an Above and a Below.- -Franz Werfel.

—o0O0o—

Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we beleive.- -St. Augustine.

—o0O0o—

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully. - -Phillips Brooks.

—o0O0o—

Before giving advice we must have secured its acceptance, or, rather, have made it desired.- -Amiel.

—o0O0o—

Associate with men of judgemnt, for judgement is found in conversation, and we make another man's judgement ours by frequenting his company.- -Thomas Fuller.

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

APRIL 1954

GENERAL FARMING

Shelton Taylor
Claude Townsel
Edwin Duck
Eldwin Locklear
Alfred Walker
Marvin Phillips
Melvin Hall
Jackie Ward
Bobby North
David Delaney
Clarence Quinn
Larry Wright

BARN FORCE

Bobby Gillie
Harvey Flynn
Harrell Rivenbark
Jack Moore
Richard Key
Forest Hendrix
Albert Ross
Robert Colon
Hubert Fox
Wayne Shealey

TRACTOR FORCE

B.W. Murry
Marshall Crenshaw
David Hassell
Gerald Packer
David Henderson
Herman Calahan
Stanley Murry
Johnny Sparks
Dan Hamm

PLANT BEDS

Bennie Garrett
John Chapman
Billy Bushie
Dean Cranford
Vernon Ewing
Paul White
Joseph Welch
Keith Homewood
James Moose
Eugene Williams
Naymon Stiles
Douglas Eller
Jerry Scarber

LAUNDRY

John King
Alton Locklear
Donnie Bradley
George Stubbs
William Hines
Claude Webb
Paul Webb
Bobby Tedder
Allen Jackson
Bobby Avery
Kenneth Laws
Gary Lee Franklin
Archie Medford
Tommie McBride

POULTRY FORCE

James Wood
Jessie Matthews

SEWING ROOM

Larry Owens
Archie Sims
Dewey Quinn
Verlan Dockery

BAKERY

Billy Bridges
Charles Rivenbark
Bill Tucker
John Cromer

CAFETERIA

Robert Musselwhite
Jack Moore

Grover Collins
Donald McManus
Junior Davis
Bobby Metcalf
Charles Walker
Clyde Smith
Tommy Dabbs
Lewis Turner
C.C. Munsey
Luther Johnson
Bobby Davis
Banks Loye
Harry Mintz
Walter Shelton
Charles Ruddock
Charles Hodge

MEAT CUTTING

Henry Banther
Charles Simpson
Ray Puckett

PRINT SHOP

Charles Testerman
Ray Malpass
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson
Paul Knight

GYM

Harold Harris

SHOE SHOP

Robert Stiles
E.C. Parker

BARBER SHOP

Van Austin
Joe Hilton

COTTON MILL

Charlie McBride
Wade Mehaffey
Richard Strickland
Jerry Lamm
Alton Sims
Clyde McManus
Tommy Mercer
Ralph Carpenter
George Holland
Charlie Anderson

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

APRIL 1954

Receiving Cottage
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson
Monroe Korn

Cottage No. 3
Garry Franklin
Glenn Franklin
Charlie McBride
Edward North
George Stubbs
Claude Townsel
Joe Barrett

Cottage No. 4
Henry Banther
Herman Callahan
Junior Davis
Robert Musselwhite
Donald McManus
Ray Malpass
Johnny Sparks
Charles Simpson
Richard Strickland.

Cottage No. 6

James Wood

Cottage No. 7

Wayne Halsey
John King
Larry Owens
Archie Simms
Danny Smith
Bobby Stevens
Thomas Transou
Carl Lawson

Cottage No. 9

Bobby Avery
Harry Bryant
Ralph Carpenter
Billy Cooper
Bobby Davis
Verlin Dockery
Dewey Guinn
Ovilla Joyner
Jerry Lamm
Jesse Mabe
Jesse Matthews
Tommy Mercer
Bobby North
Tommy Sargent
Meak Teal
Jackie Ward

Cottage No. 10

Tommy Dabbs
Harold Harris
Stanely Murray
Lewis Turner
Charles Walker

Cotage No. 13

Ray Englebert
Harvey Flynn
Bobby Gillie
Richard Key
Jimmy Mayfield
Albert Ross
Walter Shelton

Cottage No. 14

Cosner Church
Ward Williams
James Morrison
Joe Hilton

Cottage No. 15

Dvaid Case
Howard Chapman
Leroy Haithcock
Billy Mosteller
Archie Milton
Donald Thompson
Russel Wilson

Cottage No. 17

Marshall Crenshaw
Paul Knight
Alton Locklear
Robert Hardin
Edlem Locklear
Cordell Oxendine
Cladie Oxendine
Johnny Polston
Wayne Shealy

Infirmary

L. D. Boone

O * * * O

We're not fully educated unless we have knowledge and wisdom. We learn by doing. —Selected

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THE UPLIFT

No. 6 JUNE, 1954 Vol. 42

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?
  Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
  Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
  Yet your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
  Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
  Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumlating wisdom
  In the scrapbook of your heart:
Do not waste one page on folly:
  Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge,
  You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
  Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
  As you pass along the way,
For the pleasure of the many
  May be ofttimes traced to one.
As the hand that plants an acorn
  Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

Roland Jones
Ray Malpass
Wayne Jackson
Wayne King

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson

PRESSMEN

Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert
Charles Testerman
Eddie Redden

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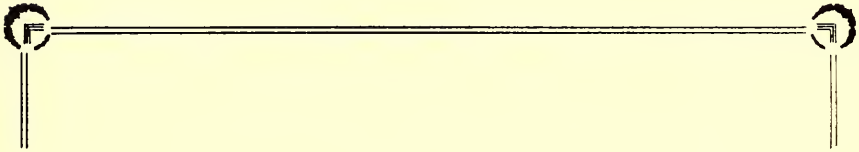
The Uplift

Editorial . . .



HEALTHY GROWTH

It has been agreed by scientists that all life on earth is dependent upon the sun. Without it plants could not grow, there would be no atmosphere, and there would be no light or warmth. Heat from a body 93,000,000 miles away warms our earth and makes it habitable. Through the chemistry of plants the sun's energy is utilized to make the plants grow which suppplies us with food, shade, oxygen, and many vitamins and minerals which are essential to the growth of animals. Without sunlight animals could not survive very long without undergoing great changes. In perpetual darkness our eyes would become blinded, and the body unhealthy in many respects from the lack of sunlight. Plants could not grow and if darkness were for a long period of time all plants would die. There would be nothing green left upon the earth. If animals were unable to adapt themselves to a world of darkness then they would perish shortly. Even if they could adapt themselves they would ultimately die as the plants die, for we cannot live without food.

As the sun is to the earth such is love to a human being. Without it a person grows warped and unstable emotionally. All of us need to feel that we are important to someone and if we feel that we are not; that no one cares about us, then we too soon stop caring about ourselves. In order to feel important in our own minds we must know we are important to someone. Without this knowledge we are like a plant without the sun.

We could grow crooked, warped, and not strong enough to survive in society.

Physchologists tell us that the lack of love and attention is one of the main causes for delinquency and crime. Being desperate to please others has brought many a boy to the Training School. If attention cannot be gained in one way then it must be gained in another, and it is not so hard to do something wrong if you think you will be admired for it by your companions .

Some children are not able to keep up with the group in scholastic work and their personalities and egos are warped by being made fun of or not being accepted in a group. Is it any wonder that a boy who doesn't win approval and attention in the accepted way turns to other methods to obtain it?. When asked why he entered into delinquet behavior, a boy told me recently that his companions dared him to. In taking the dare he received the attention and admiration he craved. Now this boy is in our school; a costly price to pay for trying to win attention. Here we are attempting to teach him the proper way to earn respect and affection. When he does a job well he is praised for it. When he fails to do as well as he can we try to find the reason. There is a reason behind all acts and sometimes it is necessary for a boy to make a mistake in order to enable him to see himself clearly.

We are inclined to bask in the sun of attention and a feeling of respect others give us. In order for an individual to grow in a healthy way he must have some of this feeling of self worth. Maladjustment stems from The lack of acceptance and paves the way for undesirable attitudes and wrong ways to obtain attention.

Each of us affect the lives of those with whom we come in contact and are in turn affected by them. Like a plant seeking sunlight we seek respect and admiration from our fellow beings. Without it we can grow as warped as a plant grown in the shade. We have a duty to perform to others and to ourselves. It is our duty to live in such a way as to win the approval of our associates as well as our duty to lend a helping hand to others in need.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

The dentistry rooms at the Infirmary are beehives of activity these days as two members of the State Board of Health, Division of Oral Hygene, are holding a clinic at the school. Dr. H.C. Jamison who has held clinics at the school on previous occasions, and Dr. George G. Dudney, a new member of the state staff, have been at the school for two weeks in this capacity. During their clinic they will examine and treat every boy at the school who needs dental care. We are sorry to learn that Dr. Jamison will not be at the school again due to his acceptance of a new position with the Mecklenburg County Health Department, and we wish him success in his new work.

On Thursday, May 13, the General Business Class of Winecoff High School in Concord, under the sponsorship of their teacher, Mr. Jerry Roberts, visited the school for the purpose of seeing the Training School program in operation. Approximately 20 members of the class were taken on a tour of the trades, school, and farm where they observed the boys engaged in various learning situations. We are always happy for groups to have the opportunity to learn more about our school.

Mr. J.C. Fisher, former Assistant Superintendent of the school, has been a patient at the Cabarrus Memorial Hospital for some time. In his capacity as a member of the Board of Correction and Training Mr. Fisher has kept in close contact with the school and has proven many times over his interest in the boys here. Since his retirement he has served as a teacher in the Sunday School here and continues to display in other ways his interest in the school. The boys and staff wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Alpha Carriker has just returned from his vacation. He and Mrs. Carriker went to Oklahoma to visit their daughter. Since his return Mr. Alpha has been proudly showing off pictures of his new granddaughter that he had never seen until his recent visit out west.

Mr. J.W. Beckham was a recent visitor on the Jackson Training School campus. Mr. Beckham usually visits us at least once a month but it has been about five months since he was last here. We were sorry to learn that he has been seriously ill, but we were happy to know that he is well on the road to recovery.

We think some one is due a word of thanks for the lovely African Violets that have been blooming in the Cafeteria windows all spring. May we take this opportunity to express our appreciation to the ones who are responsible.

Methodist Rural Fellowship Visits campus

Vespers were conducted at each of the cottages on Monday evening, May 10th by the members of the Methodist Rural Fellowship who were attending their annual retreat at Rocky Ridge Methodist church next door to the Training School. This group con-

sist of pastors of rural churches in Western North Carolina who are members of this Fellowship. There were 40 ministers attending the meeting, which lasted for two days.

On Tuesday they were conducted on a tour over the campus of Jackson Training School by the Superintendent Mr. Scott and the Assistant Superintendent Mr. Robertson and had the various trades and academic departments explained to them. At the end of the tour they were served lunch in the new cafateria.

It was a real pleasure to have these ministers with us and we appreciate the interest they took in our school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell have recently returned from a vacation to the beach where they enjoyed several days of fishing from the big pond.

Mr. Robertson, Assistant Superintendent, attended the National Conference of Social Work and the National Association of Training Schools and Juvenile Agencies held in Atlantic City from May 9th to 14th. Besides meeting many interesting people from other states who were in the Training School field he heard interesting discussions on "The Relationships Between the Program and Plant in Institutions For Children with Behavior Problems", "Moral and Character Development In Institutions For Delinquent Children", "State Planning for the Treatment of Juvenile Delinquency", and the report of the United States Senate Subcommittee who is investigating Juvenile Deliquency. The general sessions were very interesting with speakers of international fame, in their respective fields.

Others attending from the North Carolina Training School Division were Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction; Miss Mae D. Holmes, Superintendent of North Carolina Training School for Negro Girls; and Mr. P.R. Brown, Superintendent of Morrison Training School.

On May 7, 1954 Mr. Robertson was invited to speak to the Maylo Methodist Church near Gastonia. Mr. Robertson took two boys, Luther Johnson and Ray Malpass with him to talk on different phases of the school program. Luther, who is in the seventh grade, talked on the academic school department and Ray, ninth grade student, talked about the various trades the school has to offer.

Upon arriving at the church they were greeted by the pastor, Rev. William Rock, a former classmate of Mr. Robertson. After dining on a delicious chicken dinner Mr. Robertson spoke on the different phases of the school program and how the boys adjust to them. He then introduced the boys and they talked for a few minutes on particular phases of the program here. Mr. Robertson then closed the program by telling this group how they could be of assistance in helping boys upon their return to their home communities. A question and answer period was held following the talks, which concluded the program.

XXXX

Because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons; that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other.

Jeremy Taylor

FIREMEN-POLICEMEN BALL GAME

By Charles Testerman, 7th Grade and Robert Babb, 6th Grade

On Friday May 28, the boys of Jackson Training School had the privilege of taking a trip to Charlotte to see the Firemen-Policemen Ball Game as their guest. The boys looked forward to this trip more than any other of the various trips.

We had an early supper and dressed for the trip. The boys waited anxiously for the buses to arrive. At last seven special buses, furnished by Queen City Coach Company, arrived to carry us to the game. On the way to the park a policeman escorted us through Charlotte so that we would not be delayed.

When we got to the park we got off the buses and filled our reserved seats in the bleachers. As we passed through the gate a man took up our tickets so we would have a chance at the prizes being given away. During the game refreshments were given us by Charlotte businessmen. Hot dogs, soft drinks, candy and a twenty-five cent program with a lucky number in it were distributed to the boys. E. C. Parker of Cottage No. 14 won an orchid; Edward Turpin won a case of bubbles; James Russell won a box of cookies; and Archie Medford won a box of stationery.

The Firemen played a good game against the Policemen. The game came to an ending with the Policemen as the victors. The final score was the Policemen-3, Firemen-2. When the game was over we loaded on the buses and started back through Charlotte. The Charlotte Police escorted us back through the main street to the outskirts of town. We got back about eleven-thirty.

We wish to thank the Charlotte Police for their service in furnishing us with an escort. We also wish to thank the Firemen and Policemen for the excellent game they played. The Charlotte Optimist Club deserves a lot of thanks for the invitation to the ball game. Everyone enjoyed the outing very much.

O * * * O

We should behave toward our country as women behave toward the men they love. A loving wife will do anything for her husband except stop critizing and trying to improve him. We should cast the same affectionate but sharp glance at our country. We should love it, but also insist upon telling it all its faults. The noisey empty "patroit," not the critic, is the dangerous citizen.

J. B. Priestly

COTTAGE FOUR TAKES TRIP

By Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

Cottage No. 4 had the privilege of going over to the Catawba River on Saturday, May 22. This trip was made possible by the boys winning the soccer tournament.

The Catawba River is about 25 or 30 miles from the Training School. There are wonderful scenes and nice places to play games on the riverbanks. We played softball, pitched horseshoes, swam in the river, and went for boat rides in the two boats furnished by Mr. Cheek's brother and Mr. and Mrs. Blake Williams.

We went in the Training School bus driven by Mr. Cheek. There were about 30 boys in our party.

On the way over there we stopped in Concord for ice for the ice cream. We then continued on to the river. There were many turns and the roads were narrow. Finally we were in sight of the river.

We arrived at the river about two o'clock. We unloaded the ice cream freezers and made the ice cream before we started playing games. Then we went swimming. The water was very cool. The property we were on belonged to Mr. Cheek's brother, it was a wooded area with clearings here and there. The cabin had two medium sized rooms with a log fire place. It is supplied with many modern conveniences. The lot is 190 feet by 200 feet with a pier 20 feet long; truly a wonderful place for an outing.

The river was rather shallow. The channel was about 40 feet deep, and the rest was 3 and 4 feet deep. Not many of the boys fished because it was a little windy.

After a while it was time to eat. Mr. Cheek called in all the boys. Thanks were returned, and then we ate our supper. We had hot dogs, cake, ice cream, and soft drinks. Then most of the boys and adults sat and talked until time to reload and come back to the school.

It was a cool, pleasant afternoon. We enjoyed the trip back very much. There wasn't as much to see coming back as there was going, but still it was fun.

Among the adults and children who went with us were Mr. and Mrs. Cheek and their daughters, Jane and Kay; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cheek of Kannapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wentz and daughter Pat; and Mrs. Cheek's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Blake Williams and daughter of Camden, S. C.

Everyone had a wonderful time. It was nice of Mr. and Mrs. Cheek to make this trip possible. The boys really appreciated it.

O * * * O

Some men are counted wise from the cunning manner in which they hide their ignorance. In what little they do know, such men play the pedant.

A. Ricard

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS

By Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

Every year the school library replaces and adds many books which are taken from a list furnished by the state. There are books on each grade level from the first to the tenth grade. The first grade books have many pictures and very large type, making them easy to read. As the grade level goes higher the books become more difficult and cover many varied subjects.

Among the books which were recently purchased for the library are a group of science books for grades one through ten. First grade science books deal mostly with frogs, horses, donkeys, and many other common animals. The ninth grade books reach from conservation to reproduction.

Also added to the library this year were two sets of Encyclopedias, the World Book and the Britannica Junior Encyclopedia. These books will aid greatly in reference work.

At the present time there is a total of 4,551 books in the library. Many people who are interested in the boys here have given one, two, and even three year magazine subscriptions for the boys. The boys enjoy these during their library periods which are held twice weekly for each grade.

Needless to say, we are very proud of the library here and are happy that so many of our boys avail themselves of the opportunity of checking out books and carrying them to their cottages to read during leisure hours. As a supplement to the facilities our library offers us, we also have the opportunity of checking out books from the Cabarrus County Bookmobile which comes to the school every two weeks.

——————XXX——————

The salesman who knocks his competitors usually doesn't make a very good impresion. Neither does the fellow who knocks his associates or his company. If you can't say something good about a person, its just as well not to say anything. The fellow who throws mud always winds up with a pair of dirty hands.

—The Human Side

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

Vernon Fletcher was admitted to the school on April 30, 1954 and hails from Forsyth County. Vernon is a slender guy and he can really store the food away. He is now living in Cottage No. 1.

John Hensley and Robert Owens were admitted to the school on May 3, 1954. These boys are cousins and are from Brevard. Both boys are 14 years old. Robert is called "Cowboy" because he looks and talks much like one of the rangers from Texas. "Cowboy" was placed in Cottage No. 7. John is a nice looking boy and is very pleasing. He was placed in Cottage No. 2.

John Shadrick, a Transylvania County lad, was admitted to the school on May 3, 1954. John is 12 years old. He likes to play ball and go swimming very much. John is now in Cottage No. 11.

Bobby Lucas, a red haired boy, was admitted to the school on May 4, 1954 and hails from Dunn, N. C. Bobby will make a good softball player for somebody.

Charles Vestal was admitted to the school on May 4, 1954 and is from Yadkin County. Charles has already made a nice adjustment and we hope he continues. Charles favorite pasttime is swimming and playing softball.

William Holt was readmitted to the school on May 4, 1954. Holt has a deep voice which makes it easy to understand his speech. William was placed in Cottage No. 3. He is also in the 4th Grade.

Buddy Lee Parsons was admitted to the school on May 6, 1954. Buddy hails from North Wilksboro, N. C. This boy likes to play ball very much. Buddy is getting along with the other boys very nicely. He was placed in Cottage No. 2.

Eurde Crews was placed in Cottage No. 11. Eurde has a big appetite for food and he uses it at the cafeteria.

Jack Gardner, a tall slender guy, came to the school on May 7, 1954. He is from Winston-Salem, N. C. Jack's favorite pastime is sleeping. He was placed in Cottage No. 15.

Billy Ray Hill was admitted to the school on May 7, 1954 and hails from Wayne County. Bill likes to sleep, eat and swim. He was placed in Cottage No. 17.

Willie "Alex" Melvin was admitted to the school on May 12, 1954. Alex's favorite pastime is resting and eating. Alex is 15 years old.

Alvin Bollinger was admitted to the school on May 13, 1945 and hails from Burke County. Alvin is 15 years of age. His favorite pastime is playing and having fun. Alvin has already made many friends here at the school.

John Spencer was admitted to the school on May 13, 1954 and is from Guilford County. John is a nice looking boy who can do his part in most anything. John is 14 years of age.

Cecil and Willard Anderson, brothers, were admitted to the school on May 13, 1954 and hails from North Wilkesboro. Cecil has a dark complexion, brown eyes and black hair.

Willard has a fair complexion, brown eyes and brown hair. We hope they will succeed in making a good record here at the Jackson Training School.

William Dancy hails from Wilkes County and was admitted to the school on May 13, 1954. William is a hard working lad. He is a great fan of softball.

Everette Webb was readmitted to the school on May 13, 1954. Everette is a quiet boy although he has a good sense of humor. Everette has grown quite a bit according to some of the older boys who were here when Everette went home. Everette should be able to make a quick adjustment this time.

O'neal Oxendine was admitted to the school on May 14, 1954. He is 14 years of age. O'neal gets along with the other boys very well. We hope he continues to do so.

James Morgan was admitted to the school on May 14, 1954. He is from Roanoke Rapids. James likes to play Cowboy and Indians which is a favorite game among the small boys. James is 9 years old.

Jackie Edward Delancey was admitted to the school on May 17, 1954 and is from Greensboro. Jackie is a red head. He is 15 years old. Most likely he will be called "Red". We hope he continues to get along well with the boys.

Delbert Puckett hails from Charlotte, N. C. Delbert was admitted to th school on May 20, 1954. Delbert is 15 years of age. He is of medium size, and should be able to make good at our school.

Ira Langley was readmitted to the school on May 20, 1954. He is from our State Capitol, Raleigh. Ira made a good record here the first time and we hope he does again.

———————X———————

SECURITY

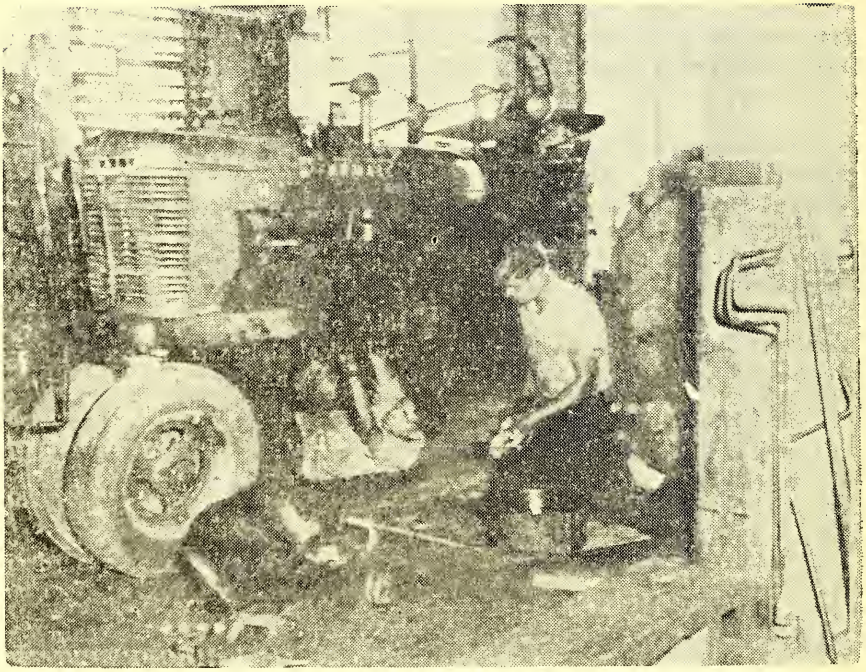
The quest for security is motivated by an entirely normal human longing. But it can never be satisfied with money alone; nor can it be guaranteed to the population by government.

Just when economic security may seem within the grasp of a people, inflation or depression, national bankruptcy or war can utterly destroy it. And when this happens, the attribute of self-reliance, built on a foundation of Christian faith, is both a nation's and an individual's best chance for survival and recovery.

Thus the more personal security we develop as individuals, within ourselves, the more secure our future will be. —Sunshine Magazine

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

By Paul Knight, 8th Grade



The machine shop crew keeps busy repairing equipment during the Spring planting. Our shop is equipped to take care of most of the repair work that is needed on the farm.

The laundry under the supervision of Mr. Anderson has been cleaning the blankets of Cottages No. 5 and 8. These cottages are being cleaned up for use. The laundry also this past month has been busy cleaning about 1,200 overall pants every Monday of the week, and on Tuesday about 600 pair of pants. Monday and Thursday are the big wash days for the laundry boys. There are 22 boys working in the laundry, eleven in the morning and eleven in the afternoon.

* * * * *

The chicken force under the supervision of Mr. Russell has been busy this month taking care of the 700

baby chicks which they have. They also have been busy gathering about 475 eggs per day from the 600 hens. They have a separate coop for the chickens they kill. They average around 15 chickens per week. They also gather eggs twice a day and water them twice a day. Mr. Russell has eight boys working for him. He has four in the morning and four in the evening.

* * * * *

Mr. Mullis and a crew of boys have been rather busy this month. They have been irrigating the truck farm products. The irrigation pipes are made of aluminum. This enables the pipes to be moved more easily. The truck farm products are watermelons, tomatoes, onions, egg plants, irish potatoes, cabbage and strawberries. The irrigation helps in keeping the crops growing.

* * * * *

The print shop has been rather busy during the month of May. Many jobs have come in from Appalachian State Teachers College, Western Carolina College and Morrison Training School, plus the ones here at Jackson. These jobs have been keeping the automatic presses rather busy. New equipment arrived last month. This equipment was our summer rollers for the presses and a knife blade for the paper cutter. This equipment will be put into use soon.

* * * * *

All agricultral activities carried on at the school are under the supervision of Mr. Query, who is the farm manager. The main activities which are carried on are the raising of farm crops, dairying, and swine production.

Mr. Rouse is in charge of gardening. His workers are the boys from Cottage No. 11 who are not assigned to any other jobs. The garden operation produces many vegetables for use in the cafeteria. Some of the products of the garden are lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, corn, egg plants, and many others.

* * * * *

The strawberry crop has been plentiful this year. In fact, we have had about as many as we could take care of nicely. When the berries began to mature, several of the school grades were drafted to pick the delicious berries. It was not an uncommon sight to see as many as 35 pickers filling quart baskets of strawberries. After the berries were picked from two of our three fields they were plowed up because they were old plants and were not bearing as they should. But with the one field left there has been more berries than the boys can consume.

During the month of May the strawberry patches were invaded 20 times, bringing home a total of 10,438 qts. of fine berries. The five largest gatherings were on: May 17 - 1,675 qts; May 7 - 1,050 qts; May 18 - 940; May 19 - 868 qts. and May 8 - 850 qts. The cafeteria and the cannery were the capping grounds for this crop. Many of the berries were made into preserves, canned or frozen. The number frozen were 350 gallons; 260 gallons were made into preserves; 250 gallons were canned. The remaining 6,998 quarts were consumed by the student body and faculty in strawberry shortcake, strawberry pie, strawberry ice cream, and just plain strawberries and cream.

Many of the boys here at Jackson Training School will long remember the days when they had all the strawberries they could eat and had to turn away from them.

OUR DAIRY

By Donald Thomson, 8th Grade

The interior of the milking barn is rather busy at milking time. This is equipped with 5 electric milkers. There are 51 milking stalls where the cows eat while being milked.

The dairy herd at the present time is composed of seventy-one registered holstein cattle. Out of this number forty-two supply milk for the school's use. Twenty-nine of the seventy-one are classed as heifers and calves. A calf is termed such until it reaches the age of 6 months.

The forty-two cows that are milked give approximately 130 gallons of milk per day. This is enough to supply the boys with a quart and one-half per day per boy, plus ice cream and butter. The cow that gives the most milk is named "Big Pearl", and she gives about 8½ gallons per day. Even though she gives the most milk she is not the largest cow in the herd. The largest cow weighs about 1,700 pounds.

Most of the milking here at the school is done by hand. However,

there are five electric milkers used to help speed the chore along. As soon as the milking is finished it is carried to be weighed and then strained into a large can. This milk is carried into the Milk House where it is poured through another strainer as it goes into the pastuerizer. There it is heated to 140 degrees to insure killing any harmful bacteria that may be present in it. After it cools to a temperature of 90 degrees it is put through the cooling system and bottled. After it is bottled it is taken to the cafeteria to be used in cooking as well as for the boys to drink.

Perhaps the most popular product from the dairy is ice cream made there twice weekly. It is frozen in a large freezer there and six ingredients go into making it. These are milk, cream, powdered milk, sugar, gelatin, and flavoring. This dessert is particularly good during the summer months.

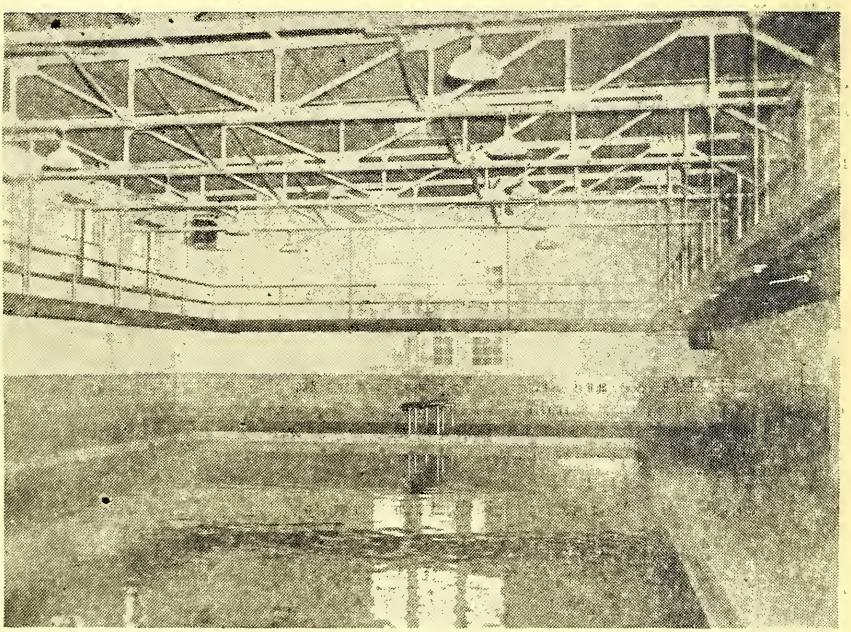
BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to following this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

June	1	Morris Faircloth, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 13
June	1	Albert Goins, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 14
June	2	Bobby Glover, 10th Birthday, Cottage No. 6
June	6	David Dockery, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
June	8	James Pyrtle, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 10
June	9	Charlie McBride, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
June	9	David Page, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 11
June	10	Alton Locklear, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
June	13	Edward North, 14th Birthday, Cottage 3
June	16	Tommy Tew, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 15
June	18	Don Dillard, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 11
June	18	Donnie Sessoms, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 2
June	22	Grover Collins, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
June	22	Broadus Wade, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
June	22	Banks Loye, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 10
June	24	Charles Testerman, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
June	25	Ronnie Smith, 16th Birthday, Cottage No.11
June	25	Ray Pruitt, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
June	28	Van Austin, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 16
June	29	Mack Jackson, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 7

SWIMMING POOL OPENS

By Ray Malpass, 9th Grade



The Swimming Pool

Swimming classes are well under way here at the Jackson Training School. The pool was well cleaned by the sixth grade boys before the water was turned on. The students have been waiting for the pool to open due to the hot weather we have been having.

Our swimming pool is a very modern tile pool. It is equipped with a filtering plant that filters the water every 24 hours for the boys' health. Clorine, alum, and soda ash are also added to kill germs left in the water by bathers.

The pool is also equipped with a 12 foot diving board and holds a total of 104 thousand gallons of water.

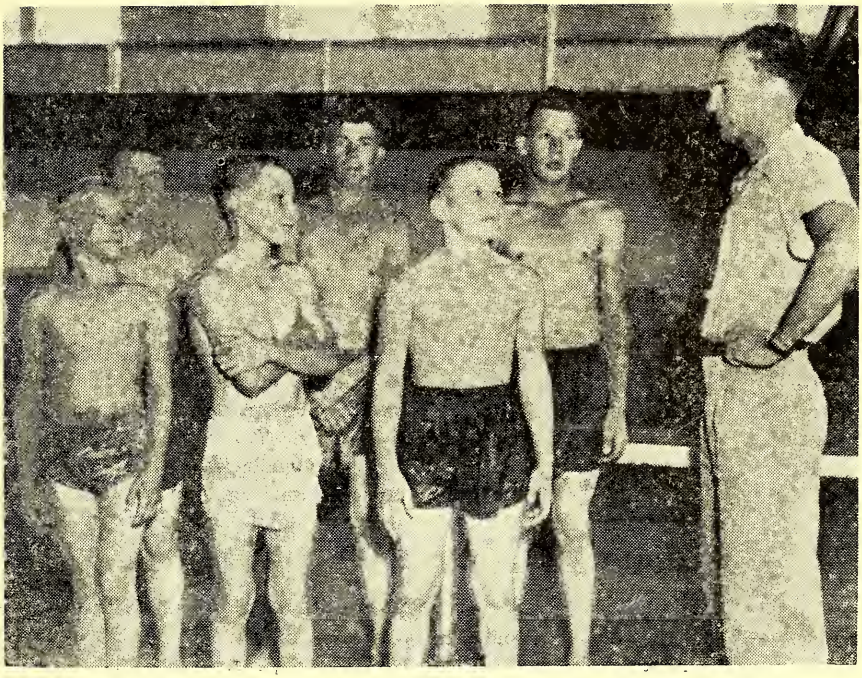
SWIMMING RULES

1.—Each officer must be present when his boys are in the pool. Someone should be stationed on balcony where they can see the bottom of pool.

2.—Absolutely no running around pool allowed.

3.—There must not be any pushing in or ducking.

4.—When diving do not swim back



Mr. Garmon, athletic director, briefing some swimmers on the rules of the pool.

toward diving board, but swim away from it. Before you dive be sure no one is in the way.

5.—It is strictly against the rules for a boy to be in swimming pool alone.

6.—No one will be allowed to swim without a bathing suit.

7.—Please be on time or you will lose part, or all, of your swim.

8.—No one will be allowed to swim unless they are with their Cottage or School groups.

9.—The regulations for swimming are posted in the swimming pool and dressing rooms. Everyone must observe these rules. Anyone who fails to observe these regulations will be dismissed from swimming.

COTTAGE SWIMMING SCHEDULE

COTTAGES	TIME	DAY
6 and 7	6:00-6:40	Monday
9 and 11	6:50-7:30	
2 and 3	6:00-6:40	Tuesday
1 and 16	6:50-7:30	
13 and 14	6:00-6:40	Wednesday
1 and 17	6:50-7:30	
4 and 15	6:00-6:40	Friday
6 and 7	6:50-7:30	
2 and 3	1:00-1:30	Saturday

4 and 15	1:40-2:10	
14 and 10	2:20-2:50	
11 and 9	3:00-3:30	
1 and 17	3:40-4:10	
13 and 16	4:20-4:50	
14 and 10	3:00-3:30	Sunday
6 and 7	3:40-4:10	
1 and 17	4:20-4:50	
9 and 11	5:00-5:30	
2 and 3	6:00-6:30	
4 and 13	6:40-7:10	
15 and 16	7:20-7:50	

The physcial education groups from school will swim six times per month.

Monday—Mr. Caldwell's 7th Grade
Mr. Troutman's 5th Grade
Mrs. Liske's 4th Grade
Mr. Russell's 1st and 2nd Grades.

Tuesday—Mr. Holbrook's 8th and 9th Grades.
Mr. Wentz's 6th Grade
Mrs. Stalling's 3rd Grade
Mrs. Smith's 1st and 2nd Grades.

This schedule applies to these rooms every week, with the exception of every other Friday. This schedule also applies both to the morning and evening grades.

The boys that do not know how to swim will be given special instructions during physcial education classes by Mr. Garmon, Athletic Director. His assistants will be the boys working under him. These boys will act as life guards for the swimming classes.

Contests will be conducted during swimming classes to determine the best swimmers in each phase of swimming. These meets will consist of diving, underwater swimming, distance swimming and racing. These contests should add interest to the swimming periods.

Notice to all Scouts! With the cooperation of Mr. Hinson, Scoutmaster of Troop 61, Mr. Readling, Scoutmaster of Troop 60, and Mr. Garmon, the Scouts will be able to achieve their Life Saving Merit Badge. We hope that this will be a big success.

O * * * O

Each of us imagines he is bigger than Fate—an exception to the rule. And out of the sadness, we distil a kind of joy, on account of the fact that we are alive. In the pains of others, there is a certain satisfaction, and we mentally are congratulating ourselves on the fact that the tragedy is none of ours. ....Selected

FISHING

By James Lockey, 8th Grade

Lake Propst serves as a fine fishing pond and also as a water pond for the beef herd. Many hours can be whiled away from the banks of this fine fishing hole.

In addition to warm days and extra hours of sunlight, we can tell that spring is here by seeing local anglers getting their fishing gear together and heading for the lake. Lazy hours can be whiled away very pleasantly under the shade of a tree with a pole in your hand and a cork floating on the water.

The ten-acre Lake Propst offers fertile ground for those who like to fish here at the school. The lake was stocked with bream and bass at the time it was constructed a few years ago. However, one type of fish that no one planned on having in the lake were carp. The carp found its way there by some method. Some have speculated that the eggs of the carp could have been carried there on the feet of cranes or other wading birds.

The carp is the most easily caught fish in the lake. They are not very good to eat, but they are fun to catch.

Lake Propst has two kinds of carp; the mud carp and the silver carp. The mud carp lives on the bottom of the lake and eats mostly plants that grow deep in the mud. While digging for food they take in mud, and this gives their flesh an unpleasant taste. The mud carp is brownish red in color. The silver carp lives mostly on upper plants and fish eggs and they are better to eat.

The smallest fish in the lake is the bream. They make delicious eating. They are flat and light colored, and are a member of the perch family. Even though they may be a year or two old and only a few inches in size, they put up a good fight and are fun to catch.

The most highly prized fresh water fish is perhaps the bass. He is sometimes called a "fighting fool" in that he will really make every effort to dislodge a hook, once you have been successful enough to get a hook in one. They make delicious eating and are highly prized for table use. Lake Propst has two types of bass in it; namely, a big mouthed bass and small mouthed bass.

To the boys who are interested in catching fish in Lake Propst here are some pointers for bait. Carp will take almost any lure, but seem to prefer either cotton and dough or corn. More bream are caught on worms than any other bait even though they will bite bread. The bass respond to artificial lures and live bait such as minnows, frogs, mice, and insects.

O * * * O

A SACRED TRUST

We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can possibly help it. If misunderstandings arise, let them quickly be set aright. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure to be thrown away lightly. . .And yet, many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, and kindness which cost so little—hooks of steel to grapple and hold friends. . .Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at imagined slights, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friendships. Some are incapable of deep and permanent affection, and fly from friendship, like birds fly from bough to bough.

When we have once taken friends into our lives, we should cherish them as rarest of friends. The Right Hand

SCOUTING

By Walter Glass, 8th Grade

On February 8, 1910 the Scouts were set up in the United States by Mr. William D. Boyce, Chicago publisher and traveler. Since that time it has become almost a tradition in most communities as it is a part of growing up just like going to school or learning to swim. The Scout uniform, badges, and insignia are prevelant in every community throughout America and they symbolize achievment and adventure in out-of-doors skills and services.

Many people ask just what being a Scout means. It means being of good character, interested in self-improvement, and having an interest in out-of-doors. A Scout learns many useful things such as; learning to tell direction by the sun or stars, mastering code used in sending and receiving messages, learning to recognize various type of trees and plants, building a fire without the aid of matches, and how to keep himself physically fit. A Scout is polite and courteous to his associates and is always ready to lend a helping hand to someone in need. Scouting teaches young people many important things they would not have the opportunity to learn elsewhere, and serves as a good foundation for the building of a useful and enlighted adult.

The Scout motto is "Be Prepared". This means a Scout should always be prepared to face any emergency calmly and cooly, whether it is rendering first aid to an injured person, or finding his way out of a forest when he becomes lost.

Scouts are encouraged to advance from the Cub or Tenderfoot to an Eagle or as high as he is able to go. It takes hard work and a desire for self-improvement for a boy to progress to the point where he receives higher merit badges. Therefore, we should honor those who have won these coveted titles.

Here at the school the boys in Troop 60 and Troop 61 are looking forward eagerly to a few days of camping to be held at Camp Dick Henning, near Ellerbe, sometime this month. They will be under the direction of their Scoutmasters, Mr. Hinson and Mr. Readling. While there the boys will have an opportunity to earn merit badges in several phases of the camping program, such as cook.ng, canoeing, etc. Some time will be given to the improvement of the camp site. This will be a high-light of the summer Scout program and will give the boys a wonderful opportunity to advance in Scouting.

O * * * O

Our life is like some vast lake that is slowly filling with the stream of our years. As the waters creep surely upward the landmarks of the past are one by one submerged. But there shall always be memory to lift its head above the tide until the lake is overflowing.

Alexander Bisson.

POPULAR SONGS

Selected by Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

YOUNG AT HEART

Fairy tales can come true
It can happen to you,
If you're young at heart.
For its hard you will find
To be narrow of mind
If you're young at heart.
You can go to extremes with impossible schemes,
You can laugh when your dreams fall apart at the seams,
And life gets more exciting with each passing day,
And love is either in your heart or on it's way,
Don't you know that it's worth every treasure on earth
To be young at heart.
For as rich as you are
It's much better by far to be young at heart.
And if you should survive to a hundred and five
Look at all you'll derive out of being alive,
And here is the best part
You have a head start,
If you are among the very young at heart.

THE MOON IS BLUE

Money grown on trees, the desert start to freeze,
Cats converse in perfect,
And sometimes a dream like you comes true,
Now and then when the moon is blue.
So perhaps could be that ordinary me
Stands a chance with extra special you.
They tell me that mircles come true.
Just terrific if the moon is blue.
I'm in your spell and folks are talking,
They might as well; it can't be denied.
How can I hide the fact that I go walking
With both my feet ten feet off the sidewalk.
Now I think I see a taxi up a tree,
A lamp post and a dog drinking tea,
So tell me that you can see it too.
A month of Sunday's coming up in June
Because the moon is blue.

WANTED

Wanted, someone who kissed me
And held me closely then stole my heart.
Wanted, someone I trusted,
Who gave no warning we'd ever part;
He was last seen hiding out in someones arms.
He knew nothing of the danger in her charms.
A jury may find him guilty
But I'd forgive him if I could see
A signed confession that he's repented
And wanted no one but me.

EBB TIDE

First the tide rushes in
Plants a kiss on the shore
Then rolls out to sea

And the sea is very still once more
So I rush to your side,
Like the oncoming tide
With one burning thought
With your arms open wide.
At last we're face to face
And as we kiss through an embrace,
I can tell, I can feel, you are love.
You are real, really mine, in the rain,
In the dark, in the sun.
Like the tide at its ebb
I'm at peace in the web of your arms.

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Take my hand,
I'm a stranger in paradise.
All lost in a wonderland.
A stranger in paradise.

If I stand starry eyed.
That's a danger in paradise,
For mortals who stand beside,
An angel like you.

I saw your face and I ascended
Out of the common place into the rare!
Somewhere in space I hang suspended
Until I know there's a chance that you care;
Won't you answer the fervent prayer of a stranger in paradise?

Don't send me in dark despair
from all that I hunger for,
But open your angel's arms
to the stranger in paradise.
And tell him that he need be
a stranger no more.

MAKE LOVE TO ME

Take me in your arms and never let me go.
Whisper to me softly while the moon is low.
Hold me close and tell me what I want to know.
Say it to me gently let the sweet talk flow.
Come a little closer make love to me.

Kiss me once again before we say good-night.
Take me in your lovin' arms and squeeze me tight.
Put me in a mood so I can dream all night.
Everybodys sleeping so it's quite all right
Come a little closer make love to me.

When you're near, so help me dear chills run up my spine.
Don't you know I love you so;
I won't be happy till you're mine.
When I'm in your arms you give my heart a treat.
Everything about you is so doggone sweet.
Everytime we kiss you make my life complete.
Baby doll you know you swept me off my feet.
Now's the time to tell you make love to me.

O * * * O

A man is young if a lady can make him happy or unhappy. He enters middle age when a lady can make him happy, but no longer make him unhappy. He is old and gone if a lady can make him neither happy nor unhappy.
—Moritz Rosenthal

EXCHANGES

INSIDE WORLD May

We had a lot of fun out of your "Night Keeper's Report", and the poem by Cecil Bear, "Before It is Too Late" was very good.

* * * *

THE HARBINGER: May-June

As usual you are a first class Publication. Jack Tompson's "Nonchalant Nonsequitur " was worth passing around for the gang to read. We also think you should be proud of your new member, Sam Shamus. Charlie Aldrich is doing O. K, and it looks like Sam is going to be quite a guy.

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THE RECORD: May

Oakley's "Literary Corner" contained a lot of valuable information--just what we needed to know about the banana. Very nice sports reporting, too.

* * * * *

THE PRESIDIO: May

Tom Runyon has done it again in his article "A Lost Afternoon". You are forunate in having him on your staff. We have been looking forward to his book "In For Life" when it becomes available.

* * * *

C. B. DIAMOND:

'Fraid you won't get your sawbuck cause you are so right-- 'the ain't no sech words". Guess that's what we get for copying. Sorry. We'll be more careful next time.

* * * *

PENORAMA: March-April

A very readable little magazine. We liked "Easter Dream" and "Things We'd Like to See".

"Every day that dawns brings fresh proof that, there is at least a bit of good in every man. Though he may be a God-craft made up of many billions of cells, each a marvel in itself, man is not a perfect being. Nor can he be completely good or bad."

* * * *

The K. P. TELESCOPE: May

As usual, your magazine rates high on our list of good pubs. "A Big Mistake" by McIntosh, and What's Your Point of Phew?" by Sludebottom are our pick.

* * * *

VIEWPOINT: April & May

Two at one time, and boy, what jokes! Enjoyed the Quiz page - - we had to peep on some of the answers. Your "Chaplain's Page" was very good in the April edition.

We would like to extend our congratulations to the graduation classes.

* * * *

TIME: APril

"Blueprint For a Story" by Doc Holland was really enjoyed at this end of the line. We like your "Time" attractive little book.

* * * *

N. C. Christian Advocate: May 27th

We heartily agree with your editor on the segregation problem here in the south.

"The future of our public school system is at stake. Nothing must be done to weaken or destroy this system. Therefore, the issue must be faced with cool heads and dedicated hearts."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

— Jimmy Lockey being a minister.
— Van Austin not giving "flattop" haircuts.
— Mr. Carriker not driving an antique.
— Ray Englebert operating a linotype.
— Vernon Ewing being called "freckles".
— No. 11 having a cottage honor roll.
— The cafeteria without Mr. Liske.
— Bennie Garrett wanting to be in the library.
— Not having to go to school.
— There being no light in the bedroom.
— No. 16 winning a ball game.
— Donald Thompson singing.
— Robert Gillie not being called "silly".
— The seventh grade studying.
— Monroe Korn going home.
— No. 14 going on six months trip.
— The work line without Ray Plott.
— Wayne Jackson on the barn force.
— No. 4 winning a trophy.
— The school without strawberries.
— Mr. Rouse not having the plant beds.
— Jack Gardner playing in a softball game.
— No. 6 running the cotton mill.
— Johnny Bradshaw back in cottage no. 16.
— The cotton mill without Ralph Carpenter.
— George Mathis not being called "specks".
— Jimmy McManus working in the bakery.
— No. 17 going fishing.
— The machine shop without Mr. Hinson.
— B. W. Murry not on the tractor force.
— The school having a band.
— Thursday nights without the movie.
— Jimmy Scott not in the shoe shop.
— Roland Jones not pouting.

CAMPUS NEWS 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the Uplift of 1934

Instead of using canned fruits for regular weekly serving of pies to our family of nearly six hundred, egg custards were served last week, and this week our baker used fresh home-grown peaches to make this delicacy.

* * * *

Our farm manager reports that about thirty-five acres of corn land, on account of inefficient stand, has been re-worked and re-planted. We are also informed that the jam in our farm operations by reason of the harvesting of a large oats crop and the mowing of about forty acres of alfalfa coming at the same time, kept our farm forces busy during the past week. We are glad to report that all of our harvesting of grain has been completed and the alfalfa cut and stored in the barn. Our next big job will be that of threshing the grain crop which it is estimated will be between 2,000 and 2,500 bushels. About twenty acres of the oats crop was cut with mowers and stored away as hay.

* * * *

One June 1st, after about three months duration, the quarantine prohibiting children visiting the School was ended, and on the following Wednesday, regular visiting day, we noticed quite a number of children among the visitors. The parents and other relatives of the boys here observed this emergency regulation remarkably well. This quarantine was declared upon the advice of the school's physician, with hope that an epidemic of measles prevailing in the county might be kept out. Although it delayed very much the spread of this desease among our boys, we now have measles at the school, about 85 cases developing to date. We feel forunate that this epidemic did not come on earlier during the extreme cold weather, when the handling of same would have been quite difficult. We are glad to state that all cases have gotten along nicely and no complications have developed.

* * * *

Our cannery was opened this week and began operations for the season by canning the surplus string beans. About three thousand pounds of fine beans have been put in gallon cans to date. The "kraut factory" has also been busy more than a dozen barrels of kraut have been stored away for winter use.

* * * *

The ancient game of horse-shoe pitching is becoming quite popular at the Training School and as one goes about the campus after the supper hour, groups of boys may be seen in front of nearly all the cottages indulging in this pastime. Quite a number of our officers and on one occasion one of the matrons have also been seen trying their skill at dropping the shoes over the peg.

BITS OF WISDOM

An outstanding psychiatrist says half the people in this country are crazy. Which half, professor?

—o0O0o—

Health experts tell us that plenty of exercise will kill germs. But how can we get them interested in exercising.

—o0O0o—

Men who have been too proud to beg and too honest to steal have been known to borrow and forget to pay.

—o0O0o—

If you are planning an auto tour, get a large road map. It will tell you everything you want to know, except how to fold it up again.

—o0O0o—

Hope springs eternal, which explains why a man goes through the pockets of all his old clothes now and then to see if he has overlooked a quarter which has slipped down inside the lining.

—o0O0o—

Have you ever noticed how it pleases some people to have you coax them to do something they wanted to do?

—o0O0o—

It takes 1,567 nuts to hold one automobile together, but only one nut is required to spread it all over the landscape.

—o0O0o—

Education implies a sense of values. An educated man knows an important thing from an unimportant one—a valuable fact from a triviality.

—o0O0o—

Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

Sign in a nearby beauty parlor window: "If your hair isn't becoming to you, you should be coming to us."

—o0O0o—

The less power a man has, the more he likes to use it.

—o0O0o—

There was a time when a fool and his money was soon parted. Now it happens to everybody.

—o0O0o—

If having a good time is all there is to life, a monkey has a man outdistanced, both in amusing others and in being amused.

—o0O0o—

Said a father to a young son who was sucking his thumb: "Hey, kid, don't bite that thumb off. You may need it when you get old enough to travel."

—o0O0o—

A fortune teller, reading a baseball umpire's palm, said: "I see you as a leader of men. I see a huge crowd following you....." The umpire, becoming excited, interrupted: "Tell me, have I got a good start?"

—o0O0o—

The alarm clock is one of the worlds greatest uplifters.

—o0O0o—

If Satan can find things for idle hands to do why doesn't the government tell the unemployed where to go to find work.

—o0O0o—

I do not believe there is one person in the world who can eat just one salted peanut and then stop.

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

Small boy to teacher: I'm sorry, but I can't get that report card back for you. You gave me an "A" in arithmetic and my folks are still mailing it to relatives.

—o0O0o—

Judge: Have you ever been in trouble before?

Gangster: Only once, when I robbed my kid brother's bank.

Policeman: I'd better explain, your honor, that his younger brother is president of the First National Bank.

—o0O0o—

A small boy leading a donkey, strolled by an Army camp. A pair of soldiers stood grinning at him.

"What are you holding onto your brother so tight for, sonny?" one of them called out.

The litttle boy replied, "So he won't join the Army."

—o0O0o—

The Moscow Radio announced a few days after Joseph Stalin's funeral that five million Russians filed past his bier in 72 hours. That means according to the calculations of this humble writer, that the mourners, two abreast, three and one third feet apart, ran past the bier at twenty-two miles per hour; twenty-two miles per hour is 9.3 seconds a hundred yards, which is the worlds record for the hundred yard dash - heretofore recorded only by American.

-Mel Patton

—o0O0o—

Sports Announcer Clem McCarthy talked so rapidly that many listeners complained about being unable to understand his blow-by-blow accounts of prize fights. The climax came the night Maxie Baer leaned over the ropes in the third round and shouted down into the press row, "Hey, Clem slow down. I can't keep up with you.

—o0O0o—

Guide: That's a skyscraper, madam.

Old Lady: My, my, I'd love to see it work.

—o0O0o—

The carpenter's children were hammering nails into the dining room table.

"Isn't that rather expensive?" asked an amazed visitor.

"Oh its not so bad," replied the carpenter. "You see, I get the nails wholesale."

—o0O0o—

A traveling salesman from Boston spent a whole evening listening to a Texan boast about the heroes of the Alamo. Finally the man with the ten-gallon hat said, "I'll bet you never had anyone that brave in Boston."

"Did you ever hear of Paul Revere," replied the Bostonian.

"Paul Revere?" said the Texan. "Oh yes, isn't that the guy who ran for help?"

—o0O0o—

Wife: I took this recipe for the cake out of the cook book.

Hubby: You did the right thing, dear. It should never have been in there in the first place.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

MAY

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Roland Jones
Wayne King
Monroe Korn
Wayne Jackson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Harold Crawford
John Cromer

COTTAGE NO. 3

Charlie Anderson
Joe Barrett
Garry Franklin
Glenn Franklin
Clyde McManus
Edward North
Alton Simms
George Stubbs

COTTAGE NO. 4

Henry Banther
Herman Callahan
Robert Musselwhite
Donald McManus
Ray Malpass
Johnny Sparks
Charles Simpson
Richard Strickland
Charles Testerman

COTTAGE NO. 6

Douglas Eller

COTTAGE NO. 7

Larry Owens
Danny Smith

COTTAGE NO. 9

Johnny Blalock
Harry Bryant
Ralph Carpenter
Billy Cooper
Bobby Davis
Dewey Guinn
Joel Greene
Melvin Hall
Jerry Lamm
Jessse Mabe
Jesse Mathews
Archie Medford
Wade Mahaffey
Tommy Mercer
Bobby North
Mack Teal
Jackie Ward

COTTAGE NO. 17

Paul Knight
B. W. Murry
Cardell Oxendine
Cladie Oxendine

INFIRMARY

L. D. Boone

———————X———————

What must be whispered ought not be said and what can't be printed ought not be uttered. .....Selected

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

MAY

FIRST GRADE

Bobby Davis
Albert Ross
Danny Smith

SECOND GRADE

Bobby Avery
Gary Lee Franklin
Jerry Lamm
Tommy McBride
Robert Musslewhite
David Reeves
Jimmy Shew
Rex Lee
Billy Nickolson
Von Lewis Rhodes

THIRD GRADE

Charles Anderson
Eurde Crews
David Case
Harvey Flynn
Steve Farrington
Dickey Merritt

FIFTH GRADE

James Buchanan
Harry Mintz
Ward Williams
Billy Mosteller
Bennie Garrett

SIXTH GRADE

David Boswell
James Morrison
Joseph Hilton
Don Dillard
Robert Babbs

EIGHTH GRADE

Wayne King
Billy Cooper

NINETH GRADE

Robert Arnette

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

MAY

FARM

Jackie Ward
Thomas Transou
Shelton Taylor
Robert Hardin
Wayne Shealey
William Hines
Herman Callahan
David Hassell
Stanley Murry
Marshall Crenshaw
David Henderson
Johnny Sparks
Carl Lawson
Willie Ingram
David Strader
Charles Byrd
Lewis Von Rhodes
Larry Wright

CARPENTER SHOP
Eddie R. Hall
George Mathis

COTTON MILL
Charlie McBride

BAKERY
Billy Bridges
Bill Tucker
John Cromer
Johnny Bradshaw

PLANT BEDS
Dean Cranford
Vernon Ewing
Joseph Welch
David Page
Bennie Garrett
Don Dillard
Eurde Crews
Carl Setzer
John Chapman
Ronald Smith
Paul White
Jerry Manshack
Jerry Scarbrough
Douglas Eller

MEAT CUTTING
Henry Banther
Charles Simpson
Ray Puckett
Kenneth Ashley

CAFETERIA
Tommy Dabbs
Charles Walker
Bobby Davis
Robert Musselwhite
Junior Davis
Donald McManus
Bobby Metcalf
Enoch Johnson

LAUNDRY
Tommy McBride
Jimmie Shew
George Stubbs
Otis Jacobs
Alton Locklear
Bobby Avery
Bobby Tedder
Tommy Wyatt
Kenneth Laws
Homer Bartley
Steve Lance
Claude Webb
Gary Lee Franklin
Archie Medford
Joe Barrett

DAIRY
Jerry Summerset
Charles Harp
Otis Bryant
Howard Chapman

BARBER SHOP
Van Austin
Ward Williams
Joe Hilton

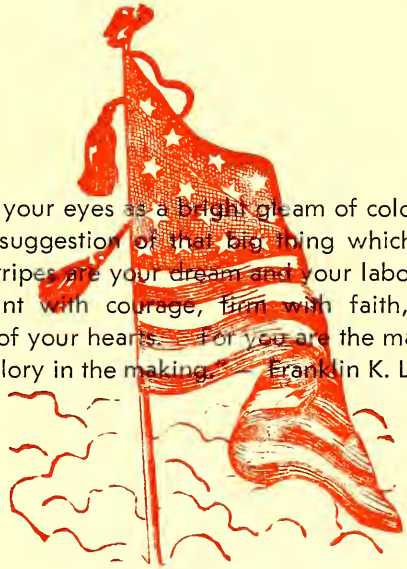
SHOE SHOP
Jimmie Scott
Robert Styles
Claude Townsel

BARN FORCE
Forrest Hendrix
Jack Moore
David Dockery
Wayne Shealey
Mack Allman
Morris Faircloth
Robert Hardin
Albert Ross
Richard Key
Harvey Flynn
Robert Colon
Ray McGraw

PRINT SHOP
Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Wayne Jackson
Roland Jones
Robert Babb
Charles Testerman

THE UPLIFT

No. 7 JULY, 1954 Vol. 42



"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making." — Franklin K. Lane

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The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

Roland Jones
Ray Malpass
Wayne King
Wayne Jackson

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson

PRESSMEN

Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert
Charles Testerman

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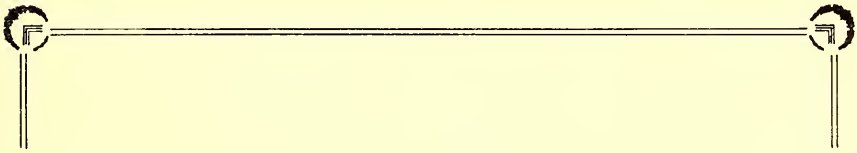
The Uplift

Editorial . . .



OUR HERITAGE

This month we celebrate the 178th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The freedoms which the Colonists strived to establish as a basis for the new form of government were greatly endangered. Therefore, our forefathers rebelled against the harsh treatment of the British Empire through this declaration of their rights. The early Colonists had settled in America in order to escape many abuses imposed upon them in their home lands, and sought refuge in the New World. Now the same types of oppression which they had tried so desperately to escape followed them through British rule to America. England was demanding more and more from them, and they realized the freedoms they desired could not be obtained under a Colonial rule. In a bold step these brave people broke their ties with the mother country, and established a form of government that had no precedent in the history of the world.

As a new generation, who had enjoyed the freedoms of the New World arose, England could not force them to bear the burdensome yoke of oppression that she forced upon them. This group of hardy colonists, embarking upon a new pattern of government, were determined that all men should have a equal voice as to how they should be governed. Although they found the going rough, with many obstacles placed in their way in forming a union of states united by one cause, the outcomes were amazing if not miraclous. Out of this grew a constitution which protected the rights of every individual citizen of the country.

As each generation passes, new contributions are made to the strength of the nation. New lands have been added, states formed, natural resources developed, industries grew, education became available to all, and new ideas and concepts developed by individuals have each added their share in strengthening our nation. The greatest single factor, however, lies in a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people".

Our borders have been threatened by invaders, our ideals have been challenged, our economy endangered, and we have been torn by strife from within. Yet through all these trials, we are looked upon somewhat as a "Utopia" for the oppressed people of the world, and many many thousands of immigrants have merged into the population that has become America.

Since we have inherited the personal freedoms, won for us by our ancestors, we often fail to appreciate them. It would be strange indeed if we could not go to the church of our choice on Sunday morning or feel free to discuss problems of state or government without fear. The right of trial by jury assures us of justice. We are not hindered in travel from one state to another and are not required to carry passports or papers of identification when we cross our continent. We have the privilige of selecting those who make our laws and govern our country. It is under such a system of government with its many freedoms and privileges that we have been able to attain our present position in the world.

Once again our form of Government is being threatened, perhaps as never before. Press, radio, and television constantly warn us of the dangers which we face. For the first time in many years an armed uprising is being brought closer to us through the proximinity of the Central American countries. Although we are threatened from without and within by corruption and decay, we should not lose sight of the purpose for which the government was founded and strive to uphold them in everyday living.

On this anniversary of the Independence of our nation let us pledge again our allegiance to the principles of Democracy and understanding of our fellow men.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776

There was a tumult in the city
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide,
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy crys joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! Grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

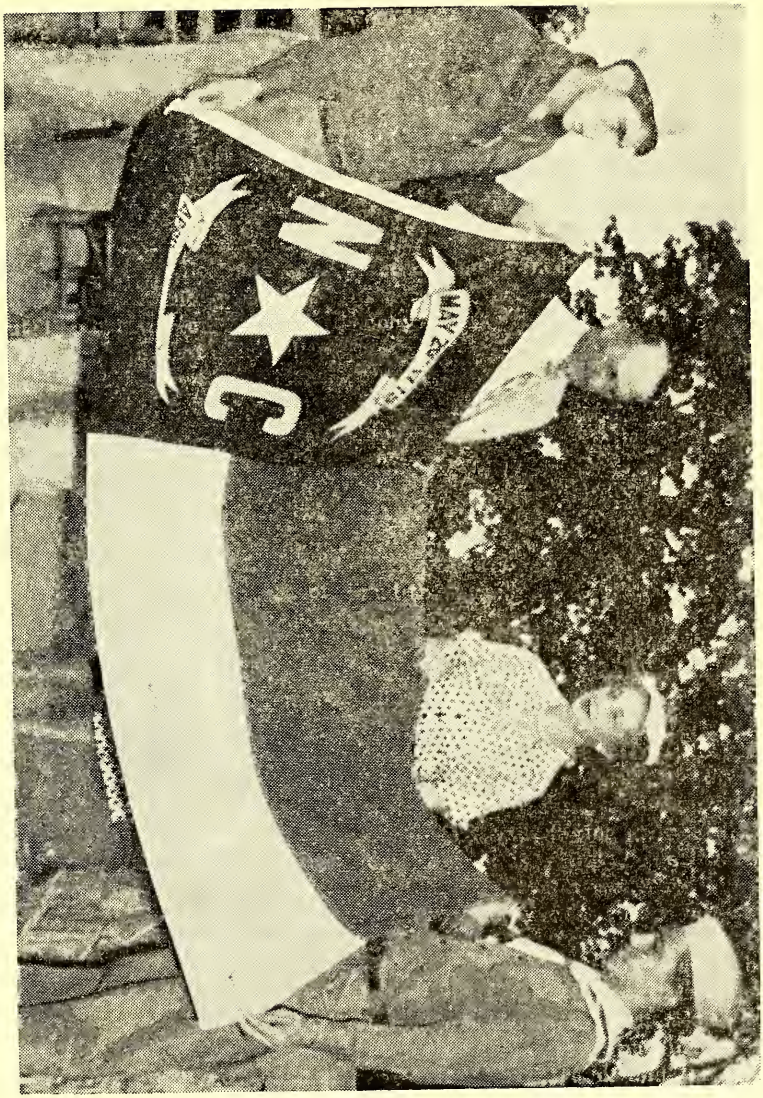
How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled,
The clamly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

Unknown

——OOO——

Remember that you can never help a fellow too soon, for you never know when too soon will catch you when it's too late.



North Carolina Flag presented to Jackson Training School

FLAG, THREE CITIZENSHIP AWARDS PRESENTED

Reprinted from *The Concord Tribune*

A North Carolina Flag was presented the Jackson Training School, and three Training School boys received Citizenship Awards on June 14, 1954 as a Citizenship Program was held at the school under sponsorship of the Cabarrus County Committee, North Carolina Society, Colonial Dames of America

Mrs. Thomas R. Smith, chairman of the Cabarrus County Committee, made the flag presentation. The flag was accepted by J. Frank Scott, Training School superintendent.

Scouts Ransom Hall and Bobby Bryson raised the flag on the flagpole in front of the administration building.

During the out-door phase of the ceremony, the School Choir, directed by Mrs. Frank Liske, sang two selections. R. Vance Robertson, Assistant Superintenlent of the Training School, made introductions in connection with the flag presentation ceremony.

The second part of the program, held in the school auditorium, features a movie "The Story of Our Flag".

The citizenship phase of the ceremony also held in the school auditorium.

Dr. J. Malcolm Murchison, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, addressed the group on "Citizenship" and, then on behalf of the sponsoring organization presented the Citizenship Awards to John Cromer, first; Paul Knight, second; and Ralph Carpenter, third.

Dr. Murchison was introduced by Mrs. Smith, Guest were introduced by Mr. Robertson.

Scripture for the citizenship program was read by Walter Glass. Ray Malpass conducted the prayer. The audience joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner'.'

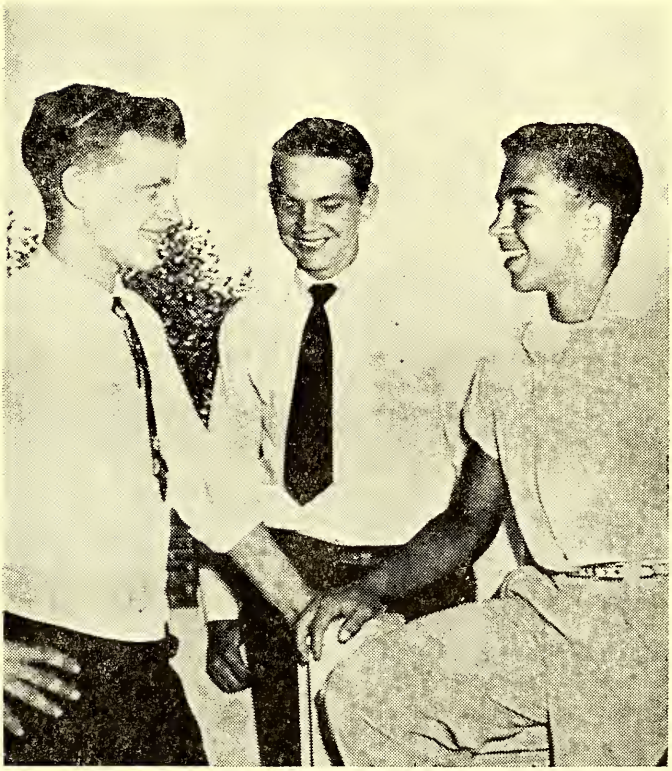
Luther Johnson pronounced the benediction.

A spokesman for the Colonial Dames pointed out the points on which recipients of the good Citizenship Awards were judged. These included "cooperation with staff and boys, display of courtesy at all times, dependability and conduct, initiative, leadership ability in wholesome activities, attitude toward school rules, good grooming, improvement shown since entering the school, interest in spiritual life, and ability to grasp what is given him."

———————X———————

Some of the boys like work, it really fascinates them. They can sit and watch others do it by the hour.

BOYS RECEIVE HONORS



Citizenship Award Winners (left to right) Ralph Carpenter, John Cromer, and Paul Knight.

The boys pictured above have reason to look proud. They were selected as winners of the Citizenship Awards presented by the Cabarrus County Committe of the North Carolina Society of the Colonial Dames. The first award of ten dollars went to John Cromer, the second award of seven dollars and fifty cents went to Paul Knight, and the third award of five dollars to Ralph Carpenter.

In order to select the winners from a student body of over three hundred, the cottage parents were asked to choose a boy from their cottage whom they considered merited the award on

the following characteristics: Cooperation with the staff and boys, the amount of courtesy displayed, whether he was dependable in all situations, amount of initiative displayed, leadership ability in wholesome activities, self-control, personal grooming, general attitude, maturity, application to his studies, improvement made during his stay here, and helpfulness to his school mates. From the fifteen boys selected on this basis a special committee studied their records here and selected the above boys as winner.

John Cromer, winner of the first prize, came to the school from Whitnel, North Carolina, on December 22, 1953. He was placed in Cottage No. 1 under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Hinson, and worked on the farm until three months ago. At that time he was transferred to the bakery where he is now learning that vocation. He tells us that he has enjoyed his work in the bakery and hopes to make this his future work. He especially enjoys moulding bread, which has been one of his major duties there. When asked which phase of the school had meant the most to him, John answered he had received more benefits from life in the cottage. He feels the school has helped him in his personality, dealing with other people, health, and learning a trade. In academic work John has been in the seventh grade. He is a tall boy with light brown hair and blue eyes who tells us that his hobbies are baseball and fishing.

Winner of the second award, Paul Knight, comes to the school from Gibson, North Carolina, in Scotland County. He entered the school on July 30, 1953 and was placed in Cottage 17, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Parrish. In academic school he was placed in the seventh grade with Mr. Caldwell as his teacher and since then he has been promoted to the eight grade. For approximately eleven months Paul has worked in the print shop and readers of *The Uplift* are already familiar with his work. Paul feels that his work in the shop has meant the most to him of any phase of our program, and he plans to remain at the school until he learns as much as he can about printing. Upon his return home he hopes to be able to find a job in this field. Paul has enjoyed the recreation program offered here at the school more than anything else and is an avid sports fan. He takes part in the cottage recreation program and has made the teams in the major sports. When asked how he felt the school had helped him Paul replied that he has gained maturity here. He says he has learned to think for himself and now sees his problems in a different light. Life has taken on a new meaning for him, he states, and he is planning and looking forward to a happy future.

The third award went to Ralph Carpenter who has been at the school since February 8, 1952. Ralph came to us from Nebo, North Carolina, in Burke County. He was placed in Cottage No. 9 under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Miller. He tells us that his association with Mr. and Mrs. Miller and his cottage life has meant more to him than any other phase of the school program. Cottage life has given him security and taught him how to get along with other

Continued on Page 20

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. In what state was the famous "Tea Party"?
2. Who is known as the greatest known a t h l e t e in the past half century?
3. Who pitched the Y a n k e e s to victory i n the first game of the 1951 World Series?
4. What river does the Holland Tunnel go under?
5. Who wrote the Star Spangle Banner?
6. Who made the first American flag?
7. How many stripes are in the American flag?
8. What former president was shot in a theater?
9. In what harbor is the Statue of Liberty found?
10. Name the four states that border North Carolina.
11. When was the Declaration of Independence signed?
12. Name eight vegetables of which the edible part grows under ground.
13. What was Stonewall Jackson's real name?
14. What president was influential in organizing the L e a g u e of Nations?
15. Who is our newest U. S. senator from North Carolina?
16. What N. C. town is the largest unincorporate town in the U. S.?
17. Who is the new champion heavy-weight boxer of the world?
18. What is the highest peak east of the Rockies?
19. What North Carolina city has the largest population?
20. What famous man had to do with the first settlement in N. C.?
21. What famous short story writer was born in N. C.?
22. What famous Revolutionary war battle was fought in N. C.?
23. What was the name of the first white baby born in the U. S. A.?
24. What is the oldest town in N. C.?
25. What is the home state of President Eisenhower?
26. What is the largest waterfall in North America?
27. What is the tallest building in the U. S. A.?
28. Where is George Washington buried?
29. What prominent U. S. Senator from N. C. died recently?
30. What time belt is North Carolina in?

ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 12

CAMPUS NEWS

The two Scout Troops of the school under the direction of Mr. Hinson and Mr. Readling spent three days at Camp Dick Henning near Ellerbe this month. While there the Scouts had the opportunity of working for merit badges in various phases of the Scouting program, and they also spent some time improving the camping area.

———oOOo———

Dr. George Dudney has returned to the school from a two week stay at Ocracoke where he held a dental clinic, He plans to be at the school to continue the dental clinic here for a few more weeks.

———oOOo———

Mr. W. M. White, Purchasing Agent, has been ill and a patient at the Cabarrus Memorial Hospital for the past several days. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will soon be able to be with us again.

———oOOo———

Mr. J. C. Fisher, former Assistant Superintendent and present member of the Board of Correction and Training, has returned to his Concord home from a stay in the hospital. We are happy that his condition is improving and wish him a full recovery soon.

A group of twenty-six members of a class studying Juvenile Delinquency at Womans College in Greensboro visited the school recently to see our program in operation. This group was headed by their teacher Dr. Shivers. They were taken on a tour of the academic school, vocational school, recreational facilities, and the farm. We are happy to have groups of this sort visit us and feel it promotes a better understanding of the aims and purpose of our school.

———oOOo———

We have received information that Charles Perry Knight, former boy, is now in the Army. While at the school Charles lived in Cottage 7 and Cottage 9, working on the farm and in the textile plant. His address is: Private Charles P. Knight, U. S. 52361016, Drivers Class 18 PT-4 Bn., 3rd Army Div., Fort Knox, Kentucky.

———oOOo———

We also learn that Grady Boykin, a former boy who lived in Cottage 10, is also in the Army and is now stationed in Germany. He writes us that he is doing construction work there now.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Boston, Mass, 2. Jim Thorpe, 3. Eddie Lopat, 4. Hudson, 5. Francis Scott Key 6. Betsy Ross, 7. Seven Reds, Six White 8. Lincoln 9. New York Harbor 10. S.C., Va., Ga., Tenn., 11. July 4, 1776 12. potatoes, carrots, beets, onions, turnips, yams, garlic, 13. Thomas Jonathan Jackson 14. Woodrow Wilson, 15. Samuel Ervin 16. Kannapolis, 17. Rocky Marciano, 18. Mt. Mitchell, 19. Charlotte, 20. Sir Walter Raleigh, 21. O Henry, 22. Guilford County Court House, 23. Virginia Dare, 24. Bath 25. Kansas, 26. Niagara Falls, 27. Empire State Building, N. Y., 28. Mt. Vernon, Va., 29. Clyde R. Hoey, 30. Eastern Standard.

SUNDAY SERVICES

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

There was no Sunday Service on June 6, 1954, due to the fact that the minister was rather late. However, we did have a group of visitors. They sang several hymns. The boys enjoyed this group very much and hope they will return soon.

* * * * *

The visiting minister for Sunday, June 13, was the Reverend C. Wesley Lovin, pastor of Church of Christ, Kannapolis, N. C.

Rev. Mr. Lovin began his sermon by reading from the 14th chapter of St. John. He pointed out how many people Jesus had healed during his time on earth. On one occasion, Jesus had brought a small boy who had died back to life. Jesus was truly the Son of God who could perform such a miracle as restoring life.

Rev. Mr. Lovin explained how Jesus says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." We should take this advice and try to live by the words for Jesus is on our side and is our only hope to reach the Kingdom of God.

Rev. Mr. Lovin said he has traveled many miles on this earth and while on one trip to the island of Haiti he got lost. There were no roads, no road signs, nothing to direct him to his destination. The only true direction he could depend on was the guidance of God. With this true guidance he was sent in the right direction. This situation is true when we are lost in the sight of God. Jesus will get us back on the right road to Christian living if we will let him guide us. Christ said if we follow the Christian way of living we would have eternal life with our Savior in Heaven.

Rev. Mr. Lovin then closed the service with a prayer.

* * * * *

The visiting minister for Sunday, June 20, was the Rev. J. Luther Ballentine, pastor of the Redeemer Luthern Church of Kannapolis. Rev. Mr. Ballentine chose his scripture from the 16th chapter of St. Luke beginning at the first verse. His topic was "The Rich Man and Lazarus".

Rev. Mr. Ballentine compared many men with the rich man and Lazarus through out his sermon. He told of a 79 year old man who is running a hospital in Africa. This man has been taking care of the natives over there. He treats their wounds and the many various diseases. He does not do this because he wants to get rich for sometimes he never gets anything for the long hours of work. This missonary is doing this because he loves God and his fellowmen..

Rev. Mr. Ballentine said this teacher of God is a very fine musician. This is how he earned his way through school to be a Doctor. A man does not have to be rich to help his fellow-

men. This shows how much a man can do if he believes in God and has the determination to do it.

The speaker also related a story of a boy who was born a long time ago in a very poor house. He had always dreamed of being an artist, but could never get the money to go to an art school. The years passed rather fast until he became of age and his parents gave him permission to leave home. In town he met a boy who also wanted to study art. They became very good friends and even rented the same apartment and worked together. They made quite a bit of money and decided that one should go to art school and the other work to keep him there. The poor boy worked very hard washing dishes and clothes for people. His hands had swiveled up from the long hard hours of work, while the other boy learned fast in the school. One day he came home with a lot of money which he got from a painting. He was going to send the other boy to the art school. He came in and found him kneeling in front of a bed with his helpless hands folded in front of him. This shows what someone will sacrifice to help a friend. The boy had given his hands to help the other. Perhaps you have seen the folded hands on many pictures. There is nothing better than to help a friend in need. We should give to others as Jesus gave His life for us.

* * * * *

The visiting minister for Sunday, June 27 was the Reverend Elmer Piper from the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church of Mt. Pleasant. The speaker chose for his scripture the 5th chapter of Romans. His topic was on the 8th verse of this chapter which says "Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him". Reverend Mr. Piper compared several things with this verse. In this comparison he showed us an object which he called "the gospel gadget." With this object he showed us how we could be parted from God when we live in sin. Through this object there was a cord, and when this cord of life is broken we are broken away from God. If we follow God's way of living the cord shall never be broken, for God made man so he could have friendship with him. He did not mean for the cord of life to ever break. There was a cross drawn on one side of this gadget. Reverend Mr. Piper told us what the four points of the cross meant. This simply means "Christ died for me". Jesus came to the world so he could bring the sinners of the world to God.

The speaker then closed the service with a prayer.

O * * * O

How much of one's life can be given to being plain friendly? How attentively and for how long must one listen to a talkative visitor? Is it rude to be inattentive?

I should say that it is kinder not to accept invitations to go places if you can't face conditions as you find them. After fifty-seven dull parties, why should anybody imagine that the fifty-eighth will be better?

SPORTS

By Ray Malpass, 9th Grade

The softball season is going rather smoothly. At the end of a 37 game series, the standing of the different cottages in the 3 leagues are as follows:

A League

Cottage	Won	Lost
4	6	1
15	4	1
10	3	2
16	2	6
1	0	6

B League

Cottage	Won	Lost
17	5	1
14	4	2
13	2	4
11	1	5

C League

Cottage	Won	Lost
7	2	0
9	4	1
3	3	2
6	0	2
2	0	4

Plans are now being made for the tournament which will be underway very soon.

The boys and staff have an annual game of softball on July 4, of each year. The event has proven to be an exciting game for everyone. An All-Star team is selected from the 5 cottages in the A League to play the staff's team.

Last year the boys gave the staff their first defeat in 5 years by a score of 15 to 11. Garry Compton pitched for the boys. He struck out 9, walked 6 and gave up 8 hits. Mr. John Scott, pitcher for the staff, allowed only 16 hits which was sufficient for the boys to get 15 runs.

Outstanding players in the game last year were: Bradley, Compton, and Godwin. Outstanding players for the staff were: Mr. Troutman, Mr. Russell.

This inspired the boys a great deal and they are out looking for another victory this year. So as fair warning to the staff's team, they had better be on their toes, because some of these younger players can really play ball. Many of the All-Stars have been playing for sometime and they should give plenty of competion to the staff's team.

The All-Star players this year will be:

Catcher - Chapman, No. 15
Pitcher - Bradshaw, No. 4
1st Base - Harp, No. 15
2nd Base - Thompson, No. 15
3rd Base - Harris, No. 10
S. S. - Jones, No. 16
L. F. - Jackson, No. 16
C. F. - Malpass, No. 4
R. F. - Metcalf, No. 4

Substitutes:
McHahan, No. 10
Austin, No. 16
Williams, No. 14
Franklin, No. 4
Glass, No. 1

Our swimming schedule has been

Continued on Page 20

MC GONIGLE'S FOLLY

BY Harry O'Painting in the *K. P. Telescope*

If you ever leave the broad fields, forested hills of Ontario, and cross the far seas to Erin, mayhap at the closing of your day, perhaps you'll visit the green acres of County Mayo, the fairest in all Holy Ireland by far.

And if you take the high road to Ballymena, and look beyond the serene Plain o'Erris, to the hills of Kilcladdough, you'll see, nestled at the foot of the green mountains, the tiny village of Ban Nagor. On the maps you may read it Bannagor, but that is just a corruption of the English folk, and none of the doings of the good people of County Mayo.

'Tis a strange tale you'll hear, if you chance to meet a Ban Nagor man. It is the story of a prisoner for life, who waxes fat at the expense of the village, does no work, roams at large and laughs at the thought of escape.

There are 200 souls in Ban Nagor. They work hard, play hard, drink hard and sleep hard. They have no crime and no jail. Every second family brews its own poteen but a bootlegger in Ban Nagor is unknown. How then, you ask, does this village rate a prisoner for life?

Sit you down, my friend, and I'll spin you the yarn of Ban Nagor's solitary disgrace. It began on a bright May day many moons ago. Brawny Shawn McGonigle was Ban Nagor's village constable, though what was there to police in such a peaceful spot? For nigh on thirty years, Shawn had been the town police force, but no peeler was he. He shunned the way of the hated English bobby and in all the thirty years since he pinned the shiny shield upon his green-striped shirt, never an arrest had he made.

For 25 of those peaceful years, Shawn had courted the village school marm, Harmony Pegeen O'Shea, and Harmony had stoutly held her heart from his ardent clutches. Now, though she was two score and five years, and two hundred weight and five pounds, the chase was so much the part of Shawn's life that twice weekly he still pursued her in his gallant though frustrated way.

For the thirteenth hundred time, Harmony Pegreen had turned down the plea of Shawn McGonigle, and he was after making his bed for the night, when the first premonition of disorder in Ban Nagor's unhurried life came. There was a loud pounding on McGonigle's door, and shouts drowning out the screeching of the sows in Moran's piggery. Shawn flung it open, to see better who was making of such noise, and it dark night these two hours gone by. 'Twas the innkeeper, Kerry O'Leary, in his shawl and all.

"A thafe! A thafe!" cried he.

"A thafe is it," said The McGonigle. "And pwhat in this town be worth the stealing of, pray tell me."

"Me rum. Me rum it is," O'Leary's chin was a-quivering in the light of the moon of May, and the droplets of sweat ran down his nose in swift procession, and leaped off into space, like the little men themselves when they play the games in their forested lands.

"The saints preserve us," McGonigle

was impresed by the telling of O'Leary's loss. "Do yez mean to say yer rum is amissing this foine night, when all men could be getting merry by the keg, with a roast chicken by the leg and a pot of mulligan stew for to dip it in?"

"Aye, the best there be this side of Londonderry town. Begorra, the barrel is most drunk, and the windy broken besides. Oh, that this should happen to a man o' Ban Nagor!"

In the best tradition, Shawn McGonigle whipped out his notebook. Mostly he used it to write poetic fiction about the charms of Harmony Pegeen, not daring once to show her the results. Wildly he scribbled the facts about Ban Nagor's crime of the century. Surely, never did Mayo moon shine down on such a sad sight as this, a hard-drinking Irish town bereft of its rum! With such a look of law about him as had never been seen afore, The McGonigle tramped his measured steps to the shebeen of Kerry O'Leary, there to look upon the tragedy, and marvel at the audacity of one who would despoil the beauty of the night with such a ghastly crime.

The day of the fingerprint has not yet come to the aid of the law of rural Erin., and there was aught that The McGonigle could do but look and sigh for the vanished rum. There was the window broken, and the pieces of it lying on the ground and in the barroom, glistening in the lamplight and the moonlight like Killarney's lakes in July. There was the keg, upended, the spigot gone, and desolated of its gorgeous cargo.

Satisfied, though the look of him boded ill for any malefactor he ran across the law took off for his wee houseen, to ponder on the strange whims of fate, and not even one o'Lugger's leprachauns to help him! But there was no peace this night for The McGonigle, for it seemed the fairies of the forest were determined to ruin forever the spotless of Ban Nagor. Hardly had he tucked the quilteen about him, when there arose the strangest of commotions on the high road, followed by the pounding of feet upon the pavement.

Roused on a capacious elbow, The McGonigle listened. Sure, and was it not the brogans of his beloved Harmony Pegeen he heard, a-pounding and a-hammering in the still of the night, like staves of the Walking Dead at midnight? Oft had he heard Harmony Pegeen treading the splintered floor of the old schoolhouse; enough to tell it was she of the soft brown eyes and full waddle.

Shrill her voice rose in the soft night Mayo air, above the breathing and the signing of cows, the cooing of the doves:

"Shawn! Shawn McGonigle, ye must come quick. There's blood on the moon o' Mayo this night. To high road with ye!"

Muttering to himself, pulling on his knicks, Shawn thought to the winds: "Such a woman—Aye I love her—could be stringing gabble till the dawn o' day!" But he answered: "Coming, me darlint colleen!"

"Tis no lie I'm a-telling ye," says she, smiling up prettily though the bangs o' paper swirled through her stringy locks. "'Tis a tremendous beastie on the high road, a-knocking people on their heads, pushing honest earts into the beyond, and the smell o' him was like to knock yez silly. 'Tis some powerful shebeen he's a-

foraging in, surely for the likes o' it 'tis niver me privilege to test afore!"

"Ye've a great warrant to talk, Harmony Pegeen, but is it not the spirits of the dead, hard by Geoghan's Mill that be frightening ye so?" The McGonigle's mustache quivered in the moonlight. "Remember ye the night Ginger O'Fraser fled to the west, a-howling to the breeze, claiming the ghost of o' Killakeen was after taking of his soul? And all the time, 'Twas only the widder Hanrahan's pet sow, wild wi' love o' Pappy's prize boar, running down the high road from Moran's piggery!"

"Whisht ye, now," says Harmony Pegeen, "Ye know me better. Niver a drop have I taken betwixt me lips since the wake o' Katie Malone, God rest her soul, and she stone cold in her grave a full 13 year now. Ye'll be destroyed chasing after beastie, thinks me, and it is best ye get to the high road and waste no more time bandying words in the dead o' night. Get ye gone, now."

Saying so, Harmony Pegeen gathered up her ample shirts and fled to her wee shanty by the furzy ditch. The McGonigle slowly tramped the quarter of a mile toward Erris Plain, he found the "beastie".

"On yer feet wid ye, now," Shawn cried with all the majesty of the law he could muster.

"Hee (hic) haw," intoned the target.

"Faith, 'tis only a mule—and a Kerry mule at that," said the McGonigle. "Come now, mule, ye cannot be lying all night here on the high road. Get ye off to yer wee stable."

"Hee (hic) haw", said the mule.

"Bedad, dead drunk too. And what is it ye have been a-nosing into, now, that bogs ye down by Ban Nagor this night?"

"Hee (hic) haw."

"Now, aren't you the smilin' little fellow! On yer feet, now, and begone!"

The McGonigle struck quite a figure in the soft moonlight, a big, brawny man with his shillelagh lying along the shoulder of him, his red hair a-tousle and his shawl swinging around his knees, baggy in his blue serge. Stooping, he seized the saddle girth of the fallen mule, and with a mighty heave, lifted him to his feet. The mule's front legs promptly buckled at the knees and with a drunken "Hee Haw", the animal assumed an attitude of prayer.

"Saying yer Ave's here'll do ye no good," warned The McGonigle. He booted the mule in the rear, softheartedly slowing the action to a gentle nudge.

"For shame, Shawn McGonigle, for shame!" came a gentle feminine voice in the dark, a voice with the sweet music of Tara's Halls in its modulation, a voice like the eventide breeze from Lough Fein Gohara when the wind is in the west and the lost souls gather for a wake. "Stop your kicking of the poor beast and let him go his way in peace."

'Twas Charleen O'Leary, daughter to the innkeeper and the prettiest Colleen west of Kileladdough. Sure and her face would halt time in its flight, with its pert turned up nose, the lips of strawberry when the sun is high, the eyes as green as the Great Saint's banner, the cheeks like the peach in September, and the dark hair that blew in the wind like the

tree ferns of the southern isles.

"Whisht, Mavoureen, I was no more than getting him on his way," The McGonigle's tone was reproachful. "But now, thinks me, I'll be after having to arrest him, surely, for he will budge not an inch, and himself blocking of the high road and his blundering 'Hee haws' waking even the little folk in their snug wee cots. Ah, did ever a man o' Irish blood face just such a problem? 'Tis like I'll have to call on all my authority for to be putting him away. Come now, mule, an' anything ye care to say may be put upon the scribing pad and sure, the judge will be told, an' all. Will ye come wi'out streleen?"

"Hee (hic) Haw!"

"Hee haw, is it? Come mule, afore I put shillelagh to yer buttocks and fire beneath yer belt-buckle!"

Charleen would have none of that, the little vixen! Stamping a dainty foot, with her full figure drawn up like Venus, all of five feet two, she got between Shawn and the mule.

"Shawn McGonigle, ye'll never be striking this mule in my presence. Ye'll be destroyed in the eyes of the Saint himself. There's sainted glory this day in the west for they would protect the poor dumb creature, drunken sot though he be. Surely, you're the lad, aren't you, to be hitting of a mule with nary a weapon to hit back but for his bray. And if its bent ye are to arrest himself, then will ye not let a Mayo colleen do the job fer ye? Sure and its certain I am that this mule will follow an O' Leary o' Ban Nagor to Doomday if need be, if ye would but dole me the chance!"

"Begorra, as ye will, Mavourneen," contrite was The McGonigle as he bowed to the wishes of this slip of a colleen. "Lead away, and there'll be a trial on the morrow the likes of which Ban Nagor has never seen. Surely, ye must know now, there lies the culprit as stole into shebeen of ye rda, and did drink his rum, the spalpeen. Ahh, he's a wise one, he is, he is! 'Tis seldom ye will find a beast o' the field with such sagacity, to snap the spigot and fill his gullet with the finest of Demarara!"

Stooping Charleen slipped a lump of sugar between the rum-stained teeth, and with a fiendish grin upon his homely map, the mule lurched to his feet, groaning and grunting, with many a hiccough and deep belch.

"There, now, ye see!" cried Charleen. "Surely, he'll be no more trouble this dark night. But where in Ban Nagor will ye be putting him, for ye have narry a strong room nor stable. Ye have been a good man in yer time, Shawn McGonigle, but ye have nayther lockup nor courtroom. Never have ye had an arrest. Faith, ye're lost man!"

"Stop yer gabble, girl. There'll be a trying in the morning."

So, if ye had been abroad that dark night in County Mayo, 'tis a strange sight, surely, ye would have seen. First, there was the fairest colleen in all the land, Charleen O'Leary, stepping like a handsome deer down the highway, with a staggering mule, heehawing, hiccoughing, puffing, doing is best to follow in the straight line, but wandering ever and ever from one side of the road to the other, and brawny Shawn McGonigle, his shield a-glimmer in the moonlight, his shillelagh carelessly tosed across

a huge houlder, bringing up the rear, like the lat mourner in a wake procession and himself feeling no cheerier.

Into the basement of the town hall marched this cavalcade, lacking only a piper. There, in the remaining hours of darkness, the mule snored off his drunk and awoke in the bright of day with the grandfather of mule hangovers.

(Continued next month)

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Continued from Page 15

well underway for several weeks. A few of the boys have being expelled from the pool over a period of time for such things as, running, ducking and diving from the "No Diving Zone". So far there have been no casualities, except for a few skinned knees and cramps.

Already the best swimmers are being selected for the final meet to be held at the end of the swimming season. We are all anxiously awaiting the outcome of this event.

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Continued from Page 10

people. Ralph thinks he has improved himself here in that he expresses himself more freely, gets along better with a group, is neater in his personal appearance, is more mature, has a better outlook on life, takes more interest in spiritual matters, and has developed his personality. His vocational training here has been in the textile plant and he plans to continue this type of work upon his release from the school. Ralph is very interested in sports and especially likes solfball and horse shoe pitching.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

— Mr. Bobby Brown without his golf hat.
— Cottage No. 16 in the A league.
— Roland Jones being an all-star.
— Bobby Bryson not being in the machine shop.
— Robert Arnette in the 1st grade.
— Mr. Readling wearing a hat.
— The cafeteria boys getting hungry.
— Some of the boys not sleeping in class.
— Mr. Caldwell being athletic director.
— David Boswell being called "bottleneck".
— David Hassell not being called "ears".
— "The Uplift" out on time.
— B. W. Murry being called "red".
— The movie being on Saturday nights.
— James Russell in Cottage No. 6.
— The cafeteria without any food.
— James Pyrtle not wearing peg pants.
— Charles Hodge not being called "watermelon".
— Charles Ruddock not talking about boxing.
— A picnic without hot dogs.
— July 4 without a solfball game between the boys and staff.
— Not going to school on Saturday morning.
— Wade Cox being the school janitor.
— There being no visiting day.
— Billy Cooper being quiet.
— Getting to sleep all day.
— Monroe Korn not looking into a mirror.
— The cottages being air conditioned.
— Johnny Bradshaw milking a cow.
— David Carpenter with red hair.
— Herschel Summers plowing.
— Bennie Garrett with short hair.
— It snowing in July.
— Wayne King leading an orchestra.

THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

Alvin Jack Brown from Asheville, N. C. was admitted to the school on May 24, 1954. Alvin is a blond haired boy. He can play baseball well. He is 15 years of age.

Milas and J. C. Norton were readmitted to the school on May 25, 1954. They hail from Marshall. Milas is now in Cottage 3, and J. C. is back in 14.

Franklin Petty came to the school on May 25, 1954 and is from Salisbury. Franklin is in Cottage 11.

Kenneth Laney was admitted to the school on May 28, 1954. He hails from down Monroe way. Kenneth is 13 years old and was in the 8th grade at home. Kenneth is in Cottage 15.

James Wright was admitted to the school on May 28, 1954 and comes from Hendersonville. "Jim" is his nickname. Jim is 15 years old and was in the 7th grade at home. He is in Cottage 14.

Clark Eugene Payne was admitted to the school on June 1, 1954. He hails from The Towel City, Kannapolis. He is in Cottage 13. He is 15 years old and was in the 7th grade at home.

Tommy Tolar was readmitted to the school on June 1, 1954. Tommy is in Cottage 10.

Ashburn Johnson was readmitted to the school June 3, 1954. Ashburn is in Cottage 13, and he works with Mr. Tomkinson on the Barn Force.

Charles Robert Hannah was readmitted to the school on June 3, 1954. Charles hails from Guilford County. He works with Mr. Rouse in the Plant Beds and is in Cottage 11.

Jerry Wayne Stepp was admitted to the school on June 4, 1954 from Gasto County. Jerry is 12 years old. He is very small but still can play ball well.

Johnny Wade Rhea was admitted to the school on June 7, 1954. He hails from the hills of Asheville. Johnny is 13 years old and was in the 7th grade at home.

Vernon Luther Roberson was admitted to the school June 7, 1954. He is from Buncombe County. Vernon is 14 years old and would like to work on the Tractor Force.

Charles Edward Huntsinger was admitted to the school on June 7, 1954. He hails from Buncombe County. Charles is 11 years old and was in the 3rd grade at home.

Bobby Gene Randall was readmitted to the school on June 9, 1954. Bobby hails from Cherryville. He is 15 years old and was in the 7th grade at home.

McKinley Locust Jr. was readmitted to the school June 9, 1954 and hails from Jackson County. McKinley went to cottage 17.

Milan Walker came to the school June 11, 1954 and is from Oxford. Milan is 14 years old and was in the 5th grade at home.

Norwood West was admitted to the school on June 11, 1954. He hails from Beaulaville. Norwood is 13 years old and was in the 7th grade at home.

Charlie Summerlin was admitted to the school on June 11, 1954. He comes from Faison N. C. He is 14 years old

and was in the 5th grade at Faison. He would like to work in the dairy.

Bobby Hughes was admitted to the school on June 13, 1954. He comes from Gaston County. Bobby is a well groomed fellow and likes to play softball .

Owen "Benny" Plaster came to the school on June 18, 1954 and hails from Bakersville. Benny is a blond haired fellow who can really play ball.

Carl Parker was admitted to the school June 18, 1954. Carl is a red haired and rather short. He is from Turkey, N. C.

Bobby Gene Branks was admitted to the school on June 19, 1954. Bobby is from Fletcher, N. C. He attended the Fletcher school and was in the 6th grade.

POPULAR SONGS

Selected by Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

WHY SHOULD I BE SORRY

Why should I be sorry?
Are you worth the crying?
Can't be happy though I'm trying,
Guess I still love you.
Why should I be sorry?
Didn't you deceive me?
Told me that you'd never leave me;
Then away you flew,
I have the right to forget you,
You were unfair from the start,
I have the right to forget you,
But I haven't the heart,
I confess I need you,
Right or wrong I miss you,
Sorry but I've got to kiss you,
Please be sorry too.

ISLE OF CAPRI

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I found her
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree.
Oh, I can still see the flow'rs blooming 'round her
Where we met on the Isle of Capri.
She was as sweet as a rose at the dawning,
But somehow fate hadn't meant her for me.
And tho' I sailed with the tide in the morning,
Still my heart's on the Isle of Capri.
Summer time was nearly over,
Blue Italian sky above,
I said, "lady I'm a rover,
Can you spare a sweet word of love?"
She whispered softly, "It's best not to linger"
And then as I kissed her hand I could see
She wore a plain golden ring on her finger;
'Twas goodbye on the Isle of Capri.

AND SO I WALKED HOME

And so I walked home
Knowing that I lost the only love for me,
And so I walked home
Thinking of how lonely life was gonna be.

And as I wandered down the avenue, it seems,
I said goodbye to all our window shoppin' dreams,
And when I passed the chapel, dear,
My eyes were full of tears,
Another pretty dream that wouldn't be.
And as I walked home
Ev'rywhere I looked I only saw your face,
Sweetheart I walked home,
Knowing no one else could ever take your place.
And then I saw before my eyes
An answer to a pray'r,
'Cause I got home and found you waiting there.

TILL THEN

Till then my darling please wait for me,
Till then no matter when it will be,
One day I know I'll be back again,
Please wait till then.
Our dreams will live
Tho' we are apart,
Our love I know will keep in our hearts,
Till then when all the world will be free
Please wait for me.
Although there are oceans we must cross,
And mountains that we must climb,
I know ev'ry gain must have a loss,
So pray that our loss is nothing but time
Till then let's dream of what there will be,
Till then we'll call on each memory,
Till then when I will hold you again
Please wait till then.

SOMEWHERE

Tho' we may not meet tomorrow
Tho' she may be far from me
Somewhere there is someone
Meant for me only
Tho' it may be Spain or Cairo
Or some far off tropic isle
Somewhere there is someone
Waiting there all the while.
To heaven above I pray
Wherever my love may be
Please tell her I'll find a way
And let her know she belongs to me.
And with ev'ry new tomorrow
I'll look forward anxiously
Somewhere there is someone
Someone meant just for me.

IF YOU LOVE ME

If the sun should tumble from the sky
If the sea should suddenly run dry
If you love me, really love me,
Let it happen, I won't care.
If a dream I build should fall apart,
I can still be smiling with my heart.
If you love me, really love me,
Let it happen, I won't care.
Shall I catch a shooting star?
I can bring it where you are?
If you only say you care
I can make a mountain fall
I'll do anything at all
As long as you are there.
When at last our life on earth is through
I will share eternity with you
If you love me really love me
Let it happen darling, I won't care.

EXCHANGES

LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK: May

We are looking forward to the publishing of those prize winning poems, so be sure to keep us on your mailing list.

———o0O0o———

THE SPOKESMAN: June

Your editorial was very good. We think your defination of the word "jealousy" is the best we have seen. We are going to hang on to that grand "Tribute to Fathers". Entire pub was nice piece of work.

———o0O0o———

THE REFORMATORY PILLAR: May

Your paper for May 21st seemed to be full of interesting articles. "The Nature of Things", by T. David was well worth keeping and reading again. This series of articles on "Why I go To Church In Prison" is to be looked forward to at this end of the mail route. The article on this subject by your editor rates a place in our scrap book.

———o0O0o———

THE REFLECTOR: May

We agree--- it "was definitely not selected for it's appropriateness nor practical significance", but we had lots of fun reading it ---- that "Letter To A Lost Love."

———o0O0o———

THE ANGOLITE: June 5th

Our hats are off to you for the stand you have taken in "'Routing Out All The Misfits". Good editorial. Hope the right ones read it.

———o0O0o———

THE EYE OPENER: June

Congratulations on having such a talented artist. Front and back covers are very attractive.

———o0O0o———

THE WOMAN: June

Someone has really been holding 'heap big pow-wows on reservation to have brought forth such a nice big pub. Could Bebe, by chance, be a squaw? Enjoyed her article about injuns.

Thanks for the invitation to the dance, girls. Sure wish we could have seen it.

We know from experience that it is letters like Marie's to Mrs. Fuller that furnish that extra strenght to face the problems in life.

———o0O0o———

HARMONY NEWS: May

We liked the editorial by "B. C." Short, but seemed to come straight from the heart. Surely one with that attitude could face the problems of the future with a smile. Good luck, B. C. on your English and physciatry.

———o0O0o———

STARY SHOTS:

Can't get over the unusual drawings you have in your pub. That guy Goble does a wondehful job. "Whats the Big Idea" by Healey is clear enough. This "Pre Release Program" he tells about sounds O. K.

CAMPUS NEWS 20 YEARS AGO

(Reprinted from *The Uplift* of 1934)

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been for the past few days overhauling our three mowing machines, which have been in constant service for several weeks.

———o0O0o———

The regular visiting day last week being a holiday, July 4th, the number of visitors present exceeded that of any visitng day in the history of the school. Sixty of our boys were visited by their home folks on this occasion and it is estimated that nearly two hundred visitors were present during the day.

———o0O0o———

During the extreme hot weather for the past week, both boys and officers on our outside forces were compelled to take it rather slowly, quite a bit of the time being spent in the shade.

———o0O0o———

Mr. Ritchie, our mechanic, and his group of boys have been busy for several days overhauling our caterpillar tractor, and they soon expect to have it in readiness for the Fall plowing.

———o0O0o———

Our baseball team was scheduled to play a team from Monroe last Saturday afternoon but for some unknown reason the latter failed to make it's appearance. In order that our lads might not be entirely disappointed, two teams, composed of the regular School players and some visitors, were chosen and a short game was played. This was the second time this season that our opponents failed to appear as scheduled, and these occurance are very disappointing to the members of our squad, who are desirous of fattening their batting or fielding averages in an effort to win the autographed baseballs left here by Jimmie Foxx, home run king of the majors leagues, on his visit to the School last April.

———o0O0o———

For some unknown reason the baseball team representing the Sunshine Biscuit Company of Charlotte which was scheduled to play at the Training School last Saturday afternoon, failed to make its appearance. In order that our boys, who were on the field just a-rarin' to go, might not be disappointed, a team composed of our substitutes and some of the spectators was chosen and a five inning game was played, the regulars winning by the score of 6 to 1. Andrews pitched three innings for the School team and allowed two hits and struck out six batters. Wester twirled the last two frames and one hit was all the "pick-ups" could get off his slow ball delivery. The School lads had little trouble in scoring six runs on seven hits and several errors.

———o0O0o———

In passing the cantaloupe patch the other day we noticed quite a number of considerable size, which assures us that it won't be long until cantaloupes will occupy a prominent place on our daily menus.

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

"What flavors of ice cream do you have?" asked the customer. The pretty waitress answered in a hoarse whisper. "Vanilla, strawberry and chocolate."

Trying to be sympathetic he said, "You got larngitis?"

"No she repiled with an effort, "just vanilla, strawberry and chocolate."

———o0O0o———

My health wasn't all it should be and I was advised to move west. During a tour of reconnaissance I stopped at the post office of a small town in Arizona and struck up a conversation with one of the oldtimers congregated there.

"Tell me," I finally asked him," Do you happen to know the death rate around here?" "Same as back East, mister," said the old boy, "One to a person."

———o0O0o———

Patient, awaking from operation: "Why are the blinds drawn Doc?"

Doc: "Well, son, there's a fire across the alley and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

———o0O0o———

The teacher insisted she could not enroll any child who was less than six years old. The mother was just as insistent on having her five-year-old daughter accepted as a pupil.

"She can easily pass the six-year-old test," the mother boasted.

The teacher was skeptical. Turning to the little girl, she said, "Speak some words."

The child looked at the teacher in amazement; then, with all the dignity of her five years, she asked: "Purely irrelevant words?"

———o0O0o———

"Why did you put me in the same room with that fellow?" asked the indignant patient. "The hospital is crowed," the doctor explained, "Has he been troublesome?"

"Troublesome! He's crazy! Keeps looking around and saying, "No lions, no tigers, no elephants." And all the time the room is full of them."

———o0O0o———

A young miss looked dreamily at the ceiling and declared, "The man I marry must be outstanding personality. be musical, tell new jokes, sing, stay home, neither drink nor smoke, and shut up when I tell him to." Her beau arose, looked for his hat, and told her, "Lady, you don't want a husband; you want a Television set."

———o0O0o———

"Jonas," ordered the farmer, "all the clocks in the house have run down. Wish you'd hitch up and ride down to the junction and find out what time it is."

"I ain't got a watch. Will you lend me one?"

"Watch! Watch! What d'ye want a watch fer? Write it down on a piece of paper."

BITS OF WISDOM

Courtesy is like a smile, you can't give it away. The more you try the more you receive in return.

———o0O0o———

One reason why poinsettias keep popularity is that they never try to smell like a rose.

———o0O0o———

When a man continues to argue with a fool, he should look in the mirrow and get better acquainted with a bigger one.

———o0O0o———

It's funny but the better a man lives the luckier he gets.

———o0O0o———

Courtesy is contagious - cost nothing - and makes life simpler and easier.

———o0O0o———

You can't build up a reputation on what you are going to do.

———o0O0o———

Happy is the man who has found his work. He profits most who serves best. - Van Dyke.

———o0O0o———

Money doesn't talk these days - it goes without saying.

———o0O0o———

A bigamist is crazy, and is any other man who thinks he can handle more than one woman at a time.

———o0O0o———

Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. - Epictetus

———o0O0o———

Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgivness. - W. Robertson.

———o0O0o———

Friendship is only cement that will ever hold the world together. - Woodrow Wilson

———o0O0o———

Let us be content in work, to do the thing we can do, and not presume to fret because it's too little. - Browning.

———o0O0o———

If I supply you with a thought you may remember it and you may not. But if I can make you think a thought for yourself, I have indeed added to your stature. - Elbert Hubbard.

———o0O0o———

Character is like a tree and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing. Abraham Lincoln.

———o0O0o———

The more extensive a man's knowledge of what has been done, the greater will be his power of knowing what to do. - Disraeli

———o0O0o———

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. - Hazlitt.

———o0O0o———

When you are so devoted to doing what is right that you press straight on to that and disregard what men are saying about you, there is the triumph of moral courage. - Phillips Brooks.

———o0O0o———

If you have not often felt the joy of doing a kind act, you have neglected much, and most of all yourself.

--A. Nielen

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

JUNE

Shoe Shop
E. .C Parker
Robert Styles

Barber Shop
Van Austin
Joe Hilton

Carpenter Shop
Willie Lancaster
Bill Plumley
J. D. Brooks

Sewing Room
Larry Owens
Wayne Hasley
Dewey Guinn
Verlin Dockery

Dairy
Howard Chapman
Wade Cox
Johnnie Johnson
Billy Mosteller
Charles Harp
Donald Thompson

Bakery
Billie Bridges
John Cromer
Jimmy McManus
Johnny Bradshaw
Woodrow Self

Laundry
Bobby Avery
Gary Lee Franklin
Tommy McBride
George Stubbs
Otis Jacobs
Alton Locklear
Bobby Tedder
Kenneth Laws
Archie Medford
Tommy Wyatt
Joe Barrett
Steve Lance

Farm
Jackie Ward
Thomas Transou
Robert Hardin
William Hines
Albert Ross
Charles Byrd
Leo Cutshaw
David Blevens
Richard Key
Bobby Sessioms
Melvin Hall
Charlie McBride
Wade Mahaffey
Clarence Quinn
Randall Brown
Shelton Taylor

Barn Force
Jimmy Mayfield
Harvey Flynn
Forest Hendrix
Jesse Mabe
Hubert Fox

Meat Cutting
Henry Banther
Charles Simpson
Kenneth Ashley
Ray Puckett

Chicken Force
James Wood
Jessie Matthews
Lawrence Jackson

Tractor Force
David Hassell
Johnny Sparks
Dan Hamm
Stanley Murry
Carl Lawson

Clyde Andrews

Plant Beds

John Chapman
Bennie Garrett
Jerry Scarbrough
Carl Setzer
David Page
Don Dillard
Vernon Ewing
Dean Cranford
Paul White
Ronney Smith
Jerry Manshack

Joseph Welch

Infirmary

L. D. Boone
James Russell

Print Shop

Wayne Jackson
Ray Malpass
Charles Testerman
Roland Jones
Robert Babbs
Ray Englebert
Paul Knight
Wayne King

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

JUNE

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Roland Jones
Van Austin
Wayne Jackson
Wayne King
Monroe Korn

COTTAGE NO. 1

John Cromer
Walter Glass
Brodus Wade
Hershel Summers

COTTAGE NO. 2

Harold Hinsley
Buddy Parson
Bobby Shew

COTTAGE NO. 3

Bobby Avery
William Holt
Charlie McBride
George Stubbs
Bobby Tedder
Claude Townsel

COTTAGE NO. 4

Charles Simpson
Ray Malpass
Kenneth Ashley
Henry Banther
John Bradshaw
Herman Callahan
Enoch Johnson
Richard Strickland
Charles Testerman

COTTAGE NO. 6

Sam Aldridge
Pete James
Paul Webb
Ben Whitener

COTTAGE NO. 7

Wayne Halsey
J. R. Lambert
Larry Owens
Danny Smith
Claude Webb

COTTAGE NO. 9

Ralph Carpenter
Johnny Blalock
Harry Bryant
Charles Byrd
Bobby Davis
Joel Greene
Dewey Guinn
Ovilla Joyner
Jerry Lamm
Jesse Matthews
Tommy Mercer
Tommy Sargent
Mack Teal

Jackie Ward
Ira Langley
Billie Cooper

COTTAGE NO. 13

Ray Englebert
Billy Anderson
Robert Colon
Morris Faircloth
Harvey Flynn
Bobby Gillie
Richard Key
Willie Lancaster
Jimmy Mayfield
Albert Ross

COTTAGE NO. 14

Cosner Church
George Clodfelter
Leo Cutshaw

COTTAGE NO. 15

Howard Chapman
Russell Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 17

Robert Harden
Paul Knight
Cleative Oxendine

INFIRMARY

L. D. Boone
James Russell

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

JUNE

1st Grade

Albert Ross
Danny Smith
Ben Whitener

2nd Grade

Sam Aldridge
Wayne Halsey
Billy Nicholson

3rd Grade

David Blevins
Eurde Crews
Harvey Flynn
Steve Farrington
Forest Hendrix
Lawrence Jackson
Charles McBride
Cleative Oxendine
Bob Shew
Norman Williams

4th Grade

Ralph Carpenter
Howard Chapman
Joel Greene

5th Grade

Tommy Dabbs
Clyde McManus
Harry Mintz
Tommy Sargent
James Buchanan
Bennie Garrett
Billy Mosteller

6th Grade

David Boswell
Dean Cranford
Monroe Korn
James Morrison
Robert Babbs
B. W. Murry
Charles Walker

7th Grade

Kenneth Ashley
Ray Englebert
James Pyrtle
Bill Bridges
Charles Byrd
Charles Hodges
J. W. Johnson
Lewis Turner

8th Grade

Wayne King
Paul Knight
Jimmy Lockey

9th Grade

Robert Arnette
Ray Malpass

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THE UPLIFT

No. 8 AUGUST, 1954 Vol. 42

L'ENVOI

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good will be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

By Rudyard Kipling

—Published Monthly By—
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Manual Training and Industrial School
Concord, North Carolina

The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

Roland Jones
Wayne King
James Gosnell
Gene Herron
Ray Malpass
Wayne Jackson

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
Ray Malpass
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson
Charles Testerman

PRESSMEN

Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert
Wayne King

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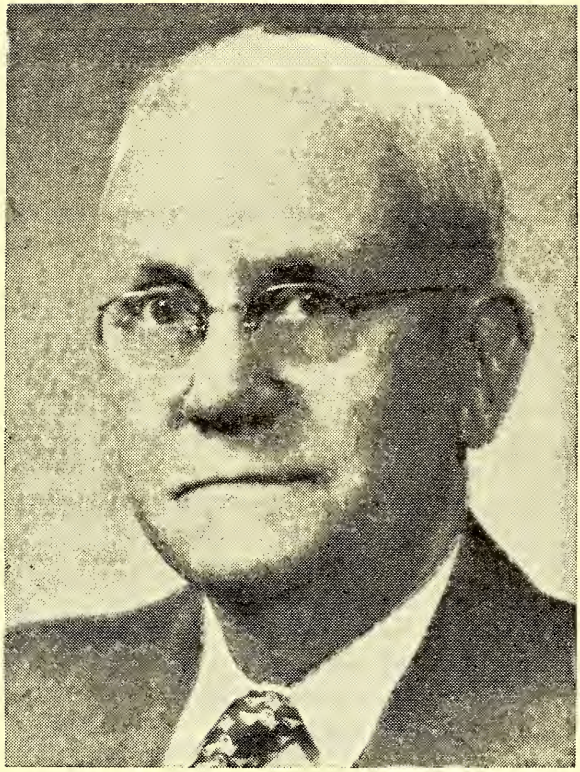
In Memoriam



Mr. Jesse C. Fisher

In appreciation for the forty-five years of dedicated service to the Jackson Training School and the Board of Correction and Training, we wish to dedicate this issue of **The Uplift** to the late Mr. Jesse C. Fisher. For 42 years he gave his undivided and unselfish devotion as a staff member and administrator to the Jackson Training School. For the past three years he has been a loyal and valuable member of the Board of Correction and Training.

MR. JESSE C. FISHER PASSES

By Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough

Funeral services for Mr. Jesse Caldwell Fisher were conducted Monday, July 19th, at 5:00 P. M., from his home on South Union Street in Concord. He died at 12:27 A. M., Sunday, at the Cabarrus Memorial Hospital where he had been a patient for two weeks, due to a heart malady.

Dr. J. Malcolm Murcheson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of which Mr. Fisher was a member, conducted the rites, assisted by the Rev. Stacy C. Farrior, pastor of the Covenant Presbyterian Church. Burial was made in the family plot at Oakwood Cemetery.

Mr. Fisher was born in the Poplar Tent section of Cabarrus County on August 31, 1888, and was the son of the late George Ephriam and Annie Cress Fisher. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Jane Powell Fisher and a son, Jesse Caldwell Fisher Jr.

At the time of his death, Mr. Fisher was a member of the State Board of Correction and Training which administers to five correctional institutions in the state. He was appointed to this office shortly after his retirement in 1950 from Assistant Superintendent of the Jackson Training School.

He had the distinction of having been employed at the Jackson Training School longer than any other individual, as well as being the first Assistant Superintendent of the school. He began his duties here on June 1, 1909 as a printing instructor and relief cottage supervisor. One of his undertakings was to help with the publication of **The Uplift.** At that time this little magazine was printed in an old wooden shack that had been moved in from the farm for this purpose. Long hours of drudgery and a great amount of patience were needed to complete the edition each month. All type had to be set by hand, and the printing was done on a hand operated press. Two thousand copies to be mailed had to be addressed by hand. The passing years brought many improvements to the print shop. Through his untiring efforts and enthusiasm for the valuable training that this department gave to the boys, Mr. Fisher was influential in gradually changing his hand operated shop to the modern and efficient printing office we have today.

Another phase of the Jackson Training School life that lay very near to his heart was his work in the Infirmary. Here he showed amazing a-

bility in diagnosing the numerous ailments of the boys, and always knew just what to do until the doctor arrived. Many times his works necessitated trips at all times of the day or night with boys for special treatments to the hospital in Concord, or the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia. He watched with pride as the old frame building used for many years was torn down, and a modern 25 bed Infirmary erected in 1938.

The school will always be indebted to Mr. Fisher for his determined efforts in helping to secure a motion picture projector. Even during the days when the old model machines were used he served as movie operator on "show night", and the boys knew that there would be a movie because Mr. Fisher was on the job.

Every institution has some person who is interested in it's growth and welfare, but we are sure that no school ever had a person whose heart lay as deeply embedded in its c a u s e as Mr. Fisher's was with Jackson. Each step of progress he helped to guide, whether it was the purchasing of a volume of books for the library or the plans for the erecting of the $180, 000 central dining hall, that finally became a reality. During the early years of the school when there were no electric lights and no running water, when the boys' bedrooms were lighted with lantenrs, and water had to be carried from wells across the highway - - he dreamed, and planned, and worked, and hoped for a better Jackson Training School.

He served through the years when times were good - - when food was plentiful and supplies adequate, and many times he has recounted the hard rough depression days when enrollment was high and state funds low. He has seen tragedy strike the school as a whole, or the the individual boy. In either case he always seemed to know the right thing to say so that one could walk away from the tragedy feeling that everything would be all right.

Even though his duties here officially ended with his retirement in 1950, Mr. Fisher was frequently seen talking to some of the boys or helping out with one of the trades that had run into a snag. He would never agree to relinquish his Sunday School class until his health forced him to do so. No matter how big the problem or how rough the road one could always have a good laugh over it if Mr. Fisher was around. His personality seemed to give off a circle of happiness like a pebble thrown into a pond, each spreading until the whole pond was full. He was like that. His happiness was catching. We're going to miss Mr. Fisher.

Words are so inadequate at a time like this when one is so lonely, but

we want Mrs. Fisher and Jesse Jr. to know that our hearts are with them. Perhaps they can find comfort in the following poem by James Whitcomb Riley that seems to express our feelings much better than we ever could.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cherry smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you - - oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For an old-time step, and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here
Think of him still as the same. I say,
He is not dead - - he is just away.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

Budget Commission Visits School

The Budget Commission visited the school on July 22nd. The group was headed by Mr. John D. Larkin Jr., Chairman of the Advisory Budget Commission. They discussed with the school officials the need of the school during the coming biennium. The school requested that they provide funds for a new stoker and furnace for one cottage, the renovation of the two cottages, and a printing press for the printing department. This group of men were concerned with requests for permanent improvements, not with operational expenses.

Requests will be discussed later with the Budget Bureau and, if approved will be included in that group's presentation to the General Assembly. Should there be any questions concerning the requests, the Training School representatives will be given an opportunity to present the case further.

The Commission members attending the meeting were Mr. John D. Larkin, Jr., Trenton, Chairman; Mr. J. K. Doughton, Sanford; Mr. Leroy Martin, Raleigh; A. C. Edwards, Hookerton; and Mr. Claude Currie, Durham. Also present were Mr. Coltrane; Mr. Frank Turner, Chief engineer of the Budget Bureau; and Mr. S. E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction.

* * * * *

Renovation

All the hammering, tearing, and scraping that is being heard on the campus these days is coming from No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. The contractors have at last begun the remodeling of these cottages that we have been hearing so much about and toward which we are so eagerly looking forward to having remade. Thay have almost gutted these buildings and the new materials to go into them are arriving daily.

The boys who were occupying these buildings are more anixious than anyone else to see them completed. They reported that they are still not satisfied in their temporary dwelling places. Cottage No. 1 is living in Cottage No. 5; Cottge No. 2 is living in Cottage No. 12; and Cottage No. 3 is living in Cottage No. 8. Although these cottages are comfortable they are still not home to about seventy-five boys.

* * * * *

Former Print Shop Boy Meets Accidental Death

Many of our readers will remember the work done on THE UPLIFT by Benson Golding. The school was notified this week that Benson was killed instantly in an automobile accident near Galax, Virginia on the morning of July 23rd.

Benson left the school January 16, 1954 and returned to his home in Mt. Airy, N. C. He secured a job in a local printing office immediately. After working there for some time he transferred to a printing office in Galax, Virginia where he was working at the time of the accident.

Benson was a member of Cottage No. 4 and worked in the Print Shop. He remained at the school extra time in order to learn all he could about the printing trade. The student body and

staff were greatly touched by his passing and extend to his family and relatives our sympathy.

* * * * *

Dentist

Dr. George Dudney, from the State Oral Hygiene Department, is still with us in the dental office at the infirmary. He has examined all the boys in the school to determine their dental needs. As of this date he has completed the work of two hundred and thirty-four boys and is treating thirty-one others.

* * * * *

On July 13, Kenneth Lewis, a fine looking young man with a wife and little girl, came by the school to visit. Kenneth tells us that he was here about thirty years ago, and that he feels that if it had not been for his training here he would never have continued his education which led him to the position he now has with the Alterations Department of the Chase National bank of New York. His particular job with this firm is the repairing of the Air Conditioners in the various banks.

Kenneth was in Cottage Number 9 and 10 and spent most of his time here working in the laundry. He was admitted here from Rutherford County on February 23, 1923 and was allowed to go home on June 8, 1927. At the time of his release he went to live with his father at Rutherfordton, N. C.

As soon as he was old enough he joined the Marines and spent eleven months in the Pacific with the 4th Division in World War 11 where he lost his left arm.

Kenneth is now living with his wife, former Vivian Castegan of Brooklyn, New York and their eight year old daughter, Nancy, at 158 Heathcote Road, Elmont, Long Island, New York.

* * * * *

Cecil Campbell Visits School

On the afternoon of Monday July 5, in the Training School auditorium it was our priviledge to hear a program rendered by Cecil Campbell and his Tennessee Ramblers.

This group of very fine musicians have become quite famous throughout the South for their musical entertainment. Perhaps you have heard them on the radio or have seen them on one of their many WBTV shows from Charlotte. Cecil and his boys also make quite a few personal appearances throughout the country. They have been great favorites of the boys here at the school for a long time.

When everyone was seated in the auditorium, Superintendent J. Frank Scott welcomed the Ramblers and turned the program over to Cecil Campbell for the fun to begin.

It would be almost impossible to describe this program accurately for solos, trios, quartet numbers, banjo and guitar selections followed in such rapid succession and these Ramblers, showing more versatility than we have ever noticed among a group of musicians, changed instruments so rapidly that it was impossible for us to keep up with them.

Some of he songs this group of entertainers played were: "On Top of Old Smokey", "Yankee Doodle", "You All Come", "Foggy Mountain Top", "O Sweet Mama", "Cross Over the

Bridge", "A Talk With Jesus", "I Get So Lonely", "I'll Be There", Cecil's own composition "Steel Guitar Boogy" and many others.

Mr. Campbell and his Tennessee Ramblers were assured by round after round of enthusiastic applause that the boys enjoyed their program. We want to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to those connected with this splendid entertainment and that they will always be welcome visitors.

—Wayne King

O * * * O

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to following this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

August	1	Ernest Pinion, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 7
August	2	Charles Summerline, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
August	6	James Morrison, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
August	8	Donald McManus, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
August	9	Herman Callahan, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
August	9	Johnny Johnson, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
August	12	William Hines, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
August	14	Charles Ward, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
August	16	Johnny Sparks, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
August	16	B.W. Murry, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
August	17	Edward Stines, 17th Birthday, Cottage No. 15
August	19	Charles Smith, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 11
August	19	Archie Medford, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 9
August	21	David Blevins, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 14
August	22	Bob Andy Shew, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 2
August	30	Delbert Puckett, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
August	31	Charles Vestal, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 17

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

By Robert Babb, 6th Grade

We are happy to announce the necessary preparations of harvesting the truck crops are almost through. The boys have worked very hard and are glad the time has come to gather them. There has been much work done the last three months such as plowing, hoeing, and pulling weeds in preparing for the annual harvest. According to Mr. Query, the farm has been very prosperous this season.

-------oOOOo-------

The school cannery has been very active the last few weeks. Mr. Brown and a crew have been busy canning the crops that have been harvested recently. The crops that Mr. Brown has canned are 4 barrels of kraut, 4 barrels of pickles, 800 gallons of tomatoes, and 400 gallons of green beans. There are many more crops to be gathered and canned soon.

-------oOOOo-------

The early crops of roasting ear corn has been gathered and shucked. The remains were ground-up to be put in the silo. The silage is very efficient in feeding the cattle when winter comes. There are other fields planted and are growing very rapidly. They should be ready for harvest in the near future.

-------oOOOo-------

The grape vineyard is looking very prosperous this year. The vines are hanging full and some are beginning to ripen. They look very good and may be picked soon. The boys will be very glad when the time comes to pick them.

Baling straw is still one of the major jobs out on the farm. There is still plenty of straw to be baled. This will come in handy during the winter months. Most of the straw will be used for bedding for the animals.

-------oOOOo-------

The watermelon crop looks very promising this year. The vines are full of melons and with a little help from mother nature there should be more than enough for our use. Another popular crop is the cantaloupe. There is bad news from the cantaloupe patch this year. The cantaloupes are not doing very well. They were hit by the blight recently and much damage was done. We will have a few nice cantaloupes, but nothing like we expected.

-------oOOOo-------

The boys are getting all the vegetables they can eat. Many different types of vegetables are being served at the cafeteria each day. Corn on the cob, tomatoes, squash, egg plant, cucumbers, carrots. green beans, okra, and so forth are some of the vegetables that are being served.

-------oOOOo-------

Our peach crop has been very good this year. The students have peaches just about every day in the cafeteria. Our trees are not very old, but they are bearing fruit "fit for a king".

-------oOOOo-------

The machines shop crew has been cleaning and repairing the crawler, tractors, and other farm equipment this month. At the present time work

is being done on the baling machine. This machine is being used about every day. There is hay to be baled and also straw from the threshing machine.

-------oOOOo-------

The boys in the print shop have been working pretty hard the past couple of weeks in order to get the different orders out to the various schools and colleges. These orders consists of file cards, envelopes and stationery, forms, and so forth. They have just finished a large order for Appalachian State Teachers College and Western Carolina College.

The Kluge press is broken and it shouldn't be long until it will be back in working condition. New rollers were put on all the presses. These should make printing more comfortable for the printers.

One of the linotype operators has been released from the school. He is Ray Malpass from Kinston, N. C. We wish Ray the best of luck in the coming years and hope to see more of his typesetting in print.

Two new boys were added to the roll of printers last week. Eugene Herron is from Kannapolis, N. C. He is 13 years old and is in the seventh grade. James Gosnell from Gastonia, N. C. is the other new printer to be. He is 16 years old and is in the ninth grade. Some nice work should come from these two new talents.

-------oOOOo-------

The beef herd is still looking good. The inventory of this herd shows that we will have as much or more beef this year as we had last year. The report on the swine herd shows likewise. It is for sure that we will have plenty of meat for future use.

-------oOOOo-------

The apple orchard is really looking good. The trees are loaded with full-grown apples. We are looking forward to a larger crop this year than we had last year. Some of the apples will be stored away for winter use, and some will be cooked and will be eaten by the boys for desserts. Most all the boys like to eat these apples when they are green. The boys who drive vehicles such as the tractors, water wagon and garbage wagon can be seen eating the apples quite often.

Things Money Can't Buy

Money can't buy real friendship - friendship must be earned.

Money can't buy a clear conscience - square dealing is the price tag.

Money can't buy the glow of good health - right living is the secret.

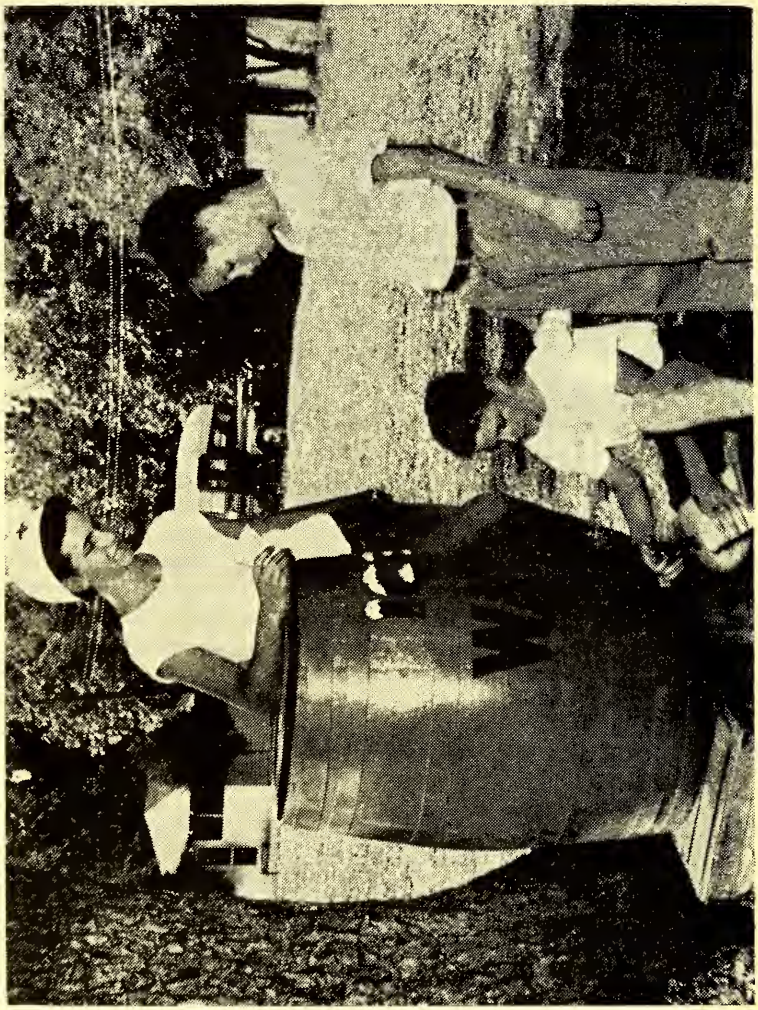
Money can't buy happiness - happiness is a mental attitude and one may be as happy in a cottage as in a mansion.

Money can't buy sunsets, songs of wild birds and the music of the wind in the trees - for these are as free as the air we breathe.

Money can't buy inward peace - is the result of a constructive philosophy of life.

Money can't buy character - character is what we are when alone with ourselves in the dark.

—Scottish Rite News



Thirst Quenching Time at Summer Camp

SUMMER CAMP A SUCCESS

The campus still echoes with the good times had at Summer Camp during the last week in June and the first week in July. During this two week period approximately one hundred seventy-five boys enjoyed three day periods at Camp Cabarrus, located about thirteen miles north of Concord. This camping period is designed to give the boys a real vacation with instruction in those things which will help him later in life and also be entertaining to him.

The practice of having a two weeks vacation from academic school and allowing the boys to attend a camping program was started four years ago. It was such a success that we have followed the practice since. There is nothing that takes the place of camping, cooking, camp fires, outdoor religious services, boating, canoeing, and nature classes in a boys' training. It is believed that this program has meant much to our boys in the past in helping them to adjust to the requirements of society.

This year the boys recieved scheduled class instruction in boating, canoeing, handicrafts, first aid, and nature study. In addition to these classes they enjoyed a full program of recreation, spiritual instruction, fellowship, and an all round good time.

In order for a boy to be eligible for the camping program he must have been recommended by his cottage parents. Their rcommendations were made upon the basis of the boys' cooperation, courtesy, dependability, helpfulness to them and the other boys, obedience to them and the regulations of the school, efforts he has made to improve himself, his general attitude, and the response that he has made to their efforts to help him. The boys know that is the basis upon which they may attend camp and try for months ahead to make the grade sufficient to go.

Each group was divided into four sub groups to attend classes and for living accomodations. Each group had its own teams in various sports and competed with the other groups. This made for some lively competition. The boys were given points for each phase of their work and prizes were offered for the highest number of points in each group. A total of one hundred fifty-two points could be made in a three day program. The boys who won in the point competitions were as follows:

FIRST PERIOD

1. Riley Whittemore — 147 points
2. Darold Crawford — 141 points
   Kenneth Ashley — 141 points
3. Charles Davis — 139 points

SECOND PERIOD

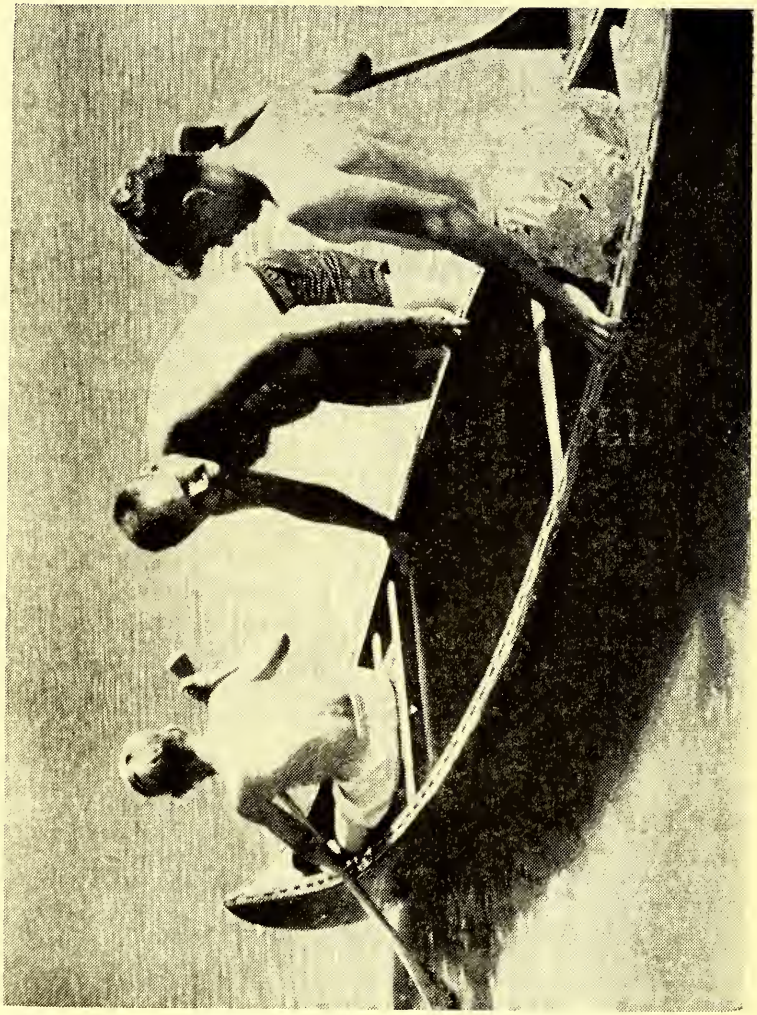
1. Max Teal — 143 points
2. James Wood — 130 points
   Bobby Avery — 130 points
3. Bobby Andy Shew — 129 points

THIRD PERIOD

1. Roy Puckett — 146 points
2. Ray Pruitt — 142 points
3. Jackie Ward — 137 points
   George Stubbs — 137 points

FOURTH PERIOD

1. John Chapman — 142 points
2. Jim Wright — 141 points
3. J. D. Brooks — 136 points



Canoe Riding at Summer Camp

The highlight of each camping group was the final evening when the water meet was held at the lake. Each group selected its best swimmers to compete in the water activities of the event. The winning groups and individual winners are listed below.

FIRST PERIOD

Fifty Yard Swim
1. Riley Whittemore (Group 1)
2. Kenneth Ashley (Group 2)
3. Woodrow Self (Group 3)

Relay
1. L. D. Boone (Group 2)
   Kenneth Ashley
   Charles Ruddock
   Herman Callahan
2. Ray Puckett (Group 1)
   Darold Crawford
   Otis Bryant
   Riley Whittemore
3. Woodrow Self (Group 3)
   Roland Jones
   Charles Hodge
   Robert Babb

Under Water Swim
1. Jerry Somersett (Group 4)
2. Robert Babb (Group 3)
3. Charles Davis (Group 2)

Towel Race
1. Riley Whittemore (Group 1)
2. Cecil Jarrell (Group 4)
3. Herman Callahan (Group 2)

Back Stroke
1. Riley Whittemore (Group 1)
2. Cecil Jarrell (Group 4)
3. Roland Jones (Group 3)

Boat Race
1. Group 2
2. Group 3

SECOND PERIOD — *CONTEST RAINED OUT*

THIRD PERIOD

Fifty Yard Swim
1. Roy Puckett (Group 1)
2. Tommy McBride (Group 2)
3. Walter Shelton (Group 3)

Relay
1. Roy Puckett (Group 1)
   Billy Hill
   Ralph Carpenter
   George Stubbs
2. Tommy McBride (Group 2)
   Bobby Metcalf
   Robert Harden
   Jesse Mabe
3. Homer Bartley (Group 3)
   Edward Turpin
   Walter Shelton
   Jackie Ward

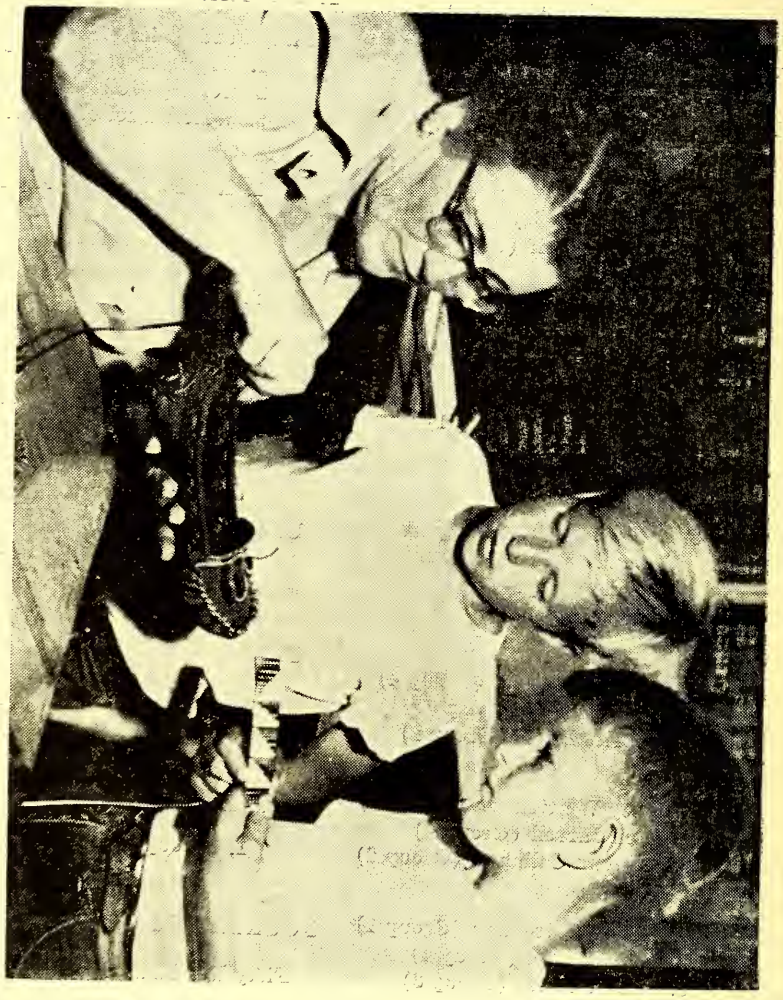
Under Water Swim
1. Tommy McBride (Group 2)
2. Walter Shelton (Group 3)
   Billy Ray Hill (Group 1)

Plunge
1. Billy Ray Hill (Group 1)
2. Tommy McBride (Group 2)
3. Jackie Ward (Group 3)
   Hubert Fox (Group 4)

Boat Race
1. Group 3

FOURTH PERIOD

Fifty Yard Swim
1. Joe Hilton (Group 3)
2. Bobby McMahan (Group 1)
3. Morris Faircloth (Group 4)



Mrs. Liske Instructing Roger Melton and Douglas Eller the Art of Making Moccasins

Relay
1. Joe Hilton (Group 3)
   Robert Musselwhite
   Tommy Sargent
   Lewis Turner
2. Bobby McMahan (Group1)
   Billy Mosteller
   J. D. Brooks
   Don Sessoms
3. C. C. Munsey (Group 2)
   Pete Cummings
   Wayne Jackson
   David Hassell

Under Water Swim
1. Robert Musselwhite (Group 3)
2. Morris Faircloth (Group 4)
3. J. D. Brooks (Group 1)

Plunge
1. Billy Bridges (Group 2)
2. J. D. Brooks (Group 1)
3. Morris Faircloth (Group 4)

Boat Race
1. Group 1
   Group 4

Student counselors included the following:

Walter Glass ..... Group 1
Ray Malpass ..... Group 2
John Cromer ..... Group 3
Paul Knight ..... Group 4
Luther Johnson ..... Asst. Dietitian
Charles Simpson
Assistant Water Front Director

Camping Activities
Monroe Korn
Van Austin
Jack Moore
Kenneth Ashley
Charles Davis
Charles Hodge

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MIDSUMMER MAGIC

Midsummer weaves a magic spell of jumbled images - - as a kaledioscope held in a child's hand; moonlight on a soft green lawn, the bronze of a june bug's widespread wings, the delicate tapestry of Queen Ann's lace, a field of corn shoulder high and tasselled as a drum major's cap, the scent of hay in a new mown field, and the song of the katy-did on the quiet air. It is a study in moods - - as soft and warm as a baby's breath or as loud and chilling as a clap of thunder announcing the approaching storm. It is as peaceful as the cricket chirping under the steps or as violent as the flash of lightening that joins the earth and sky. It can be tasted in the freshly picked berry from a hillside, or in a peach still warm from the sun. It can be felt in the warm dust of a country road under bare feet, or in a cooling creek swimming hole. I have smelled it in the clean air that follows a summer shower and in the dry heat of mid-day. It is the earth rank with growth, nature fulfilled. It is the season when the days are long and loathe to part, and the nights impatient for another dawn. That's midsummer.

SUNDAY SERVICES

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

The visiting minister for Sunday, July 4, was Rev. J. Charles Richard, pastor of the Jackson Park Methodist Church of Kannapolis. The scripture was taken from Chapter VI of Romans. His topic was based mainly on the 22nd verse which says, "But now being made free from sin, and become servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life". He explained to us that we are free to do right, and there is no one to say we can't. We are free to live the Christian way, for there are no laws to say we are forbidden to do right, however; we cannot do everything we want to do because it is not right with the Lord. God sent the laws of the Bible to tell us what was right and what was wrong. He also sent our parents to teach us to obey these laws. We must try to obey them in order to reach the Kingdom of God. We should prepare for this now, because we never know when our time will come to face God.

Rev. Mr. Richard then closed the service with a short prayer.

* * * * *

The visiting minister for Sunday, July 11, was Rev. Josph T. Hammond, pastor of the Evangelical Reformed Church of Concord. The speaker chose for his scripture Chapter XVI of Judges. Throughout his sermon he compared many things with the mighty power of Samson. Samson was a a man who belonged to a tribe of people who were very strong believers in God. Samson gained his mighty strength through this belief. There are many people today who gain the strength to face everyday problems by worshiping God.

Rev. Joseph Hammond told of a great athlete named Glen Cunningham who held the record for many sports until a few years ago. Glen while a boy lived on his father's farm. One day while he was working, hot water spilled on Glen's legs. This hurt the boy's legs so bad that the doctors told him he would never walk again. Glen would not listen to them because he knew he had to walk again. One day he crawled out to the barn and hitched up the mule to a plow and made it go. When the mule started to go he fell on the plow and cut his head. This did not stop this brave boy from trying. He did the same thing over and over again until he walked. When he grew up he became one of the world's greatest athletes. This shows what a person can do if he believes in God and has the determination to succeed.

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The visiting minister for Sunday, July 18, was Rev. Gilbert B. Goodman, pastor of the St. Enoch Lutheran Church of Kannapolis. The speaker chose Chapter III of Proverbs for his scripture. His topic was based on the 5th and 6th verses which say: "Trust the Lord with all thine heart;

and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Rev. Mr. Goodman compared many things with these verses. During these comparisons he told a story of a party of servicemen who were crossing a desert. They had been without water for a long time and were about to go crazy from thirst. They had a guide who knew the desert well enough to get them safely across. During their journey they thought they saw an oasis in the distance. They ordered their guide to direct them to it, but the guide objected. He told them it was all in their imagination. The servicemen argued with him and said they would go there anyway. The quarrel got so bad they had a fight and during the fight the guide was killed. These men who were determined to satisfy their thirst started out to find the shady palm trees and the cool, clear water. They went on and on but never found their oasis. When the sun went down the mirage faded away, and only a few of the men lived to tell of their journey. These men would not listen to their guide and follow him like some people misjudge God's guidance. Christ tells us that if we follow the paths of righteousness like we should we shall have eternal life by His side.

* * * * *

The visiting minister for Sunday, July 25th, was Rev. Mr. Maness, pastor of the Midland Methodist Charge of Midland, N.C. Rev. Mr. Maness chose for his scripture Chapter 8 of St. John. His topic was referred to the 12th verse which says, "I am the light of the world: He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The speaker related an incident in which he had to face darkness. He said on one night he was driving along in his car and a dense fog swept over the area. The fog was so thick he could hardly see where he was going. In the distance he saw a car's tail-lights. The speaker said he had an idea the car was going to the same town he was, so he followed his tail-lights. Rev. Mr. Maness said while he had been driving for sometime he looked in his rear mirrow and saw other cars following him. He said he followed the car in front of him for a long time until the car reached a crossroads which was at the edge of the town which he was seeking. Perhaps you have picked out someone to follow throughout your life. Christ knows the way, we should follow Him to have a more perfect life. Following Christ's way is traveling the road of Christian living. Christ is like a little light, if we follow the light, we will be led into the Gates of Heaven. We should follow Christ's way because the resurrection day is coming for all of us sometime.

The speaker then closed the service with a prayer.

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One road to success is to get around you better men than yourself. The other road is to get around men better than yourself.

SPORTS

By Paul Knight, 8th Grade

On July the 5th, the boys here at Jackson Training School watched the annual softball game between the boys and staff.

In the first inning of the game the staff scored 12 runs and the boys did not get to score. But in the second inning the boys scored 1 run off the fine pitching of Mr. Russell. In the 3rd inning the boys held back the staff with 3 up and 3 down.

The staff however, surged ahead of the boys with a score of 19 runs. But the boys didn't give up. They picked up 9 more runs in the 3rd and 5th innings.

The staff got 14 hits off the pitching of Smith, of Cottage No. 10, and the boys collected 7 hits off Mr. Russell. The outstanding players for the boys were Metcalf with 2 hits, Chapman, with 2 hits. Harold Harris of Cottage No. 10, knocked a home-run for the boys. The outstanding players for the staff were Mr. Russell with 3 for 4, and Mr. Troutman with 3 for 4. The final score after 5 innings of play was 19 to 10 in favor of the staff.

The lineup of the staff and boys:

Staff

Name:	AB	H	R
Garmon, c	3	1	3
Scott, 3b	2	1	3
Russell, p	4	3	3
Eller, ss	3	1	3
Troutman, 1b	4	3	2
Brown, 2b	4	2	2
Hahn, rf	3	1	0
Hinson, lf	4	0	0
Phillips, cf	3	2	2

Boys

Jones, ss	3	1	1
Metcalf, rf	3	2	2
Malpass, cf	3	0	0
Chapman, c	3	2	1
Harris, 3b	2	1	2
Jackson, lf	3	1	1
McMahan, 2b	3	0	0
Harp, 1b	2	0	1
Smith, p	2	0	2

The last round of the season is now underway. Cottage No. 11 made the biggest upset of the season. Cottage No. 11 gave Cottage No. 17 their first defeat of the year by scoring more runs on the local champs. The final score was 14 to 8. The outstanding player for Cottage No. 17 was B. W. Murry with 3 hits, one which was a home run. The outstanding players for Cottage No. 11 were Ewing and Wilson with 3 hits each.

SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

COTTAGES	DATE	TIME	FIELD
14 vs 11	July 17	1:00	G
13 vs 17	July 17	1:00	C
10 vs 4	July 17	2:00	G
12 vs 9	July 19	6:00	G
6 vs 7	July 21	6:00	C
4 vs 15	July 23	6:00	B
13 vs 14	July 24	1:00	B
17 vs 11	July 24	1:00	G
10 vs 15	July 24	2:00	C
16 vs 4	July 24	2:00	B
5 vs 4	July 26	6:00	G
8 vs 9	July 28	6:00	C
14 vs 17	July 30	6:00	G
15 vs 5	July 31	1:00	G
13 vs 11	July 31	1:00	C

10 vs 16	July 31	2:00	G
17 vs 5	Aug. 2	6:00	G
12 vs 8	Aug. 4	6:00	G
15 vs 16	Aug. 6	6:00	G

This will complete the regular solfball season and on August 7 a playoff between the top three teams in each league will begin. The team that wins two out of three from each competitor shall be the champs. The standings at Present are:

A League	Won		Lost
Cottage No. 4	6	and	2
Cottage No. 10	5	and	2
Cottage No. 15	4	and	2
Cottage No. 16	2	and	6
Cottage No. 5	0	and	8

B League	Won		Lost
Cottage No. 17	6	and	1
Cottage No. 14	5	and	2
Cottage No. 13	2	and	5
Cottage No. 11	1	and	6

C League	Won		Lost
Cottage No. 7	2	and	0
Cottage No. 9	4	and	1
Cottage No. 8	3	and	2
Cottage No. 6	0	and	2
Cottage No. 12	0	and	4

On July 28, 1954 Cottage No. 8 and No. 9 played one of the hardest and tightest softball games ever played in the C league.

The game got underway with No. 9 at bat first. But No. 8 was ready for the hard hitting players on the No. 9 team. They were unable to score. Then No. 8 came in to bat and they secured one run.

Although No. 9 was unable to score in the first inning they collected 4 hits which brought in 2 runs. In the bottom half of the second inning Clyde McManus hit a triple followed by a double by Kenneth Laws which let Clyde come home. Then the pitcher Tommy "Bulldog" McBride came to bat. He hit a single to right centerfield. And Kenneth came home and the score after two innings of play Cottage No. 8, 4 to 2.

In the third inning No. 9 scored 4 runs. But No. 8 was unable to secure any runs off the fine pitching of George Truelove. The score after 3 innings of play was Cottage No. 9 6 and Cottage No. 8, 4.

In the top half of the fifth inning No. 9 scored 4 runs which made the score 10 and 4 in No. 9's favor. But in the bottom half of the fifth inning No. 8 was getting hits after hits. They had already secured 4 runs in this inning. Then like a miracle, Kenneth Laws hit a home run with one man on base. The score after five innings of play was Cottage No. 8, 10 and Cottage No. 9, 10.

Although they had to play two more innings before anybody scored, Cottage No. 8 came out on top. The final score after seven innings of play was Cottage No. 9, 12 and Cottage No. 8, 13.

Cottage No. 9 lost the game; however, they showed good sportsmanship.

O * * * O

You seldom find intelligent children in any kind of silly mischief. Theirs is apt to be ingenious.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

Jimmy Johnson Wilson hails from Morganton, N. C. Jimmy was admitted July 2, 1954. Jimmy is a likeable sort of guy and can mix with a crowd very well. Jim is in the 5th grade and in Cottage No. 11.

Bobby Ray Kennedy was admitted to the school July 2, 1954. Bobby comes from High Point, N.C. Bobby is a very good swimmer. We hope Bobby will make good here. He is in Cottage 5.

Alvin Rowe Sherrill was readmitted to the school on July 7, 1954. Alvin hails from Statesville, N.C. Alvin made good here the first time and we hope he can do it again. He is in the 8th grade and in Cottage 14.

David Arnold Austin was admitted here July 9, 1954. David hails from Caldwell County, N.C. He was placed in Cottage 13. David did very good while he was in the Receiving Cottage.

James Edward Gosnell was admitted to the school July 13, 1954 and hails from Gaston County. James attended Belmont High School at home where he was in the 9th grade. He was placed in the 9th grade here and also the print shop.

James is 6ft. 5in. He says we can call him "Long John."

George William Truelove was readmitted to the school July 16, 1954. George comes from Shelby, N.C. While here the first time George was in Cottage No. 7. We think he can make a good record again. He is in Cottage No. 9.

Wayne Head was admitted to the school on July 20, 1954. Wayne hails from the Eastern part of the state, Sampson County. Wayne was placed in Cottage No. 9.

We hope Wayne will have a good record to show to his Welfare Dept. when he comes up for release.

Phillip Wayne Blackwelder came to the school on July 23, 1954. Phillip is from Stanly County N.C. Phillip looks to be good guy. We hope he will make good. He was placed in Cottage 17.

SEPERATIONS

Thomas Lewis Mercer left the school July 6, 1954. He went to live with his mother in Haywood County. Thomas was in Cottge No. 9. He worked with Mr. Faggart in the Cotton Mill.

Charles "Dub" Hodge was released July 13, 1954. Charles went to live with his mother in Mecklenburg County. Charles worked in the dining hall and lived in Cottage No. 10.

Luther Wilbur Johnson was released July 13, 1954 to go to live with his mother in Guilford County. Luther was in the 7th grade and lived in Cottage No. 10.

Ray Vernon Malpass was given his release July 13, 1954. He went to live in Lenoir County with his parents. Ray was a member of the Boy Scouts here and also worked in the Print Shop.

Paul Elmer Webb was released on July 8, 1954. Paul went to live with his parents in Hendersonville. Paul helped in th laundry and lived in Cottage No. 6.

(McGONIGLE'S FOLLY continued from last month's issue)

All the town crowded into the town council chambers for the trial of the mule. Sure, there was Kellys and O'Mearas, Donnelly's O'connors, Kevins, Killihers, Kerrigans, McBride's, Hanrahans, and all. At the windows crowded all the colleens and the gossoons, and in back, even the Bossies of the fields were looking in, mooing and chewing their cuds. 'Twas a great day in Ban Nagor.

Ould Patrick Quinn, Esq., the village justice of peace who had never tried a case, sought in vain for a wig to adorn his sparse locks, but sure he looked grand in the robes of Father O'Malley, borrowed for the occasion. In his squeaky voice did he read the charge, which was answered from the back by a mulish bray. Faith, the poor beast had to bray twice, for the prosecutor, who was Young Patrick Quinn, son of the J. P., insisted on bringing in the Irish Relief Act of 1687, which the English call vagrancy.

Quickly there sprang to the defense Hughie Muleahy, who had some claim to being a lawyer, having once been assistant inker in Dublin city hall, wherein many legal matters were involved, and returning did become a notary public, though in such a tiny spot as Ban Nagor, who would be bringing him the business?

Hughie then did put up a gallant defense, insisting that Shawn failed to prove the hoofprints outside the shebeen did come from his client; in fact failed to prove that said hoofprints were even of mulish orgin. But it was to no avail, and the poor mule was thereupon sentenced to 99 years in the village service, though Charleen wept copious tears until she found comfort in the arms of Hughie Muleahy, who was never loathe to offer such comfort.

Now the years have marched along in their unending procession and the mule grows fat at village expense, for he will not work without eating, and eating, stuffs himself so that he cannot work. And all the village blames Shawn McGonigle, for the poor beast has the village $320 in debt, and the taxes do go up as the green months slide by.

And in the field where the mule of Ban Nagor grazes, you will find this monument to blind justice.

"Traveler! Here grazes the mule of Ban Nagor; sentenced to 99 years in the service of the village for the crimes of intoxication and vagrancy; because justice must be served, we, the village folk of Ban Nagor, must pay taxes to support the mule of Ban Nagor; Bad 'cess to Shawn McGonigle, whose loyalty to the law overweighed his better judgment, and imposed this burden upon us; God rest his soul!"

There is an epilogue to this tale: though Shawn McGonigle lost prestige in the years that followed, his love for Harmony Pegeen O'Shea culminated in the best wedding Ban Nagor ever saw.

All the village and half the county Mayo turned out, there was dancing and singing in the village green, and the barbecue pits burned bright through the long night, and the shebeen of Kerry O'Leary was overrun time after time. Best of all, the mule of Ban Nagor turned up to give the bride away. And as the happy pair skipped lightly down the aisle, after the blessing of Father O'Malley, the last they heard was.

"Hee (hic) Haw. Hee (hic) haw."

EXCHANGES

LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK: July 1st

Have a good time on that picnic? Wesley Grimes' article, "Man, Be Yourself", was full or good thoughts. We particularly liked:

"Today, universal attention is being focused upon the deep Southland and its social disorder which was brought about through the recent Supreme Court ruling on segregated schools. However, the sublime outcome will rest solely with the self-sauvity of of the people who make up the society. There must be conformity; a self-desire to be worthy of acceptance on the other side."

THE SUMMARY: June 25th

Your column about "What Do You Think"? is quite interesting. So beauty is not important! That's nice. Makes us "Ugly Ducklings" feel like we might count after all. That was a good editorial, "A Package A week".

THE ANGOLITE: July 17th

Congratulations on the final arrangements of your Loan Fund. Looks like it will require some bookkeeping for someone, but we still think it is a good thing. Please let "Old Wooden Ear" know that we are praying and pulling for him, and looking forward to his column back in Angolite real soon.

THE MONTHLY RECORD: July

Very neat little magazine. Enjoy it every month. The article, "What Are They Doing Now" was very interesting.-

REFLECTOR: July

Congratulation on your 20th anniversary. You did it up nicely this month. Veronica V's article on the Chippewa Indians sounded like first hand information. Enjoyed it. Nice cover this time too. We envy you folks who make with the pretty pictures.

"Orchids and Onions" sounds O. K. Those onions really smell don't they? Hope seeing it in print did some good. Congratulations to the 35 graduates.

AGRICOLA: July & August

"Lifers Scroll" was well written good thoughts, deep, but very good. We especially liked the personal message to the son. It goes in our scrap book.

THE SPECTATOR: July 16th

THE UPLIFT Sends congratulations to John Myers for his promotion as well as "best wishes" to the new editor Earl Gibson. We'll be reading him.

THE ATLANTIAN: Summer Issue

We think your magazine is one of finest. The reprints from some of the other exchanges gave us an opportunity to read a few that we had missed. Your covers this issue take the cake, front and back. Our hats are off to you guys for doing such a good job.

HEADLINER: June

That is an excellent sport section in your *Headliner*. "Burning Courage" by Joe Illig is the sort of story one remembers. These articles on your craft departments have us curious. What's the possibility of a catalog or price list. The ladies in our mist are trying to visualize those shoulderbags.

POPULAR SONGS

Selected by Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

HERE

Here, in this enchanted place;
Here, enclosed in your embrace.
Here with you so near to me;
Here is where I want to be.
The world outside may be thrilled
By the treasures that people buy for gold
But I would rather be thrilled
By the treasures that I alone can hold.
Here, beside the warmth of you;
Here, within a dream for two.
Here, for all eternity;
Here is where I want to be.

ANSWER ME, MY LOVE

Answer me, oh my love,
Just what sin have I been guilty of?
Tell me how I came to lose your love?
Please answer me, my love.
You were mine yesterday,
I believed that love was here to stay,
Won't you tell me where I've gone astray?
Please answer me, my love.
If you're happier without me,
I'll try not to care,
But if you still think about me,
Please listen to my prayer.
You must know I've been true,
Won't you say that we can start anew.
In my sorrow now I turn to you
Please answer me, my love.

THE MAN WITH THE BANJO

Who's that coming?
Who's that strumming?
That's the man with the banjo.
For a penny, he'll play any song that's happy and gay.
Folks all smile and stop awhile,
Because the man with the banjo
Makes their troubles, burst like bubbles
Chasing worries away.
See the children running after,
While he plays his merry song.
All their hearts are filled with laughter,
As they tag along.
Shadows falling, sandman's calling.
There goes the man with the banjo,
Gaily humming, softly strumming,
On his merry old way.

AND SO I WALKED HOME

And so I walked home
Knowing that I lost the only love for me,
And so I walked home
Thinking of how lonely life was gonna be.
And as I wandered down the avenue, it seems,
I said goodbye to all our window shoppin' dreams,
And when I passed the chapel, dear,
My eyes were full of tears,
Another pretty dream that wouldn't be.
And as I walked home
Ev'rywhere I looked I only saw your face,
Sweetheart I walked home,
Knowing no one else could ever take your place.
And then I saw before my eyes
An answer to a pray'r,
'Cause I got home and found you waiting there.

JILTED

Jilted, I've been jilted,
You found a new love,
Didn't even say "we're through love;"
Jilted, I've been jilted,
But I'm as happy as can be.
I've been thinking it over
Ever since your slippin' around begun.
Now I'll become a rover
Two c'n play that game as well as one
And even though our hot romance has wilted, wilted.
Thanks for the favor
Baby, you're a real life saver.
I'm happy that you jilted me.

TILL WE TWO ARE ONE

Take my lips and give me yours,
Take my arms and give me yours,
Take my heart and give me yours,
Till we two are one.
Just one kiss if we should dare,
Just one love for us to share,
Just one ecstacy is there,
Till we two are one.
There could be heavenly dreams
We take and give for thrillingly,
Willingly moments that we live for.
Take my love and give me yours,
Take my life and give me yours,
Take my soul and give me yours,
Till we two are one.

THREE LITTLE WORDS

Three little words,
Oh, what I'd give for that wonderful phrase
To hear those three little words
That's all I'd live for the rest of my days,
And what I feel in my heart they tell sincerely,
No other words can tell it half so clearly
Three little words
Eight little letters which simply mean,
"I love you!"

TILL THEN

Till then my darling please wait for me,
Till then no matter when it will be,
One day I know I'll be back again,
Please wait till then.
Our dreams will live
Tho' we are apart,
Our love I know will keep in our hearts,
Till then when all the world will be free
Please wait for me.
Although there are oceans we must cross,
And mountains we must climb,
I know ev'ry gain must have a loss,
So pray that our lose is nothing but time
Till the let's dream of what there will be,
Till then we'll call on each memory,
Till then when I will hold you again
Please wait till then.

GODSPEED TO YOU

"Godspeed to you," my darling,
"Godspeed to you," my sweet,
Wherever you go, whatever you do,
I always will be there with you.
"Godspeed to you," my darling,
Please hurry back, please do.
I'll pray and I'll yearn for your safe return,
So Godspeed, my darling to you.

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

The traditions of the Old West still live, as I discovered when I went to teach school in southern Nebraska. My pupils came to school on horseback and spent much time demonstrating their ability to ride. Long after I had become acquainted with most of the families I discovered that two of my best pupils had a little brother. He was just pre-school age, an adorable youngster, and I thought it odd that neither his brother nor sister had ever mentioned him. Finally, I said to the boy, "How does it happen that you never told me you had a little brother at home?"

The boy looked at me in a rather embarrased manner, scuffed his feet, and answered, "Aw, teacher, we don't talk about him much. He fell off of a horse."

———o0O0o———

A five-year-old lad in Minnesota was watching his mother change the baby. When she overlooked sprinkling the tot's backside with talcum powder and hurried him into his diaper, the five-year-old proclaimed loudly, "Hey, mom, you forgot to salt him!"

———o0O0o———

A footsore hobo was walking along a highway thumbing his nose at the cars speeding by. In time, another hitchhiker coming from the other direction spotted him in some amazement.

"Hey, bud," he cried when they met, "what's the idea of thumbing your nose like that? You'll never get a ride that way."

The member of the willingly unemployed made a cynical gesture. "Who cares?" He shrugged. "This is my lunch hour."

———o0O0o———

Customer: "I'd like to make a loan."
Bank Official: "You'll have to see Mr. Jones, our loan arranger."
Customer: "Who?"
Official: "The loan arranger . . . the loan arranger."
Customer: "Oh, you mean the one who says, "Hi Yo, Silver."

———o0O0o———

A nice feature about old age is that you can whistle while you are brushing your teeth.

———o0O0o———

Johnny (in woodshed): "Daddy did grandpa spank you when you were a little boy?"

Father: "Yes, Johnny."

Johnny: "And did great-grandpa spank grandpa when he was a little boy?"

Father: "Yes, Johnny."

Johnny: "Well, don't you think that with my help you could overcome this inherited rowdyism."

———o0O0o———

Two drunks were walking down the railroad track. Said one: "These are the longest stairs I ever saw."

The second said: "Yeah, but what gets me are these low handrails."

———o0O0o———

"Every Saturday you go fishing," She complained, "And you know I don't like fish."

"Well," said he, "I catch as few as possible, don't I?"

BITS OF WISDOM

The trouble with Father Time is that he doesn't make round trips.

———o0O0o———

Next to God we are indebted to women, first for the life itself and second for making it worth living.

———o0O0o———

Don't worry about finding your proper station in life; somebody will surely tell you where to get off.

———o0O0o———

What chance has a man to control his destiny when he can't control himself?

———o0O0o———

Happiness can be built on virtue only and must of necessity have truth for its foundation.

———o0O0o———

The more a person talks about himself, the greater the danger of his be coming an ordinary liar.

———o0O0o———

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

———o0O0o———

Go slow and fare well, go fast and farewell!

———o0O0o———

The difference between the right word is the difference between lighting and the lighting bug.

———o0O0o———

Some people go about doing good; others just go about.

———o0O0o———

Describing an encounter with an opponent: Thrusting my nose firmly between his teeth, I threw him heavily to the ground on top of me."

"Let us then be up and going with a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing learn to labor and to wait." —Longfellow

———o0O0o———

The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. - Oscar Wilde

———o0O0o———

Perhaps money is called "cold cash" because we can't keep it long enough to warm it up.

———o0O0o———

A man's knowledge of human nature cannot be judged by the opinion he has of himself.

———o0O0o———

Inventors claim to have produced a mechanical man that can talk without thinking. There's nothing new about that. We've been hearing a lot of them for years.

———o0O0o———

If we keep our nose to the grindstone much longer, there won't be enough left to stick into other people's business.

———o0O0o———

The three words most effectively used by a man to preserve peace are, "Yes, my dear."

———o0O0o———

People are like rivers. Whatever is in them comes out at the mouth.

———o0O0o———

The man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

———o0O0o———

The right angle from which to approach any problem is the "try" angle.

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

JULY

PLANT BEDS

Dean Cranford
Vernon Ewing
Eddie Redden
Joseph Welch
Bobby Hannah
Franklin Petty
John Chapman
Don Dillard
Billy Bushie
Jimmie Wilson
David Page
Kenneth Jackson

BARN FORCE

Jimmy Mayfield
Billy Anderson
Robert Hardin
Albert Ross
Bobby Gillie
Ashburn Johnson

DAIRY

Johnnie Jackson
Billy Mosteller
Jerry Somersett
Otis Bryant
Russell Wilson
Leroy Haithcock

MACHINE SHOP

Alvin Brown
Walter Glass
Bobby Bryson
Herschel Summers
Pete Cummings

BAKERY

Billy Bridges
John Cromer
Woodrow Self
Jimmy McManus
Johnnie Bradshaw
Alex Melvin

LAUNDRY

George Stubbs
Tommy McBride
Gary Lee Franklin
Bobby Avery
Carl Johnson
Kenneth Laws
Archie Medford
Steve Lance
Joe Barrett
Tommy Wyatt

CHICKEN FORCE

Sam Aldridge
James Wood
Lawrence Jackson
Billy Hayes

MEAT CUTTING

Charles Simpson
Henry Banther
Ray Puckett
Kenneth Ashley

CAFETERIA

Donald McManus
Robert Musselwhite
Grover Collins
Junior Davis
Enoch Johnson
Bobby Metcalf
Charles Summerlin
William Holt
Subert Testerman
Lewis Turner
Harry Mintz
Bobby Davis
Charles Davis
Junior Wright
James Pyrtle
Owen Plaster
Jackie Ward
Tommy Sargent

TEXTILE MILL

Wade Mehaffey
Alton Sims
Clyde McManus

FARM

James Morrison
J. C. Norton
Lewis Rhodes
Shelton Taylor
Buddy Parsons
Alvin Bollinger
Wayne Halsey

Pete James
Melvin Hall
David Delaney
Charles Hardy
Charles Byrd
Clarance Quinn
Jackie Cartright
Willard Anderson
Thomas Transou
J. R. Lambert
William Hines
Jesse Mabe
Donald Hamrick

TRACTOR FORCE

David Hassell
David Boswell
David Blevins
Donnie Sessoms
Herman Callahan
Vernon Fletcher
Harvey Flynn
George Clodfelter
Richard Key
Stanley Murry
Johnny Sparks

CARPENTER SHOP

Ransom Hall
John Spencer
Bill Plumley

PRINT SHOP

Paul Knight
Wayne Jackson
Roland Jones
Charles Testerman
Wayne King

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

JULY

FIRST GRADE

Albert Ross
Ben Whitner

SECOND GRADE

Sam Aldridge
Cecil Anderson
Everett Webb
Bobby Avery
Jerry Lamm

THIRD GRADE

Eurde Crews
Harvey Flynn
Lawrence Jackson
C. C. Munsey
Forrest Hendrix
Douglas Eller
David Blevins
Donald Crawford
Steve Farrington
Charlie McBride
David Page
Andy Shew
Edward North

FOURTH GRADE

Roger Melton
Cosner Church

Fifth Grade

Clyde McManus
Banks Loye
Harry Mintz
Billy Mosteller

SIXTH GRADE

David Boswell
Bobby Metcalf
Robert Babbs
Walter Shelton

SEVENTH GRADE

Kenneth Ashley
James Pyrtle
Jerry Somersett
Charles Byrd
Lewis Turner

EIGHTH GRADE

Walter Glass
Jimmy Lockey

NINTH GRADE

Robert Arnette

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

JULY

COTTAGE NO. 1
Darold Crawford
Vernon Fletcher
Walter Glass
Forest Hendrix
Cecil Jarrell
Vernon Roberson
Robert Styles
Brodus Wade

COTTAGE NO. 2
Horald Hensley
Brady Parson
Bobby Shew

COTTAGE NO. 3
Charlie Anderson
Garry Franklin
Alton Sims
Claude Townsel

COTTAGE NO. 4
Kenneth Ashley
Henry Banther
Johnny Bradshaw
Junior Davis
Enoch Johnson
Donald McManus
Richard Strickland
Charles Testerman

COTTAGE NO. 6
Douglas Eller
Sam Aldridge
Johnny Jackson
Ben Whitner
Jerry Manshack
James Wood

COTTAGE NO. 7
Wayne Halsey
Danny Smith
Claude Webb

COTTAGE NO. 9
Harry Bryant
Charles Byrd
Bobby Davis
Verlin Dockery
Joel Greene
Dewey Lamm
Ira Langley
Jesse Mabe
Archie Medford
Bobby North
Tommy Sargent
J. W. Sparks
Mack Teal
Norwood West
Wade Mehaffey

COTTAGE NO. 10
Charles Davis
Bobby McMahan
James Pyrtle
Walter Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 11
John Chapman

COTTAGE NO. 13
Ray Englebert
Harvey Flynn
Junior Ammons
Bobby Gillie
Jimmy Mayfield
Albert Ross

COTTAGE NO. 14
David Blevins
Cosner Church
George Clodfelter
Loe Cutshaw
David Dulaney
Bud Dula
Joe Hilton
Gilbert Johnson
Billy Ray Lee
Bobby Lucas
J. C. Norton

COTTAGE NO. 15
Otis Bryant
Charles Harp
Leroy Haithcock
John Jackson
Billy Mosteller
James Reavis

COTTAGE NO. 17
Edlem Locklear
Paul Knight
McKinley Locust
O'neal Oxendine
James Morrison

INFIRMARY
L. D. Boone
James Russell

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THE UPLIFT

No. 9 SEPTEMBER 1954 Vol. 42

THE MASTER OF LABORERS

By George Edward Day

O Master of the common weal,
The shop, the field, the market place!
Thou knowest all the pangs we feel;
Thou knowest all our need of grace;
And where the world's injustice goads
The weary, on the climbing roads,
Stoop once again with tender voice,
Though clanging discord fills the air,
To whisper hope and bid rejoice
All who the world's depression bear.
O Master of the toiling clan,
Thou Son of God! Thou Son of Man!

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The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

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Wayne Jackson

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PRESSMEN

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The Uplift

Editorial . . .

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

One of the greatest social evils facing our present society is the use of alcoholic beverages. Our morning papers flash in bold headlines the escapades of the social party which turned into a drunken brawl; the news casts relate the blood curdling tragedies resulting from the "one drink too many"; and we read in the social column of the wealthy family serving case after case of intoxicating beverage at the seasons greatest social function. Just what is happening to our society? Are we becoming so bored with each other and so displeased with our family and friends that we are seeking a method of escaping? Is life today so fast in its movements that there are no longer any thrills left in the more sedate and wholesome forms of entertainment? Has the hostess forgotten how to make punch or serve Coca Cola? Is our society seeking more and more dangerous types of entertainment, and will be satisfied with nothing less than those which challenge life itself?

Many social agencies have been set up in recent years, in addition to those already established, for the purpose of combatting the evils of alcoholic beverages. Today in most of our public schools the pupils are taught the physical, mental, and social effects of alcohol. The Churches have incorporated lessons, usually quarterly, on the moral effects of alcohol. Yet instead of decreasing in use it seems to be in greater demand than ever before. Many politicians and civic leaders advocate the sale and

use of alcohol in order to increase the state and local revenue collected its sale. They console themselves in fact that this will furnish funds for educational, recreational, and civic improvements which we could not afford otherwise. Do they ever think of the amount of material and human destruction this sale could encourage and compare it with the small amount of improvements we acquire in return? Is human life not of more value than this?

The custom of social drinking is becoming more and more prevalent in modern society. The cocktail before a meal, the refreshment at a social function, the stop made at the local bar after the working day, all for the purpose of receiving a lift or to make the body relax after a hard day of work. At the social function everyone else is doing it and it seems the thing to do. If you don't take the drink the host will be insulted and you will be excluded from this social group. All these excuses for drinking seem plausable and perfectly in keeping with the modern trends of society. The large bill boards along the highways, the double spreads in the most widely read magazines, the interesting advertisements on the TV programs, all lead us to the conclusion that the very best people are not opposed to drinking sociably. They are doing it and have reached the top in their respective field of sports, entertainment, manufacturing, education, art, etc. So much of this advertising is very misleading and yet it creates the psychological effect upon the viewer which the creator has wished to promote. That is, the average reader will become so interested in the product that at the next opportunity he will try it. So the cycle of social drinking has its beginning and eventually the first qualms about such conduct vanish and "a drink" is made a part of each days activity. Soon the individual finds it much harder to stop than it was to begin. Very often social drinking becomes such a habit that one develops into a chronic drunkard. An old Japanese Proverb states:

"First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man."

How true this proverb becomes in many of our social gatherings where intoxicants are served.

Psychologists agree that those individuals who drink heavily are the people who feel themselves incapable of meeting life's problems. He cannot face these problems in a mature way. Therefore, he must find some method of escaping. The individual with poor health keeps himself so in-

toxicated that he feels no pain, the one with great grief escapes into unconsciousness through drink; the parent who cannot cope with family finances or problems of family life wish to escape into security and happiness, and many more problems which cause confusion and unhappiness could be cited. Sadly, these individuals do not realize that they are merely adding to the existing difficulty rather than being able to face life intelligently. Seeking the help of a counselor or psychologist would give much more relief and satisfaction. They would then get to the basis of the problem and find help and a satisfactory conclusion to their difficulty.

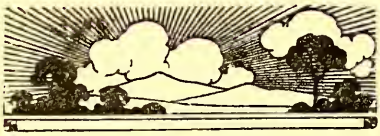
Just what are the psychological effects of intoxication upon the individual? Whether drinking is social or for the purpose of escaping from reality, the problems created are similiar in nature, and during this period the individual has little or no control over the functions of the body. The mental powers, which are our highest achievements, are the first to go. When these controls are removed the lower controls are freed and give the victim the impression of stimulation. The removal of the powers of attention, restraint, observation, reflection, and judgment leave the individual unbound and the way is open for mayhem. During intoxication the individual is not responsible for his acts and very often he does not remember what has occured. Then he suffers remorse, or a period of depression when consciousness is regained. Often acts of violence, seizures of objectionable language, indecent exposure, destruction, and many other unbecoming acts are committed which cause the victim to suffer remorse. The psychological effects of drink cannot be measured collectively. The unhappiness, family conflicts, and loss if friendships which result cannot be easily mended. Alcoholism among parents cause suffering to the children discrimination, loss of love and affection, family disunity, and countless other ways of mental torture. Drinking among children cause conflicts with other members of the family, loss of respect by friends and reltives, heartaches for parents, etc. One alcoholic family within a community causes untold hardships to the inhabitants and so the story goes on and on. No one individual can drink and the total effects be confined to himself.

The use of alcohol cannot be confined to the effect upon the person of the drinker. He is creating problems far beyond his reach and some that he perhaps will never know he is creating. He is keeping the liquor traffic alive so that others are tempted and offered the opportunity to drink. The example he sets before his associates and the money he spends make fertile ground for the multiplication of habitual drinking. Fathers who

drink bring many hardships upon their wives and children. They deprive them of food, clothing, education, happiness, and the love and understanding so vital to constructive home life.

Human life is far too valuable to be destroyed by alcoholism. The individual who is destroying himself is taking a great toll from the whole of our population.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."



Mr. J. P. Cook, editor of **Concord Standard** who became so interested in the juvenile delinquent that he started a movement to establish a state training school. As a result Stonewall Jackson Training School was established near Concord and opened its doors in 1909. Since that time 7,450 boys have received training at this institution.

LEADER IN FOUNDING CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Jesse Poindexter, Tribune Staff Writer

An elequent "upstate" newspaper editor with a humane dream and a caustic pen is credited with fathering the reformatory system in North Carolina.

He was the quite, dignified James P. Cook, editor of *The Concord Standard* during the closing years of the last century - from 1888 to 1896.

A native of Cabarrus County by birth, and a lifetime resident by choice, he was described by his contemporaries as a tireless, dedicated worker in the cause of youth rehabilitation.

The correctional institution established primarily because of Cook's persistent efforts and scathing editorial comments is Stonewall Jackson Training School near here.

Inception of the idea and constant agitation for its development is attributed directly to the portly, cultured Concord journalist, whose convictions sometimes went deeper than his billfold could stand.

Exemplifying a revolutionary penal philosophy in this state at that time, Jackson Training School was the first institution founded on the principle that delinquent youths could be molded into good citizens.

Outwardly a serious, unassuming man, Cook for many years filled the pages of *The Standard* - Concord's first daily newspaper with objective criticism, pleas and outright threats regarding the need for a correctional school to guide erring boys.

The immediate evil of the penal system in North Carolina came to Cook's attention, was noted and pointed up by him, during the October, 1890, criminal term of Cabarrus Superior Court.

At that particular term a 13-year-old- boy, orphaned only a few months before, was convicted of stealing $1.30 from his foster parents' home. He had been living there since the death of his own father and mother.

Although the boy had not been represented by counsel, as Cook commented that very afternoon in *The Standard,* the judge "coldly, easily and quickly" sentenced the underprivileged youth to serve three years and six months at hard labor on a county chain gang.

"If that particular judge had any compassion," the neat, mustached editor wrote, "he very adroitly concealed it."

The incident, itself, was not hidden for long, because that sentence meant the youth would be clad in felon's stripes and forced to drag a ball and chain as he went about his labor.

As Cook, himself, put it in later years, "That criticism was more elequent than judicious." And how well he must have known the truth in looking back on his remarks.

Late in the night after court recessed that day in 1890, a close friend

and member of the Cabarrus Bar awakened the editor in the bedroom of his Concord home.

No light was struck, such was the stealth of Cook's legal friend.

The barrister informed Cook in whispered tones that the judge had read in *The Standard* journalist's acetic account of the trial and sentencing of the boy.

"His honor is fit to be tied," muttered the attorney, "and if you don't print a retraction tomorrow he's planning to hold you in contempt of court, which will mean either a fine or road sentence."

But Cook quietly refused to be intimidated into compromising his professional dignity and humane principles. Particularly so, since the circuit jurist had been noticeably red-nosed and bleary-eyed on the bench all the preceding day.

The newspaperman thanked his friend politely, but shook his head and gravely declined.

"What was done has been done in the best interest," he said. "If I hear anything further about the matter I shall in tommorw's *Standard* give the judge a few comments he may be really worried about."

Details of that firm statement somehow carried around the town. Next day the judge was back on the bench with a somewhat steadier hand and clearer eye.

The incident was never again mentioned by him, and no public censure resulted for anyone. But now the fight began.

Cook, who a few years earlier had advanced the idea and plan for a correctional school, then went to work in earnest. Possibly, it was a campaign fraught with a venom he concealed from his daily contacts.

And it was to be an unique experience for a man of that day, because he was later acclaimed and recognized throughout the state at "the first public writer to urge the necessity for a reformatory system in North Carolina."

The next few years were busy ones for Cook, and the pages of *The Daily Concord Standard* regularly conveyed to the people ever mounting evidence of the little editor's compassionate crusade.

"It is hoped our representatives will act on this question," he wrote. "North Carolina cannot afford to pen up youths, though guilty, with hardened, depraved criminals."

He challenged the "Gentlemen of the General Assembly" to do something about it!

On another occasion, Cook commented:

"The state does not punish to ruin lives and to gratify the wrath of insulted dignity. The true motive in punishing offenders is to check further breaking of the law, and, in particular, to reform offenders."

Late in 1890, Cook caught the ear of Gov. Daniel G. Fowle of Wake County and expounded on his idea for a reform school to rehabilitate wayward boys.

The governor listened, thought, and seemed convinced. In his very next message to the General Assembly, Gov. Fowle recommended the establishment of such an institution in the state.

However, that and subsequent other recommendations were callously ignored.

At intervals, after that time and up

to 1907, the subject was agitated and discussed, both for and against. When the 1907 session met at Raleigh, Cook was present, as usual, lobbying for his cause.

Mrs. Cook, who survives her husband, tells a strange and colorful story about how the idea for a training school finally was approved by the legislature - - and how it came to be named for "Stonewall" Jackson:

Col. W. Penn Wood of Randolph County, who knew Cook quite well and was aware of the editor's dream, approached him in the Capitol lobby.

The "Red Shirt" campaign in the state had ended only a few years before, and Colonel Wood told Cook the 1907 session was crowded wth representatives who had served from North Carolina in the War Between the States.

"If you'll name that school of yours for Stonewall Jackson (Confederate General Thomas J. Jackson) they can't refuse to approve the bill," he reportedly told the Concord journalist.

Cook passed the word around that the school would be named in memory of the beloved Stonewall, and an act was passed forthwith which set up the state's first correctional school.

The old soldiers who had marched and fought in the Stonewall Brigade—and still lived in the shadow of Jackson's campaign genius — just couldn't resist that belated call to "Old Jack's" standard.

Later that year Gov. R. B. Glenn of Forsyth County appointed Cook to the board of trustees to supervise the training school. He was elected chairman and served in that capacity until his sudden death in 1928.

Members of the board of trustees met in October, 1907, at Greensboro for the purpose of choosing a site on which to build the new training school. Several places were under consideration.

At that meeting Caesar Cone, wealthy Greensboro industrialist now deceased, paid Cook high tribute for his exhaustive efforts in getting the correctional bill through the General Assembly.

"I could raise a much larger amount than their best offer before us, but for good and sufficient reasons, and for the especial sake of the school, I think it should be located near Concord."

At the conclusion of that statement Cone moved to accept Concord's offer, and the Cabarrus site was unanimously approved by the board.

Nearly two years in the building, and still primitive by most standards, Jackson Training School opened to boys on January 12, 1909.

That same year Cook founded and began *The Uplift*, official weekly journal of the school still in regular publication. He remained editor until he died.

His wife, still a resident of Concord, recalls with obvious pride just how the journal came to be titled *The Uplift*.

"Mr. Cook moped about the house before the magazine was named, searching his mind for an appropriate title," she says. "I advised him the name should be something to give the boys a lift."

"That's it," Cook burst out. *Uplift!* And that was it . . . and still is.

When the man who had lived to see a seemingly impossible dream become

reality died in March, 1928, newspapers all over North Carolina grieved editorially at the loss of a fine citizen.

Hundreds of consoling telegrams poured into the saddened Cook home from all parts of the state. Next issue of *The Uplift* was bordered in black, and the entire publication was dedicated to his epitaph.

That was more than 26 years ago.

Sometime this year the N. C. Department of Archives and History will erect an historical marker here commemorating James P. Cook, "Leader in the founding of Stonewall Jackson Training School."

Now in advanced age, herself, Mrs. Cook (the former Miss Margaret M. Norfleet of Suffolk, Va.) is very pleased with that news. She has given her consent and cooperation because she fervently believes it is a worthy subject.

How did Cook feel in later years about the school he strove so hard to build?

In one of the last issues of *The Uplift he* edited, Cook wrote:

"My connection with the beginning, establishment and growth of the school has been to me one of the greatest pleasures coming to man in this life."

"A great work has been undertaken here, with the abiding hope that the story of the institution may increase the number of people interested in child life in general, and in the underprivileged and overprivileged boys of the state in particular."

James P. Cook was an uncompromising, high-principled man in life. He retained his eloquence until the very end.

O * * * O

There are compensations in life that are over and above the power of money to buy. To gain the confidence of our fellow men, to have maintained that confidence through fair dealing and understandings, to have held high the torch of integrity and honesty, and, above all, to have been helpful—these are the jewels in the crown of achievement.

—The Sunshine Magazine

CAMPUS NEWS

Everyone wishes Mr. Carriker a speedy recovery from the operation he underwent at a Charlotte Hospital on September 4. He suffered a heel and back injury from a fall received while at work a few weeks ago. Mr. Carriker has charge of the carpenter shop here at the school and he is considered our general handy man since he is adept at most any type of repair work or installation job that comes along.

—oOOo—

Mr. and Mrs. Scott returned to the school recently from a trip to Vermont and the New England States. They combined their vacation with the trip to return their daughter, Sally, from a girl's camp in Vermont where she served as a counselor this summer. They visited points of interest in the New England states and Canada.

—oOOo—

Mrs. Pearl Irvin and Mr. John Scott, Jr., who substituted this summer in our academic school for vacationing teachers, have returned to their regular work at Bethel High School in Cabarrus County. Mrs. Mabel Smith has resumed her work as teacher of the second grade after attending summer school at Catawba College. Mrs. Marie Stallings has returned from vacation to continue her work as teacher of the third grade.

—oOOo—

The renovation of Cottages 1, 2, and 3 is getting well underway now. They have all the inside torn out of the cottages and have the frame work and some plastering done in Cottage 1. The modernization of the cottages has been a long looked for event and the boys and staff are anxious to have them completed and ready for residence. While the work is being done the boys in Cottage 1 are living in Cottage 5, the boys in Cottage 2 have moved to Cottage 12, and the boys in Cottage 3 to Cottage 8.

—oOOo—

Mr. and Mrs. Rouse, cottage parents of Cottage 11, recently returned from their vacation during which they attended the pageants, "The Lost Colony" at Manteo, and "Unto These Hills" at Cherokee. Mr. and Mrs. Peck also attended the pageant during their vacation recently. Mr. and Mrs. Cheek spent their vacation visiting relatives in Wisconsin.

—oOOo—

Mrs. Troutman has recently returned to her duties in the cafeteria after a bout with a virus infection affecting the respiratory tract and sinus areas. We are happy that she has recovered and are sorry that her vacation was spoiled as a result of this infection.

—oOOo—

The Atheltic Director, Mr. Garmon, resigned this month to continue his studies at the University of North Carolina.

—oOOo—

Harvel Brothers Visit School

James and Perry Harvel, brothers who were here in 1932, came by the school for a visit. These boys were admitted on August 15, 1932 from Star, N. C. At the time of their admission, James was 7 years old and Perry was 10, and at the time of their release they were 15.

Continued on Page 19

THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

Harold Wayne Sweatt was admitted to the school July 26, 1954. Harold comes from North Carolina's Towel City, Kannapolis. Harold likes to play cowboy and indian. He was placed in Cottage No. 6.

Charles Edward Dail was readmitted to the school July 30, 1954. Charles comes from Wayne County, N. C. Charles is now working on the tractor force. He went back to his former Cottage No. 9.

Jackie Lee Eldridge came to the school July 30, 1954. Jackie is a black haired boy from Elkin, N. C. He is 15 years old and was in the 9th grade at home. His favorite sport is swimming. He is in Cottage No. 4.

William Thomas Barnes was admitted to the school from High Point, N. C. He came to the school July 30, 1954. Thomas is 14 years old and was in the 9th grade at home. His favorite sport is swimming. He went to Cottage No. 8.

William Scott Lail was admitted to the school August 5, 1954. William hails from Hickory, N. C. Scott is a sort of fat fellow. We think Scott will make a good record here. He went to Cottage No. 8.

Brady Stamey Jr. came to the school from Mount Holly, N. C. He came August 5, 1954. Brady made nice adjustments in the Receiving Cottage and we hope he does the same in cottage 14.

David Lee Collins was admitted to the school August 7, 1954. David hails from Evergreen, N. C. David has already made good these 2 or 3 weeks he's been here. We hope he continues this.

Levi Crews was admitted to the school August 11, 1954. Levi hails from Winston-Salem, N. C. Levi is 12 years old and was in the 6th at home. His favorite sport is football. He is looking for a laundry job.

Wayne Thomas Rowe was readmitted to the school August 11, 1954. Wayne comes from Hickory N. C. Wayne was placed in Cottage No. 14.

Darrell Edward Whittington came to the school August 12, 1954. Darrell halis from Lenoir, N. C. Darrell is 14 years old and was in the 9th grade at home.

Elijah H. "L H." Owens was admitted to the school from Caldwell County. He is 13 years old and was in the 4th grade at home.

James Cenery Tartt came to the school August 12, 1954. James hails from way down Wilmington way. James is a short, fat, blonde haired guy. He is 11 years old and was in the 5th grade at home.

Carl Lee Hollifield was readmitted to the school August 13, 1954. He comes from Morganton, N. C. He is 15 years old and was in the 7th grade at home. Carl's favorite sport is swimming.

Eugene Cleo Brown came to the school August 13, 1954. Eugene comes from Burke County. Eugene is 14 years old and in the 6th grade at

home.

Prentice Lee Gainey was admitted to the school from Clinton, N. C. Prentice came to the school August 13, 1954. He is 12 years old and was in the 7th grade at home. He has an interest in puppet shows. His favorite sport is swimming.

George Raiford Hardison was readmitted to the school August 16, 1954. He comes from Duplin County, N. C. Raiford is 15 years of age and in the 5th grade at home.

James Rayford Wornell was admitted to the school August 19, 1954. James comes from Marshville, N. C. James is 14 years old and in the 7th grade. He would like to work in either the Dairy or Carpenter Shop. Baseball is his favorite sport.

Donald Mack Crowe was readmitted to the school August 20, 1954. Donald comes from Golden Valley, N. C. He is 13 years old and was in the 8th grade at home.

Wayne Pryor was readmitted to the school August 20, 1954. Wayne comes from Gaston County N. C. He is in Cottage 5 and works in the Machine Shop.

Charles Leander Colson came to the school August 21, 1954. Charles comes from the capital of our state, Raleigh, N. C. Charles is 14 years old and was in the 8th grade at home. His interest is working with planes.

Harless Robert Everhardt came to the school August 21, 1954. Harless comes from Cladwell County N. C. He is 13 years old and was in the 7th grade at home His favorite sports are baseball and football.

James Howard Edwards was admitted to the school August 23, 1954, James comes from Robeson County, N. C. James is 11 years old and was in the 5th grade at home.

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FOUR FATAL MISTAKES

One man speeded up to see if he could get there before the gasoline tank in his car was empty. It wasn't.

One man patted a strange dog on the head to see if it was affectionate. It wasn't.

One man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He didn't.

One man touched an electric wire to see if it was charged. It was.

—The Sunshine Magazine

COTTAGE FOUR TAKES TRIP

By James Gosnell, 9th Grade

Cottage No. 4, winners of the Annual Softball Tournament and the highly prized Trophy, had the privilege of going on a special trip on Saturday, August 28, to Trails End on the Catawba River. Trails End is owned by Mr. Cheek's brother. Mr. and Mrs. Cheek, Cottage No. 4's Cottage parents, were responsible for this trip.

On Saturday afternoon, the proposed time for the trip, we were told to get ready to go while Mr. Cheek went to get the school bus. When Mr. Cheek and the bus arrived at the cottage we put watermelons, softball equipment, and other necessary equipment in the bus. When the bus was ready to go we boarded and started out. There were lovely scenes along the road. The roads were very narrow but finally we were in sight of the river. We arrived there about 2:o'clock.

There were many wonderful places to play and many beautiful scenes. We played softball, croquet, swam in the river, and read comic books or just walked around.

When we arrived we were welcomed by Mrs. M. L. Cheek, Mr. Cheek's mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Cheek's two daughters Jane and Kay. Then we unloaded the bus and got ready to go in swimming. The water was warm and refreshing after the 30 mile trip.

The property was surrounded by a beautiful lawn and a patch of woods. The lot was approximately 190 ft. by 200 ft. and on it was a cabin with a long front porch and equipped with many modern conveniences. There was a pier 20 feet long with a boat, water bike, and a float. Trails End was truly a wonderful place for an outing.

The channel in the river was about 40 feet deep and the rest about 3 to 5 feet deep. The boys didn't do much fishing because of the damp weather.

After a while we were called in to eat watermelon which was very delicious. After we had all we wanted we went back to our play.

Before long, after playing awhile, it was time to eat supper. The boys did not have to be called but one time because they were hungry from vigorous play. Thanks were returned and we ate our supper. We had hot dogs, soft drinks, and iced tea. Most of the adults and boys sat and talked until time to return to the school.

It was a cool pleasant evening so we enjoyed the return trip very much. There wasn't much to see coming back but we enjoyed it anyway. Mr. Cheek drove through Concord where the many colored signs and lights made the town look very beautiful in the twilight hours. We arrived back at the school about 8:00 o'clock.

Everyone had a wonderful time at Trails End. We want to express our deepest appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Cheek for making this most appreciative trip possible.

———OOO———

The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

The butter bean crop has been plentiful this year. We have had plenty of them to eat in the cafeteria, and about 200 gallons have been canned at the cannery. These will be served during the winter months.

— Roland Jones

—o0O0o—

The apple orchard is really looking good as the red apples glow in the sun light. The early apples have already fell and have been gathered. We expect a larger crop of late apples. The boys enjoy eating apples, apple pies, and cooked apples any time they are served.

— Paul Knight

—o0O0o—

The vineyard brought us a large quantity of grapes this year. We have two different varieties of grapes, the Concord grape and the white grape. The grapes were given out to the cottages to be distributed to the students.

— Charles Testerman

—o0O0o—

Egg plants and peppers have been plentiful this year. The boys have been gathering these vegetables for several weeks. These also have been served in the cafeteria.

— Charles Testerman

—o0O0o—

Mr. Brown and some boys have been pretty busy in the past few days. They have canned over 1000 gallons of string beans. There are plenty of late ones to be picked and more will be canned late this month.

— Wayne Jackson

—o0O0o—

The farm force have been rather busy gathering hay. The hay crop turned out to be plentiful this year. It looks as if the barns will be full once again.

— Wayne Jackson

—o0O0o—

Beets have been very plentiful and we have had a good many to eat. Mr. Brown has been canning these for future use. Mr. Query states that we still have a late crop of beets coming on.

— Roland Jones

—o0O0o—

During the past month, the tractor force has been preparing about 40 acres of pasture land so we can have better grass for our cattle. Landino clover, orchard grass and fescue grass have been sowed.

— Paul Knight

—o0O0o—

The silage cutter has been cutting silage for the last week or so. The silage is composed of corn and cane. They are planted together in the fields. The three silos at the dairy have been filled, each will hold approximately 100 tons of silage. There is one silo yet to be filled, this one is for the beef herd. Things looks rather promising for the cattle this year.

— Wayne Jackson

—o0O0o—

On Setember 2, 1954 the dairy bull was killed. The dairy has always kept at least one bull for breeding purposes. The dairy cows have been artificially bred for the past 2 years and we have some nice calves as a result from artificial breeding. This method of breeding has proven to be very suc-

cessful. One bull was killed last year and he made nice beefburgers. So with all respects, we hope this one will do like wise.

— Paul Knight

—o0O0o—

Mr. Query has given out County Fair Books to several supervisors. Preparation is in making to enter several items in the coming fair. Boys are leading calves around the barn lot, breaking them in so they will be easily handled at judging time. Plans are being made to enter some of the nice vegetables that were grown on the farm this year. Last year five cows from the Hereford herd were placed on exhibit by the Training School. A heifer in the junior class won first place and drew much attention and interest from local farmers who declared her one of the finest of her type they had seen. Two other heifers, one in the senior calf division and one in the junior yearling class also won blue ribbons. A red ribbon was won by a mature cow and a senior yearling won a white ribbon.

Of the five holstiens taken for exhibit four won blue ribbons; and one, mature cow, won a red ribbon.

The Training School farm also made a very good showing in the Educational Exhibition. In the Wheat display of the Atlas Variety the school won for the best ten heads of barley, for the crimson clover, and alfalfa grown at the school. Our Keiffer pears, Puerto Rico Sweet Potatoes, red pepper, green tomatoes, greens, lima beans, dried beans, snap beans, egg plant, and persimmons also won blue ribbons. Everyone hopes that the fair will be successful this year and that we will have honors placed on our exhibits again.

— Wayne Jackson

——OOO——

"THE REAL MAN"

A real man never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, and the chances he ought to have, and all that.

A real man does not want pulls, tips, favors. He just wants work and honest wages.

A real man is loyal to his friends and guards their reputations as his own.

A real man is dependable. His simple word is as good as his bible oath.

A real man does not want something for nothing—so the get-rich people cannot use him.

A real man always has excuses for others, for himself. He is patient and charitable to them. To himself he is strict.

A real man's love is like a dog's, and that's saying a great deal.

A real man is—well, he is a REAL MAN, the finest, best, noblest and most refreshing thing to find on all the green earth, unless it be a Real Woman.

—The Monthly Record

SPORTS

By Paul Knight, 8th Grade

Cottage No. 11 put Cottage No. 17 out of the race by a score of 5 and 3. Paul Knight was the pitcher for Cottage No. 17. He gave up 10 hits and walked only 2 men. Redden, Wilson, Ewing and Smith secured 2 hits for Cottage No. 11.

Robert Babb gave up 8 hits to Cottage No. 17. He walked only one man. Knight was outstanding for Cottage No. 17 with 3 for 3. Bobby Branks secured 2 hits for Cottage No. 17 also. Cottage No. 17 fought hard to win this game, although, they did not win, they showed good sportsmanship.

In the B league Cottage No. 14 defeated Cottage No. 11 by a score of 2 to 1. The pitchers for Cottage No. 11 were Babb and Muncey. They gave up 7 hits and walked only 2 men.

The pitchers for Cottage No. 14 were Parker and Brown. They gave up only 2 hits. The outstanding players for Cottage No. 14 were Dulaney and Sherill. The outstanding players for Cottage No. 11 were Welch and Muncey.

Cottage No. 14 won the B league trophy for softball.

In the A league Cottage No. 10 and Cottage No. 4 were battling for the trophy. Cottage No. 4 won by a score of 9 and 4. Bradshaw was the pitcher for Cottage No. 4. He walked only 2 men, struck out 4, and gave up 6 hits. The outstanding players were Barefoot, Callahan, and Metcalf.

Harold Harris was the pitcher for Cottage No. 10. He gave up 8 hits and walked 3 men. The outstanding players for Cottage No. 10 were Turner, Self, and Mintz.

Cottage No. 4 won the trophy for softball in the A league.

In the C league Cottage No. 8 ran over Cottage No. 9 by a score of 14 and 11. Spillman was the pitcher for Cottage No. 8. He gave up 9 hits and walked only 2 men. Mathis, McManus, Laws, Sims, and Anderson were outstanding for Cottage 8 with 3 hits each. Clyde McManus hit a home run for Cottage No. 8.

Truelove was the pitcher for Cottage No. 9. He gave up 16 hits walked only one man. Greene was outstanding for Cottage No. 9 with 3 hits.

Cottage No. 8's lineup:	H	R
Mathis, c	3	0
Barnes, 2b	0	3
McManus, cf	3	1
Laws, 1b	3	3
Stubbs, ss	2	2
Sims, 3b	3	2
Spillman, p	1	0
Anderson, lf	3	3
Carpenter, rf	0	0

Cottage No. 4's lineup:	H	R
Puckett, c	2	0
Bradshaw, p	0	2
Simpson, 1b	2	0
Ashley, 2b	2	1
Metcalf, ss	2	0
Callahan, 3b	3	0
Franklin, lf	0	2
Barefoot, cf	2	3
Moore, rf	0	1

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Money doesn't talk these days — it goes without saying.

Continued from Page 12

After James was released in 1940 he went to live with his mother and step-father, and as soon as he was old enough he joined the CCC camp where he worked for a year. In 1942 he was drafted into the Army, and landed in France six days after "D Day", and at the end of the war he was taken to an army hospital where he was treated for shell shock for two years. In 1947 he was released from the hospital and he returned to North Carolina where he was married to the former Miss Maudie Lee Gardner of Pleasant Garden. After his marriage, James moved to Phoenixville, Pa. and went to work with the Weiland Meat Packing Co. where he is now holds the position as slicer operator. He says he likes his work very much and hopes to remain with this company.

Perry was released from the school in 1937 and returned to his home in Star, N. C. where he worked in a sawmill for about two years and later joined the CCC camp. In 1942 he was married to the former Miss Mary Pugh of Pleasant Garden, N. C. He was rejected by the army so he went to work for a brick maker as kiln fireman. He has five children.

Both of these boys had nothing but praise for the training they had received during their stay at the Training School. James said he was sure that they would have "landed in serious trouble" if they had not been sent here, and all the education he ever got was while he was at Jackson. They both expressed their appreciation for their "first real home," and seemed proud to take their families around the campus to meet the men that had helped them when they needed it most.

—o0O0o—

James Nichols, former cottage 13 boy paid the school a short visit last week. It was his first trip by this way since his release in April of 1952. Since he has been away James has joined the army and has served with the Second Division, Ordnance Department in Korea. He took part in one of the major campaigns in that area and spent 16 month over seas

At the present time James is on leave an will have to report back to Fort Bragg on August 28th. When he receives his discharge in May of 55 he hope to enter a mechanical engineering school.

James came to the school on March 8th, 1951 from Bryson city. He worked for Mr. Tomkinson at the barn and was in the eighth grade in school.

—o0O0o—

On Thursday, September 2nd, the Jackson Training School Cottage Honor Roll had the privilege of going to the King Brother's Circus in Charlotte. The trip was sponsored by the Hornets Nest Post No. 9 American Legion and business men of Charlotte who are interested in the boys.

On the day of the trip the Honor Roll assembled at the school building at 1:00 P. M. and boarded the bus for Charlotte.

Along the way there were many beautiful sites which the boys enjoyed very much.

About 2 o'clock we arrived at the circus grounds. The colored signs made the place very pretty, and the music from the side shows added to the atmosphere.

When the circus started in the big tent many events took place. There were pony performances, dog acts, trapeze artists, trampilene acrobats,

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SUNDAY SERVICES

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

The visiting minister for Sunday, August 1st, was Rev. George M. Wilcox, pastor of the Rocky River Presbyterian Church of Concord. The scripture was taken from the 5th Chapter of Luke. The speaker used for his topic "Christ fishing from Simon's boat."

Rev. Mr. Wilcox said Christ was preaching by the River Gennesaret and the people of surrounding towns had come to hear His glorious words. The people pressed so hard toward Him until He was almost in the water. The speaker said Christ saw two boats standing by the lake, so He entered one of the boats which was Simon's. He sat down and told Simon to thrust it out into the shallow water, then Jesus taught to the people from the boat. When the preaching was over He told Simon to launch out into deep water and let the nets down for a draught. Simon answered Christ saying: "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. After they had done this, they pulled up the net to find a great mulitude of fish. Simon beckoned to his partners James and John who were in another boat. They filled both boats until they nearly sank. When Simon Peter saw this he fell on his knees and worshiped Christ beside them. Jesus said unto Simon: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men". When they landed their ships, they forsook all and followed Him. We should follow him and do what He wants us to, not what we want to do.

—oOOo—

The visiting minister for Sunday, August 8, was Rev. Walter Rauk, pastor of the Rogers Park Evangelical and Reformed Church of Kannapolis. The speaker chose for his scripture the 8th Chapter of St. Paul.

Rev. Mr. Rauk told a story of an old wicked woman who died and was to spend eternity in a lake of burning brimstone unless her guardian angel could come down to earth and find some good deed the old woman had done in life. The angel came down here and looked and looked to find some good deed she had done. Finally the angel did find one. The old woman had given an onion to a poor beggar long ago. The guardian angel went back to report to God of the good deed. When the angel told God of this He told her guardian to go get the wicked woman out of the lake. When the angel got there he had the onion the woman had given away. The old lady reached out to grab the onion stem to be pulled out by and some of the other people in the lake got hold of her leg to be pulled out too. The old lady yelled out that it was her onion. Just as she yelled the stem broke and the woman fell back in the lake to never get out. The Lord will save us from lost eternity in Hell if we will not do wrong, and be greedy. The many things that God gives us is meant for everyone.

The visiting minister for Sunday, August 15th was Rev. J. Paul Rimmer, pastor of Mt. Herman Lutheran Church in Concord. The speaker chose Chapter 18 of St. Luke for his scripture. He explained this Chapter to us and pointed out the marvelous work of God and His disciples. Rev. Mr. Rimmer delivered a very interesting sermon and we are very sure the boys and the staff would welcome a return visit in the near future.

The speaker closed the service with a short prayer.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, August 22nd, was Rev. C. W. Warlick, pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Reformed Church of Mt. Pleasant. Rev. Mr. Warlick chose for his scripture Chapter 8 of Proverbs. He used as his topic, "God and Nature". Throughout the service he expressed the unbelieveable things God and Mother Nature can do. Combined they have made the world a beautiful place to live. We should take care of their creations and thank God for giving them to us.

We were dismissed after a prayer from the speaker.

—o0O0o—

There was no Sunday Service on August 29th due to the fact the minister was delayed. However, we did sing several hymns and quoted a responsive reading. We sang Mr. Scott's favorite song, "Stepping In The Light."

Mr. Cheek dismissed us with a short prayer.

——OOO——

Trials, Tribulations of An Editor

Publishing a small paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly, if we don't they say we are too serious.

If we stick close to the office all day, we ought to be out hunting interesting things to write; if we go out and try to hustle; we ought to be on the job at the office.

If we don't accept contributions, we don't appreciate genius; if we print them, the paper is full of junk.

If we the edit the other fellow's story we are too critical, if we don't we are asleep. If we clip things from other papers, we're too lazy to write them; if we don't, we're stuck with our own stuff.

Now like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other paper. We did.

—Via "The Evergreen"

POPULAR SONGS

Selected by Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN

Three coins in the fountain,
Each one seeking happiness.
Thrown by three hopeful lovers,
Which one will the fountain bless?

Three hearts in the fountain,
Each heart longing for it's own home,
There they lie in the fountain,
Somewhere in the heart of Rome.

Which one will the fountain bless?
Which one will the fountain bless?

Three coins in the fountain,
Thru the ripples how they shine.
Just one wish will be granted,
One heart will wear a valentine.

Make it mine, make it mine, make it mine. . . .

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Blow me a kiss from across the room,
Say I look nice, when I'm not.
Touch my hair, when you pass my chair,
Little things mean a lot.
Give me your arm when we cross the street,
Call me at six on the dot,
A line a day, when you're far away,
Little things mean a lot.

Don't have to buy me diamonds and pearls,
Champange, or sables and such,
I never cared much for diamonds and pearls,
Cause honestly, Honey, they Just cost money;
Give me your hand when I've lost the way,
Give me your shoulder to cry on,
Whether the day is bright or grey,
Give me your heart to rely on.
Send me the warmth of a secret smile,
To show me you haven't forgot,
Always and ever, now and forever
Little things mean a lot.

CRAZY 'BOUT YA, BABY

Crazy 'bout ya, baby,
Want ya all to myself,
Crazy 'bout ya, baby,
No one else on the shelf,
Give me all your loving,
All that you can afford,
Let me keep you always ever to be adored.

Crazy 'bout ya, baby,
Crazy 'bout ya, baby,
Crazy 'bout ya, baby,
Want you all to myself.

The time has come, my honey,
Will you please be my wife,
I will take good care of you
The rest of your life,
Gonna spend a lot of money,
House built for two,
A cottage in the country for just me and you.

After we are married, we will raise a family,
All the plans we had before will fit right to a tee,
Will be livin' humble in our own little way,
If we're to be so fortunate, pray this be the day.

MY FRIEND

My Friend is the King of all Kings,
And yet my friend walks beside me.
My Friend rules the earth and the sun,
And yet my Friend stops to guide me.
My Friend takes my hand just when all appears in vain,
And makes it plain, through joy or pain,
He'll remain my Friend.
My Friend tells me life is a road,
And though it ends at the bending,
My Friend tells me then,
There's a road beyond this road that's unending
Someday when I walk up the happy road that lies around the bend
Who will there be to welcome me? My Friend!

JOEY

Jimmy kissed me in the springtime,
Tommy kissed me in the fall;
But I remember only Joey,
Joey kissed me not at all.
Jimmy sang the sweetest love songs,
Tommy watched me hopefully
But I remember only Joey,
Joey stole my heart from me.
Ev'ry now and then Joey wandered by
And I wished that he would stay;
Then I breathed a sigh
And I wondered why he never even looked my way.
Jimmy always sent me flowers,
Tommy often did the same;
But I remember only Joey,
Joey made me change my name.

THANK YOU FOR CALLING

(Telephone ring brrr! brrr!)
Who can it be? hello, hello?
Yes, this is me.
Oh, darling, oh, darling, what a surprise
It's been so long, why, there's tears in my eyes,
When will you be here?
What time will it be?
Oh, you're not coming?
I see, oh, I see,
Well I hope you'll be happy.
Well, thank you, I'll try.
Thank you for calling, goodbye.

Yes, operator, I'll hang up the phone.
Yes, yes, I know that my party is gone.
Oh, but I'll always love him,
I guess till I die.
Thank you for calling, goodbye.

HERNANDO'S HIDEAWAY

I know a dark secluded place,
A place where no one knows your face,
A glass of wine, a fast embrace,
It's called Hernando's Hideaway! olay!
All you see are silhouettes,
And all you hear are castanets,
And no one cares how late it gets,
Not at Hernando's Hideaway! olay!
At the Golden Fingerbowl or any place you go.
You will meet your Uncle Max and ev'ryone you know
But if you go to the spot that I am thinkin' of,
You will be free to gaze at me and talk of love!
Just knock three times and whisper low
That you and I were sent by Joe,
Then strike a match and you will know,
You're in Hernandos' Hideaway, olay!

EXCHANGES

THE MONTHLY RECORD: August

Don't know who Mr. Rollman is that wrote "Keep your Convicts", but surely he isn't one of you guys. A lot of what he says is true, but if someone doesn't give the boys a chance - - Gee!

Now Lunny had the right idea in his article "Help Them To Help Themselves". We here at Jackson have seen proof of the value of Aptitude Tests for we have been using them for a number of years, making it possible for many of our boys to leave here equipped with the knowledge of a successful trade.

That was a good article Paul, in fact the entire magazine was, as usual, "tops".

THE SUMMARY: July 16-23

That "Gruenbaum's Gully" really livened this place up and especially the one about the sunburn.

Enjoyed your double portion of Exchanges this month too. We are in the same boat with you when it comes to "keeping on top" of the pile, but you seem to be doing O. K. this month.

HAWKEYE:

Boy, what a struggle we had with that staple! Wouldn't a smaller one do just as good? Ead's "A Letter To Mamie" sounds like some that go out from here. B. Lowery's "The Ways of People And Making Friends" had some mighty good thoughts. For instance:

> Face the fact that there is dislike. Have the courage to learn what prejudices, fears or misunderstandings have created it. Assume that somewhere there is a kernel of good intentions, good will. Find it, cherish it, help it grow.

RAEFORD RECORD: July-August

Your nice pictures make us green with envy - - not to mention that nice hospital you featured this month. By the way, we may use Bob's "Super Stuper" sometimes. So often the exchanges don't carry articles suitable for boys, but this one is fine. "5 Minutes" by Colburn really had us on the edge of our desks. Boy, what a surprise!

CHARITY AND CHILDREN: Aug. 5

Gee, what a nice spread you had this time! The pictures made it look like fun, but we know it's hard work getting out a Pub.

THE ECHO:

You too, deserve congratulations for your 25th Anniversary. Seems like we don't get the ECHO regularly, and we surely would like too. Marvin Puett's "Our Town" made for good reading.

ENCOURAGER: Volume 1

Congratulations and best wishes are really in order in the inauguration of your new magazine. A beautiful piece of work. Good article "Too Much Time" by Franklin Bagall. Don't misplace that mailing list.

STRAY SHOTS: August

Your article by Simone on the barber shop was real interesting, and those "hair do's" Qui la la! Chaplain C. J. Fabing's article "Are You Facing Facts" was one to be remembered.

THE FORUM: August 7

Your editorial this week was well worth keeping and reprinting sometimes. We see evidence of your statements all around us, and Oh! how true, how sad, but how true.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

By Charles Testerman, 7th Grade

— Cottage No. 5 winning a ball game.
— Charles Simpson and Herman Callahan going blackberry picking.
— The dentist not pulling the boys teeth.
— James Gosnell not being called "Long John".
— The boys going to town on Saturday night.
— Subert Testerman being in the cafeteria.
— Mr. Caldwell playing softball.
— Cottage No. 12 having an honor roll.
— Roland Jones living in the mountains.
— Wayne Jackson in No. 10.
— Cottage No. 4 going on a 6 months trip.
— Van Austin not giving G. I. haircuts.
— Mr. Russell teaching the 1st grade.
— Vernon Ewing not talking about frogs.
— The electricity going off on Thursday night.
— Johnny Bradshaw striking out in a ball game.
— Baxter "Josh" Franklin working on the tractor force.
— The machine shop boys wearing white coveralls and gloves to work.
— Going swimming before breakfast.
— Enoch Johnson not eating tomatoes and cucumbers.
— George Holland driving a tractor.
— Clovis Walker not getting dirty.
— The print shop boys being on work line for two weeks.
— Larry Wright taking dancing lessons.

———0O0———

Continued from Page 19
performing elephants, funny clowns, and old time cars in very funny acts. The band played during the performances. We enjoyed the acts and music very much.

We were accompanied on our trip by Mr. J. E. Russell, 8th grade teacher, Mr. J. H. Holbrook, principal, and Mr. J. A. Query, farm manager.

We would like to take this this opportunity to express our appreciation to everyone concerned in making this trip possible. We would especially like to thank the American Legion of Charlotte for the tickets. We really appreciate the interest they took in seeing to it that we had a good time.

— Wayne King

CAMPUS NEWS 20 YEARS AGO

(Reprinted from *The Uplift* of 1934)

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of *The Uplift* has gone to Suffolk, Va., where she expects to spend several weeks with relatives.

—o0O0o—

The boys on the cannery force, under the supervision of Messrs Yorke and Walker, have been quite busy for several days past, during which time they canned several hundreds gallons of tomatoes. These tomatoes have been stored away for winter use.

—o0O0o—

Our tables are still being well supplied with fine cantaloupes. Mr. Presson reported last Wednesday that 6,500 cantaloupes had been gathered up to that time.

—o0O0o—

We are informed by our farm manager that the lespedeza crop at the Training School this season will be the finest grown here in several years. Preparations are being made to harvest this crop at once and by the time this is being read we expect to have three mowing machines in the fields.

—o0O0o—

As we looked out of the printing office window last Tuesday we noticed a huge pile of watermelons was stacked around the old oak tree which stands beside the large flat rock which serves as a table for our melon feasts. Upon inquiry we learned from our farm manager that there were more than a thousand melons in this pile. The boys all hailed with delight the number of prospective cuttings in such a quantity of melons. With an additional supply from the patch four servings were enjoyed this week. These most enjoyable occasions have interspersed throughout the season with a generous supply of cantaloupes for table service in the cottages.

—o0O0o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys recently constructed a brick remelting furnace for the printing department, which bids fair to be a great improvement over the one previously used.

—o0O0o—

In reply to a question in "Radio" King's column in the Concord Daily Tribune as to what had become of the famous watermelon feasts at the Jackson Training School, we are announcing that two of the happy occasions (the first of the season) were enjoyed during the past two weeks, more than six hundred melons being used. The quantity of melons at the School is far short of that of some previous years, and the invitation to our Concord friends will not be as comprehensive as formerly, but we wish to assure "Radio" that he is slated to be present at our next feast.

—o0O0o—

Mr. L. C. Griffin, of the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, recently presented to our seventh grade a very interesting book, "Birds of the South." The boys enjoyed reading about the birds they see daily, as well as the ones with which they are less familiar, and are very grateful to Mr. Griffin for this nice gift.

BITS OF WISDOM

I am persuaded that everytime a man smiles, even more often when he laughs, that it add something to the length of his life. —Sterne

—o0O0o—

To be conceited about one's rank or position, is to show that one is below it. - Stanislaus

—o0O0o—

There is no literature so bad but something valuable may be derived from it. - Fliny

—o0O0o—

When all is said and done the best of men can be undone by looking backward and trying to make up for lost time.

—o0O0o—

Experience is a good teacher but the tuition is high.

—o0O0o—

Sorrow is like a rocking chair. It will give you something to do, but won't get you anywhere.

—o0O0o—

Injured pride sometimes startles a person into surprising accomplishments.

—o0O0o—

To make a living a novelist must write things of which he is ashamed or that will shame his grandchildren.

Paying alimony, we read, is like meeting installments on the car after the wreck.

—o0O0o—

Any woman worth knowing has a savings account of her own on which she can draw when she gets tried of you.

—o0O0o—

Be it ever so homely, ther's no face like your own.

—o0O0o—

Sign in a local grocery: "Our eggs are strickly fresh. If they any fresher they'd be downright impertinent."

—o0O0o—

Do you know a book that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you lie dying? That is the book you want to study while you are living. There is but one such book in this wide, wide world. -The Bible --Cook

—o0O0o—

The wisdom of the wise and the experience of ages may be preserved by quotation. - Disraeli

—o0O0o—

Read not to contradict, nor to believe and take for granted; but to weigh and consider. - Bacon

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

The colored preacher of a Negro settlement down South was chosen to act as umpire in an all-important baseball game--because, as the hometeam pointed out, 'the parson will call 'em like he sees 'em'.

The visiting team's clean-up man stood in the batter's box. The bases were loaded.

"Ball one, high!" The umpire boomed.

"Ball two, low!"

"Ball three, inside!"

"Ball fo', low and wide--you is out!"

"Pa'son is you blind?" the luckless batter screamed, "Ah's s'posed to get a free base on fo' balls!"

"Brother, you is right," the parson replied. "But de bases am loaded, and Ah ain't got no place to put you. You is out, boy, you is OUT!"

—o0O0o—

The paratroopers were getting ready for their first jump. Everything was going in perfect order until the last man came forward to jump.

"Hold it" shouted his commanding officer. "You don't have on your parachute!"

"That's all right, sir," replied the recruit, "We're just practicing aren't we?"

—o0O0o—

"Mother, daddy's lying on the porch. I think he is unconscious," said the little girl to her mother. "He's holding a paper in his hand and there's a round box beside him."

"Oh, that's wonderful," answered the mother, "my new hat has come."

—o0O0o—

Client: "Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

Artist: "My friend I can make it so lifelike that you'll jump every time you see it."

—o0O0o—

Two little boys were playing together one day when one said to the other, "I'm five. How old are you?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"You mean you don't know how old you are?"

"Nope."

"Do women bother you?"

"Nope."

"You're four."

—o0O0o—

TV Announcer: "We have just received a bulletin of a catastrophe, the like of which has never been known to mankind—but first a word from our sponsor."

—o0O0o—

Two women in a train argued concerning the window and at last one called the conductor.

"If this window is opened," she declared, "I shall catch cold and die."

"If the window is shut," declared the other, "I shall suffocate."

The two glared at each other.

The conductor was in a delimma, and finally welcomed the advice of a nearby man. "First open the window, the man suggested," "that will kill one. Then shut the window; that will kill the other. Then we will have peace."

—o0O0o—

Found on a roadside sign: C Sharp or B flat.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

AUGUST

Receiving Cottage

Wayne Jackson
Roland Jones
Van Austin
Wayne King

Cottage No. 1

Alvin Brown

Cottage No. 2

Harold Hinsley
Bobby Randall
Buddy Parsons
Carl Parker
Larry Wright

Cottage No. 4

Henry Banther
Herman Callahan
Johnny Bradshaw
Junior Davis
Enoch Johnson
Richard Strickland
Charles Testerman

Cottage No. 6

Sam Aldridge
Pete James
James Wood

Cottage No. 7

Danny Smith
Tommy Wyatt

Cottage No. 9

Charles Byrd
Bobby Davis
Joel Green
Ovilla Joyner
Ira Langley
Jesse Mabe
Archie Medford
Wade Mehaffey
Owen Plaster
Mack Teal
George Truelove
Jackie Ward

Cottage No. 10

Charles Davis
Harry Mintz
Walter Shelton

Cottage No. 11

John Chapman

Cottage No. 14

Cosner Church
Gilbert Johnson
James Poteat

Cottage No. 15

Otis Bryant
John Jackson
Billy Mosteller
Jerry Somersett

Cottage No. 17

Cecil Anderson
Phillip Blackwelder
Bobby Branks
Edlem Locklear
Alex Melvin

Infirmary

L. D. Boone
James Russell

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

AUGUST

FARM

Alvin Bollinger
Allan Jackson
Donald Thompson
Shelton Taylor
Dickie Merritt
Norwood West
Don Dillard
Clovis Walker
Charles Huntsinger
Thomas Transou
Baxter Franklin
Verlin Dockery
William Hines
Otis Jacobs
Homer Bartley

BARN FORCE

Jimmy Mayfield
Mack Allman
Billy Anderson
Ray McGraw
Robert Colon
Everette Herman
Carl Setzer
Hubert Fox
Bobby Gillie
Albert Ross
Robert Hardin
Ashburn Johnson
Jr. Ammons
Forrest Hendrix

PLANT BEDS

Bobby Hannah
Franklin Petty
Ronny Smith
Joseph Welch
Eddie Redden
Jimmie Wilson
Harold Harris

POULTRY FORCE

Sam Aldridge
James Wood
Lawerence Jackson

TRACTOR FORCE

Vernon Fletcher
Stanly Murry
Herman Calahan
Richard Key
Johnny Sparks
David Bevins
Harvey Flynn
B. W. Murry
David Boswell
Danny Smith
Donnie Sessoms
David Hassell

TEXTILE MILL

Brodus Wade
George Holland
Alton Simms
Wade Mehaffey
Clyde McManus
Charles Anderson

MACHINE SHOP

Alvin Brown
Cecil Jarrell
Bobby Bryson
Alvin Bollinger
Pete Cummings
Darold Crawford

BARBER SHOP

Van Austin
Joe Hilton
Ward Wiilliams
Bobby Lucas

SHOE SHOP

Robert Styles
E. C. Parker

BACKERY

Johnny Bradshaw
Billy Bridges
John Cromer

Jimmy McManus
Alex Melvin
Woodrow Self

OFFICE

Joe Green
Ovilla Joyner
Mack Teal
Charles Byrd

DAIRY

Johnnie Jackson
Jerry Somersett
Sammy Fisher
James Reavis
Russell Wilson

PRINT SHOP

James Gosnell
Paul Knight
Wayne Jackson
Wayne King
Roland Jones
Robert Babb
Charles Testerman

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

AUGUST

FIRST GRADE

Charles James
Ben Whitner
Albert Ross
Danny Smith

SECOND GRADE

Sam Aldridge
Kenneth Franklin
Everette Webb
Cecil Anderson
Lewis Rhodes
Jerry Lamm
Carl Johnson
Vernon Fletcher
David Reeves

THIRD GRADE

Charles Anderson
David Blevins
Eurde Crews
Darold Crawford
Steve Farrington
Forrest Hendrix
Lawrence Jackson
Dickey Merritt
Bob A. Shew

FOURTH GRADE

Alex Melvin

FIFTH GRADE

Kenneth Laws
Harry Mintz
Clyde McManus
Billy Ray Hill
Banks Loye
Billy Mosteller

SIXTH GRADE

John J. King
Ray Puckett
David Boswell
Robert Babb
B. W. Murray
Charles Walker

SEVENTH GRADE

Charles Byrd
Kenneth Ashley
Lewis Turner

EIGHTH GRADE

Wayne King
Johnny Bradshaw
Paul Knight
Jimmy Lockey
Alton Simms
Wilbur Mooring

NINTH GRADE

Charles Simpson
Donald Hamrick

THE UPLIFT

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No. 10 OCTOBER 1954 Vol. 42

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson

—Published Monthly By—
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The Uplift

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

Roland Jones
Wayne King
James Gosnell
Wayne Jackson

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson
Charles Testerman

PRESSMEN

Robert Babb
Clyde Englebert
Wayne King
Eddie Redden

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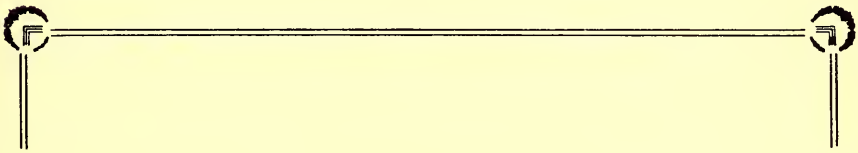
The Uplift

Editorial . . .



LIFE'S HARVEST

The season of harvest of Mother Nature's bounties is at hand. From sunrise until sunset farmers are hard at work getting their crops of corn, hay, cotton, fruits, and vegetables gathered for winter's use. Planted in the warm earth of spring the crops are yielding according to the amount of care given them in their growth from the sprouted seed to maturity.

Although a seed may grow and the plant reach maturity with little help from man, it needs much care and nourishment during its early growth in order to insure a good harvest. The peoples of ancient civilizations realized this and established the practice of planting, watering, fertilizing, and weeding their crops in order to gain richer harvests. So it is with the lives of men. Just as it is possible for a seed to survive without special nourishment from man is is possible for a child to grow up without receiving the special nourishment of love, attention, kindness, education, and discipline. However, as the plant will be weak without proper sunshine, water, and food, so will the adult be weak if in childhood he did not receive those strengthening qualities that intelligent adults can give him. All good harvests are the result of hard work on the part of the farmer, coupled with the sunshine and rain of Mother Nature. So it is with the harvest of youth. In order for worthwhile women and men to be the result of the youth of today, they must have the help and efforts of

interested adults. We are endowed by nature with our physical beings, but it is up to our parents or other adults to supply us with those things which develop character. Left to its own devices, the development of youth would be much like a seed thrown on stony ground. While it may live, it would most likely be weak, stunned, and crooked, never yielding as rich a harvest as one well tended in the farmer's field.

Our personalities and attitudes are shaped, not by ourselves, but by those with whom we come in contact. None of our ideas are original with us, but are a result of the sum total of all we have known. Just as baby will imitate older children and adults in learning to talk, we tend to imitate those around us that we admire and we are constantly borrowing on their ideas and knowledge.

Children must have the sunshine of a parent's love, the rain of attention, the nourishment of education, and the weeding of discipline, if they are to grow up to yield a worthwhile harvest to their community. If they do not receive this in their homes then the training schools, reformatories, and later prisons will glean the poor harvest of maladjusted individuals reflecting poor care during their early life.

Therefore, it is the duty of the intelligent citizens of our great nation to nurture our youth with the poper developing characteristics just as a farmer nourishes his fields of grain, looking forward to a good harvest.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

On Saturday, September 11, Dr. Arthur E. Fink, Director of the School of Social Work of the University of North Carolina, and Mr. Wilson visited the school to observe the program we offer boys here. They were taken on a tour of the campus, visiting the various trades and academic classes. They were interseted in all phases of the training offered here and spent several hours touring and conferring with school officials. The school always welcoming visitors to the campus as it gives us the opportunity to explain to the public our aims and purpose.

—o0O0o—

Mr. Carriker, Supervisor of the Carpenter Shop, returned to his work this week following hospitalization resulting from injuries sustained in a fall while at work. We are all happy to have him back and to learn that he has recovered from his accident.

—o0O0o—

Fred Cox, a boy who returned to the school in June of this year, was a patient at the Memorial Hospital in Chapel Hill. He underwent treatment for a respiratory ailment. He returned to the school on Sunday, September 26, and is recuperating in the school infirmary. Everyone is happy he is back and we wish him a speedy recovery.

—o0O0o—

An honor roll group went to Kannapolis recently to see the movie, "Ma and Pa Kettle at Home." This was their reward for good conduct, cooperation, and improvement shown in their Cottage life for a peroid of one month. Approximately seventy-five boys are taken to local theaters as a reward for being on the honor roll. These movies are made possible through the generosity of local theater managers who have been most generous in allowing the boys to enjoy this entertainment free of charge.

—o0O0o—

The boys of the school have been treated by the Fair Association of Concord to an afternoon at the Cabarrus County Fair. Groups of approximately 70 boys attented each afternoon from September 21-24. They were given free rides on all the rides on the midway, plus hot dogs, colas, ice cream, and candied apples to eat. They viewed the many fine exhibitions on display and needless to say it was a very enjoyable occasion.

—o0O0o—

On Sunday, September 12, Cottage 11 visited the West Concord Bapist Church, of which Mr. and Mrs. Rouse, our cottage parents are members.

When we arrived at the church we were welcomed by the pastor, Rev. Wilson Payne. We were in time for the Sunday Morning Worship Service. After the service we went to the basement of the Church for lunch. There were all sorts of delicious things to eat including sandwiches, fried chicken, and all sort of cakes and pies.

Before everyone finished eating some of the boys and girls went into the church and sang a number of songs, one of the favorites being "In

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THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

James Odell Haire was admitted to the school August 31, 1954. Odell hails from Mt. Olive, N. C. James is a guy who loves to play ball and can play it well. He went to Cottage No. 9.

Charles Wesley Markham was readmitted to the school on August 31, 1954. Charles comes from Durham, N. C. Charles is small and loves to play all he can. He went to Cottage No. 6.

Samuel Tyndall came to the school August 31, 1954. Samuel comes from Duplin County, N. C. Samuel got along nicely in his adjustment period. He is now working with Mr. Rouse on the Plant Beds. Sam is in Cottage No. 11.

Ronnie Edward Hodge was admitted to the school on September 7, 1954. Ronnie comes from Mecklenburg County, N. C. We think Ronnie will make good while here at the school. He went to Cottage No. 9.

Wayne Hugh Barnett was readmitted to the school on September 8, 1954. Wayne hails from Canton, N. C. Wayne has made good here so far. We hope he continues this.

Howard David Mathis was admitted to the school on September 8, 1954. Howard comes from the Mountains of Haywood County, N. C. Howard loves to play softball very much. He went to Cottage No. 11.

Otis Odell Johnson was readmitted to the school on September 9, 1954. Otis hails from Graham County, N. C. Otis went to Cottage No. 13.

Roy Lee Murdock came to the school on September 13, 1954. Roy comes from Statesville, N. C. He is 14 years old and was in the 7th grade at home. Roy would like to be in Cottage 14 or 13.

Sammy Fox hails from Swain County, N. C. Sam was admitted to the school on September 13, 1954. Sammy was in the 8th grade at home. He is 15 years old. We're hoping Sammy will do his best while here at the school.

Mendell Royal Lane was readmitted on September 14, 1954. Mendell comes from Alamance County, N. C. Mendell is 14 years old and in the 6th grade at home.

James Reynolds Clubb Jr. was admitted to the school on September 16, 1954. James hails from Hazelwood, N. C. James is 12 years old and was in the 5th grade at home.

William Reginald Edwards come to the school on September 17, 1954. Will hails from Hendersonville, N. C. He attended the Rosa Edwards School and was in the 6th grade. Will is 14 years old.

Elbert Lee Cartrette was readmitted to the school on September 17, 1954. Elbert hails from Bladen County, N. C. He went back to his former Cottage, No. 11.

Clarence Roy Pickard was admitted to the school on September 17, 1954. Clarence comes from Burlington, N. C. Clarence was in the 6th grade at home and is 12 years old.

Robert Raymond Story came to the school on September 21, 1954. He hails from Forest City, N. C. He is 15 years old and was in the 7th grade at home.

SUNDAY SERVICES

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

On Sunday, September 5, there was no Sunday Service due to the fact the visiting minister did not attend; however, we did sing several hymns. Some of the names of the hymns we sang were: "He Leadeth Me", "Higher Ground", and "In the Garden". We would like to invite the scheduled minister to a visit in the future.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, September 12th was the Rev. W. M. Mathison, pastor of the Gilwood Presbyterian Church in the Odell Community. Due to misplacing the notes, no report is available for this Sunday.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, September 19th, was the Rev. J. L. Peeler, pastor of Prosperity Luthern Church in Concord.

In Rev. Mr. Peeler's sermon he asked three very important questions which were: Is God an old man? Does God stay in a box? Is God a Thief? In answering these questions Rev. J. L. Peeler told us the answers to all of them was "No". God is not an old man, He is a person with eternal youth. He shall never grow old because the people of the world need Him. God does not live in a box, by this we mean the church. He is everywhere. God is here to help us and forgive us of our sins. We can talk to Him by means of prayer. God is not a thief, He gives rather than receives or takes. He gave his son, Jesus, to die on the cross to save us from sin, but didn't take anything in return. God is a remarkable person. We should cherish and obey Him. He is our Anointed Savior.

With Rev. Mr. Peeler were four girl singers, a pianist and some visitors. The boys enjoyed their songs very much and hope they will return soon.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, September 26th was the Rev. C. Lee Shipton, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church of Mt. Pleasant. The speaker chose for his scripture Psalm 1. and "The Structure of Life" for his topic.

Rev. Mr. Shipton told us of a plane hitting the Empire State Building and how it swayed so. He said in a storm the buildng swayed four or five feet each way. The speaker said we must do the same when the punch of everyday problems hitus. He said that we become happier people when we take all our problems to God in prayer. We live a good Christian life if we learn to stand up like the Empire State Building and sway with the punch.

The speaker then closed the service with a prayer.

—o0O0o—

On the afternoon of Sunday, September 26, Cottage No. 16 had the pleasure of being entertained by the Plaza Presbyterian Church Fellowship of Charlotte. The visit was arranged by Miss Carolyn Whitley, niece of Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson.

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PRIZES WON AT THE FAIR

Premiums were placed on many of the Jackson Training School entries during the 1954 Cabarrus County Agricultral Fair. The awards we received were:

Apples: Straking - A First Place Ribbon
Other Variety: A Third Place Ribbon
Grapes: James - A Third Place Ribbon
Sweet Potatoes: Porto Rico - A First Place Ribbon
Onions: Bermuda - A First Place Ribbon
Tomatoes Any Variety, Ripe - A Second Place Ribbon
Tomatoes Any Variety, Green - A First Place Ribbon
Lima Beans - A First Place Ribbon
Snap Beans - A First Place Ribbon
Okra - A Third Place Ribbon
Corn: White Hybrid - A Second Place Ribbon
Wheat: Atlas - A First Place Ribbon
Milo: Martins Best Ten - A Third Place Ribbon
Peanuts: Spanish - A Second Place Ribbon
Lespedza: Korean - A First Place Ribbon
Legume: Lespedza Hay - A Third Place Ribbon
Alfalfa - A First Place Ribbon
Preserves: Strawberry - A Third Place Ribbon
Best Display of Honey - A First Place Ribbon

Judge Earl Hostetler, professor of animal husbandry at the N. C. State College, stated that the beef cattle entries at the Country Fair were as good as you'll find anywhere. He placed a second place ribbon on our Hereford bull in the 18 months and under two years division. In the Senior Calf Division of Hereford's a Third Place Ribbon was placed on our calf.

The School's dairy herd of Holsteins made an excellent showing. In the Senior Calf Division - A Blue Ribbon, Junior Champion Ribbon were won. In the Mature Cow Division, 5 years and over - A Blue Ribbon and a Senior Champion Ribbon were won. In the Junior Yearling Division - A Blue Ribbon was won. In the Senior Yearling Division - A Blue Ribbon was won In the Cow, 2 years and under 3 years Division - A Blue Ribbon was won. In the Cow, 3 years and under 4 years Division - A Blue Ribbon was won.

The staff as well as the boys here at the Training School are rather proud of all the awards won at the Fair.

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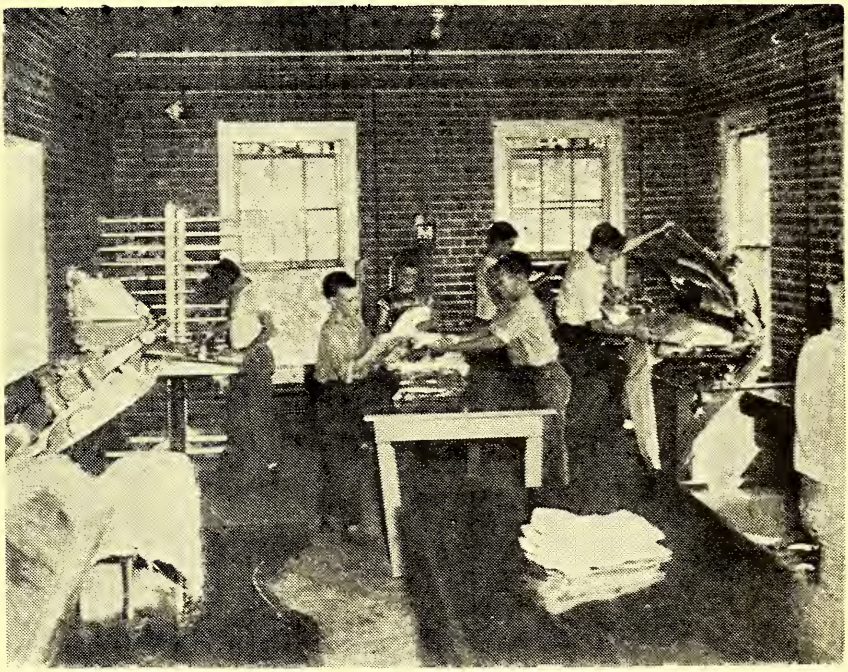
"To doubt the hidden possibilities is to destory another's faith and confidence; to trust another is to bring out the latent power hidden within his soul." —Harold A. Schulz

A WEEK'S WORK IN THE LAUNDRY

By Archie Medford, 4th Grade



The Laundry — Offers Vocational Training

We are very proud of the laundry which plays a very important part in the lives of the boys here at the school. It offers valuable vocational training to approximately twenty-five boys each day and performs a very valuable service to our boys and staff members in keeping clothing clean. In 1950 new machinery replaced the out-of-date ones we had been using and now the laundry is modern in every respect. Under the direction of Mr. B. C. Anderson, who has had extensive training in this type of work, the boys spend approximately four hours a day learning this trade. It enables them to secure a job in a laundry upon their return home. Approximately 1,891 pounds of clothing and linens are processed in the laundry in one week.

On Mondays of each week dungar-

ees for the boys are washed along with socks, spreads, pillow cases, towels, and sheets which are used by the boys. We wash 381 pounds of dungarees, 68 pounds of shirts, 40 pounds of socks, 162 pounds of bedspreads, 20 pounds of pillow cases, 20 pounds of towels, and 180 pounds of sheets.

Tuesdays are devoted to washing linens for the supervisors. Approximately 21 pounds of sheets, 20 pounds of towels, 20 pounds of pillow cases, 170 pounds of shirts, and 88 pounds of bedspreads are washed on on those days.

Wednesdays find us washing supervisor's clothing. No record is kept of the number of pounds processed on those days.

Thursdays are wash days for the boys again, with dungarees and socks making up the main part of the wash. Approximately 381 pounds of dungarees and 40 pounds of socks receive a tubbing then.

Fridays are given to washing supervisors' clothing again.

Since we work only until noon on Saturdays we clean the washers and pressers on that day. We also clean the flat iron and get everything ready for another week's work.

The boys who work in the morning section and their jobs are: Donald Crowe, operates the large washer; Donny Bradley, operates the little washer; Donald Spillman and George Stubbs press with the flat iron; Jimmy Shew and Ernest Pinion fold the pressed clothes; Bud Dula, Ronnie Anderson, and Alton Locklear wring clothes.

In the afternoon we find Bobby Bagwell washing, Archie Medford and Kenneth Laws pressing, Larry Wright and Jerry Scarbrough using the flat iron, and Carl Lawson, Everette Webb folding, and Bobby Jernigan, Joe Barrett, and Edlum Locklear wringing clothes.

These boys enjoy their work in the laundry and hope to be able find jobs in this type of work upon their return home.

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No. 16's cottage parents.

The Youth Group brought their own program which consisted of a religious talk by Mr. Taylor Hill, Spiritual singing by the group and cottages, and piano playing by Miss Carolyn Whitley. The group brought a chicken supper which was very delicious. We heard a spiritual solo by Miss Ann Carroll.

Cottage No. 4 was invited to attend the program. The boys of No. 4 commented greatly on the swell program given by this Fellowship Group.

Some of the guest were: Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Whitley, Roy A. Whitley, Jr., Miss Carolyn Whitley, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ashworth, Miss Ann Carroll, and Taylor Hill.

The boys enjoyed this Fellowship program very much and would like to invite the group back for visits in the near future.

—Wayne King

WHAT HAS HELPED ME MOST AT J T S

By Donald Hamrick, 9th Grade

During my ten months at the school many people have helped me to change my attitude, but a couple of people have helped me more than anything else.

When I first came to the school I was a little worse than most boys in that I would not listen to anybody or anything. I broke almost every rule at the school and most of those people who had tried to help me soon lost confidence in me. Some people will not stop trying to help others until they know all hope is lost. A couple of people like that are the ones who changed me. They showed me where I was doing wrong and did so in such a way it was impossible for me to continue in the way I was going. After a while I began to change my attitude and found out how easy it is to do right. It took me a good while to prove to others that I had changed, but if you will help yourself others will help you too.

Sometimes in life you see someone who seems to profit from doing wrong in that they have money and nice things that everyone wants. However, they do not have happiness and peace of mind that others have. I have learned from experience that it is best not to want what others have unless you can get them in an honest way.

The "I don't care" attitude is often the attitude of boys here. If they only knew how much better it felt to be trusted and depended upon they would stop and think the next time they displayed this attitude.

Don't ever try to make anyone think you feel remorse or regret for past misconduct unless it is really the case. You don't fool anyone by pretending something you don't feel. There is only one way to keep from being remorseful and that is to never do anything that you are ashamed for people to know about.

By James Pyrtle, 7th Grade

Before I came to the Training School I didn't know how to get along with other people. I guess I thought I was better than anyone else. My family was not able to afford all the things I wanted and since I could not get them in that way I began to steal. This led to skipping school. Two other boys and I were picked up and taken to court. We were all given a chance and were placed on probation for a year. The other two boys straightened out, but I just wouldn't listen and probation was not enough for me. So I started skipping school again and was staying out late at night.

One morning about 10:30 just after I had left school without permission I was picked up. My parents thought I had been going to school when I hadn't been going at all. So it was back to court again and on to Jackson Training School.

My first month here was very lone-

ly and full of homesickness. Then I was placed in a trade and a regular cottage which helped me very much. After I was here about three months and changed my attitude things began to change in my favor. Since then I have gotten along just fine.

I have learned to be courteous and obedient to others by having talks with my teachers and cottage parents. My work in the cafeteria has taught me table manners and how to get along with other people.

I have been here for ten months now and I will be considered for release before too much longer. I can sit here thinking of the way I acted when I first came and when I was home, and it makes me ashamed of myself.

When I am released from the school I plan to finish high school so I can get a good job. If I am able to make good at home, my thanks will go to the Training School for teaching me proper values.

FROM COTTON TO CLOTH

By Alton Simms, 8th Grade

The textile plant here at the Training School contains many types of machines used in the making of cloth from which the boys' shirts, pajamas, sheets, pillow cases, and other articles are made.

The first machine used in the process of making cloth from raw cotton is the picker. It is the function of this machine to pick the trash from the cotton. After enough cotton has been run through the picker it goes into the card where the rest of the dust and trash is taken out. From the card it comes out in the form of a strand or thin rope which runs into a can about a yard high. When enough cans are full they are run through the drawing which makes the strands smaller. After it comes out of the drawing it is run into twisting devices called the slubbers which makes the strands smaller. When coming out of these machines it is run on a spool called a quill. The next machine is the spinning frame in which is spun the thread called filling. The filling is used on the loom which weaves it into cloth.

This is the process the boys who work in the Cotton Mill learn during their stay at the school. There are many steps the cotton must go through from the time it is planted and harvested until it is made into cloth of many varieties to supply the needs of the school. Many of us take cloth for granted and never think of the work and the various processes cotton goes through before it becomes cloth. Just think how long it would take to weave by hand enough cloth for use here at the school. Our forefathers would certainly appreciate the speed and labor saving machines found in our modern cotton mill.

OUR HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

By Eric Von Metzger, 9th Grade

Ever since I was about nine years I have thought of nothing but the present. Some times the past would enter my mind, but I never gave the future a thought.

The future holds a lot for us. We are now teenagers and we are on the threshold of an adult life. To live this life profitably we must have foresight enough to look into the future and make plans. We will need jobs, friends, and to establish our position in community life. But most of all we will need an education.

Most teenagers are somewhat lazy. They want to think of the future as something to be faced when it arrives and they want it without making any effort on their part. When the future has come they are worried and do not know what to do with themselves and the reality they face.

We here at the Training School have a very great opportunity ahead of us. Some of us know what we want to be and are planning for the years to come. Others do not know and are making no preparation. The ones who plan and prepare themselves will be successful. They will become our lawyers, doctors, service men, teachers, etc. The ones that fail to look ahead will be the ones who will only be the laborers from one job to another. Chances are, without education and preparation, a person cannot make much of himself in adult life.

Boys and girls that finish high school have a much better chance for a good future than those that do not. Now a high school education is a must in order to secure almost any type of job. The educational opportunities offered today were not available fifty years ago and most of our parents and grandparents did not have this opportunity.

Even though our mothers and fathers work hard to try to make something out of us, they cannot do it alone; nor can a teacher, minister, or any one person. We must want to help ourselves if any progress is to be made. Unless we can see this need we are not going to avail ourselves of the opportunities offered us.

Success requires planning, preparation, and work. Unless we are willing to put forth the effort no amount of hoping and working on the part of our parents and teachers is going to be very beneficial.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Leon Davis, 7th Grade

Many boys here are worried about what they are going to do when they leave the school and grow up. You must not think only of yourself and what you are going to do to help yourself, but of others as well.

Our nation has a great future, but a nation can be no greater than its citizens. You must think of others and the effect your life has on them in making your decisions. If you have plans that will hurt others, then you should change them. Even though our country offers more opportunies than any other country in the world we cannot benefit from these opportunities without effort on our part.

A lot of people have lost their privilege of a good future through their own wrong-doing. These people are in our jails and prisons. They lost their privileges because they did not think of their actions in connection with other people and the effect it would have on them. They broke the laws that enable men to live together peaceably and as a result they have to be removed from society. They hurt themselves more than they hurt others by their wrong-doing.

If our country is to be greater and better than ever before, we must make our lives greater. This has to be done by each individual and is the outgrowth of thinking of others as well as of yourself.

LOOKING TOWARD RELEASE

By Jimmy Lockey, 8th Grade

What plans are you making toward release from the school? Are you going to put your training to good use? Are you going to get an education at home, or do you plan to stop school as soon as you become sixteen years old? Now is the time to be planning for the future and to decide how you are going to spend the next preparatory years of your life.

There are many boys who leave here thinking they will do as they please when they return home, and they cannot wait to return to the same type of life they led before they came. They cannot see that they have wasted their time, the school's time, and the State's money be continuing such an attitude. Such an attitude shows a boy has not profited from his training here and he will continue to hurt himself if he keeps it up. He cannot see that he lacks the maturity to make his own decisions and that he should be under the supervision of adults.

Many boys leave the training school do not continue their education beyond the age of sixteen. They are anxious to get a job and make their own way, never realizing they are handicapping themselves the rest of their lives by not having a high school education. The types of jobs a person without a high school education can hold are limited with little chance for advancement. When work seasons are slack the uneducated worker is the first to lose his job. Unemployment can lead to free time with nothing constructive to do, which often paves the way for further trouble with the law.

The staff here and your parents want to be proud of you. You are the one who can make them proud by helping yourself. There is a limit to what others can do for you and most of the work must be done by you.

AS THE RAIN COMETH DOWN

By Mrs Agnes Yarbrough

Recently a former boy, now grown and in the armed services, came by the school on a visit. In the course of the conservation the young man made the statement that, "One of the greatest beneifits I received while at the Training School was the habit of going to church". When asked if he was continuing this practice he replied, "Every time I have the opportunity."

This interview brings to our mind two very famous statements: "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink", and "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." We are certainly aware that even though the weekly schedule of our boys include two trips to church we have no assurance that the Christian teachings will be absorbed by him. Nor can we know the extent of good we are accomplishing in our daily training and counseling. But if, in the short period a boy is entrusted to us, we manage to instill within him the need and desire of attending church, surely our work has not been in vain.

The question of requiring a child to go to church has been discussed pro and con many times with each side having some strong beliefs. We cannot help but wonder if there would have been any difference in this boy who was so proud of the training he had received, if he had not been required to go to church. Would he have had that expression of self confidence and assurance that was so evident as he went about the campus visiting his former instructors? Would he have been able or willing to express his gratitude for the religious training he received during his stay here?

Another question that arises is the effects of training the boy in his early childhood to attend church. We do not believe in sending a child to church but with him. If this custom had been carried out in his early life would he be in a training school in the first place?

Of course we realize that some boys with the best of christian training make mistakes and find themselves in an institution because they thought these teachings old fashioned or inconvenient. We are confident, however that many a boy would not be here if he had been "trained in the way he should go" in his early childhood. It is a known fact that while he is in church he is less likely to get into trouble. Some one has said that you can make evil out of anything. This may be true, but it would take some slick convincing to make an evil out of going to church. Somewhere along the way a good thought will be picked up or an ideal established that will stay with that child as long as he lives. More apt than not however, he will learn the great teachings of the Bible as well as the fundamental principles of christian living. Suppose he does sit there like a horse at a watering trough

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CAN YOU IMAGINE

By Charles Testerman, 7th Grade

— Charles Byrd not being in the office.
— Harold Harris being in Cottage No. 9.
— Carl Setzer not being called "pig".
— George Holland being good.
— Mr. Hahn not having the tractor force.
— Billy Joe Hayes going home.
— Jack Brooks not being in Cottage No. 1.
— Wayne Pryor being Mr. Caldwell's right hand man.
— Mack Teal being called "turtle neck."
— Jack Moore not being on the barn force.
— Franklin Petty not wanting to eat.
— Wayne Jackson not singing.
— Bobby Lucas working on the farm.
— Charles Davis being in Cottage No. 4.
— Van Austin operating a linotype machine.
— Mr. Tomkinson teaching the the 9th grade.
— Don Dillard walking on crutches.
— It being 105 degrees in Septefber.
— Vernon Roberson knocking a home run.
— Willie Lancaster being called "preacher".
— Bobby Ray Kennedy being on the tractor force.
— Jimmy Wilson being an "all star."
— Lewis Turner being in the 8th grade.
— Johnny Bradshaw not getting sick.
— L. D. Boone not being in the infirmary.
— Donald Hamrick not being in the 9th grade.
— Donald Spillman being in the laundry.
— Pete Allman not being called "muley".
— Bobby Metcalf not brushing his false teeth.
— B. W. Murry not being called "galdy".
— The Uplift being late.
— It being 105 in September.

A FLY NAMED JIM

By Eugene Simmi in the TIME

Jim was different in many ways from the rest of the flies. The most obvious difference being that his wings would not fold back into a swept-back position along his sides when he was not flying. They extended straight out from his Fusilage like the wings on a Piper Cub. Actually, Jim never did seem to mind this too much, although I do believe this uniqueness accounts for his feelings of inferiority.

Regardless, though, Jim had a pleasant personality for a fly. He was reserved, and thoughtful. As long as I knew Jim, he never landed on anything that was sensitive to flies—like human skin. Very often he would land on my clothing, but never on the exposed skin. Then, too there was another thing I noticed about Jim—he was always alone! I thought maybe he as a lone-wolf at first, but then I saw that other flies seemed so shy away from him, or maybe it was Jim shying away from them. Anyways, he never had companionship.

Still, Jim seemed to be a fairly happy fly who was gettnig along well enough in the world, even if he was a little bit lonely. I felt sorry for him because his wings were not swept-back and this probably was the reason the other flies would not have anything to do with him.

It was about a week after first becoming acquainted with Jim that I noticed other company—there was a spider in my window spinning a web—he was an old codger, dull grey-brown in color—I named the little monster "Old George."

But, bent and crippled as Old George was, I must give the old boy credit, he sure could spin a real-crazy web. It was while observing the complicated pattern-work of Old George's project that five of Jim's acquaintances, probably spirited by lust for adventure, landed on the web. I could plainly see that these five living victims were very unhappy and scared. From time-to-time the web shook and I very well imagined it was Old George laughing to himself as the five adventuresome "delectables" tried in vain to escape his trap.

Of course, I don't know what their previous relationships with Jim had been but suddenly, from out of nowhere, Jim came buzzing through the air. He flew around my head a few times—winked at me once, and then dove straight for Old George's trap. His buzz was extra loud and with his wings sticking straight out from his sides, he looked like a dive-bomber attacking an aircraft carrier.

Old George had his eyes on Jim for a long, long time, but Jim had been too smart for him. Now, as Old George watched Jim, he licked his chops, drooled, and wondered if he would finally come into his trap—too! Just as Old George was convinced Jim would be his dessert, Jim leveled off, snatched up one of the trapped flies—and flew off! He did the exact same thing four more times, right under

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SUPER STUPOR

By Bob in the **Ralford Record**

My first encounter with the modern super-market is still vivid in my memory though it took place some ten years ago.

I was relaxed in my favorite chair reading the evening paper, after a particularly trying day at the ten-dollar window at Hialeah, when Marion, my favorite wife, mentioned, "We're going to have chili tonight, darling. Okay? Been cooking it for three hours."

"Mm, huh, I'll manage."

"Only one small thing I forgot."

Harking back only a couple of short years I recalled Marion's first pumpkin pie, which proved completely inedible and even earned the scorn of the neighborhood dogs, simply for the lack of things she though inconsequential and failed to include in the recipe. My interest was instantly aroused. "What did you forget, dear?" I asked.

"Kidney beans."

"Kidney beans?"

"Yes, and I hate to call Mr. Jenkins for just one can of kidney beans. Will you walk down to the Boulevard and pick up a can? That new super-market opened today, you know."

Though we had dealt with Mr. Jenkins for years, it did seem silly to expect him to make delivery for one can of beans. So, I agreed to go and probably in a fit of self pity at being subjected to the indignity of this long block and a half walk, I tried to console myself by inflicting equal punishment on Mickey, our dachshund.

While Mickey strained at the leash, Marion gave me a parting shot. "Better pick up a loaf of bread, too." Then I was sauntering leisurely from pole to pole little realizing what fate had in store for me.

As I approached the doors, I was properly impressed by the store front of nearly solid plate glass, and, as seen through the windows, the neat row after row of shelves all brilliantly illuminated by an amazing battery of fluorescent fixtures. The door was opened by a photo-electric cell and I further impressed by the cool air-conditioned comfort of the store.

I was much less impressed by the shaved little caracter, resplendent in white apron and black leather bow tie, who sidled up to me almost before the door had closed.

"I'm sorry sir, no dogs, he said.

"What?" I whatted

"I'm sorry sir, no dogs," he repeated· "State law, you know."

I didn't know but I became suddenly conscious of the smashing effect the influence of the super-market might have on the American way of life. Mickey, who had had at least one good whiff of every pickle barrel that ever entered Mr. Jenkins' store, was now an outcast, a thing apart.

We retreated to the oppressive heat of the street Mickey and I, and I glanced down the sidewalk looking for a place to station him while I picked up my can of beans. The plumbers, of

obviously kinder nature than the management, had seen fit to place a spigot some twenty feet from the door. I fastened Mickey securely and returned to the store, oblivious to his incessant yapping which began with my first step away from him.

I stood now surveying with something fo mixed emotions, this glittering carnival that soon was to drive the little store owners into retirement. I noted that above each section of shelves was an illuminated sign which more or less told the tale of what might be found on the shelves below. Near the far corner and slightly to the right and midway between "No. 6-SOAP" and "No. 23-POTS & PANS" my eyes settled on "No. 16-BEANS."

In the hope of being as inconspicuous as possible I drew out one of the shiny new carts from the maze near the front of the store wherein they seemed to be embowelled one within the other. I rolled past the long line of cashiers to the side of the store and entered the aisle to begin the circuitous route which I hoped would ultimately bring me to my goal — one can of kidney beans.

This was living. No clerks looking down one's throat and asking, "May I help you sir?" I was free to go, fast or slow, or to stop and inspect the myriad of bargins— well, almost free.

As I look back now, I had just crossed the aisle between "No. 4-PICKLES" and "No. 11-PAPER PRODUCTS" when a soft feminine voice said, "Won't you try one, please?"

I knew from the sound of the voice, even before I turned to look into the big brown eyes of this lovely blonde, that I was going to try one of whatever this little lady had. There we stood, she and I, seperated only by a plate of crackers, each of which was covered rather sparingly with a thin slice of pale yellow chese.

As I shoved one into my mouth she started, "This is a product of Old Nubbins Dairy. As a special introductory offer we are selling these quarter pound packages of forty-three cents today only. Notice this new package. Take as many slices as you need and the balance is completely covered to prevent drying out in refrigerator. And remember, this is a product of cow's milk."

This was the clinker. "Amazing," I said. "Better give me two packages."

I was a cad. I was going to talk to her further. Conversation seemed futile however, because by the time I could look up from my basket she already had another unsuspecting husband backed up against "No. 7-DAIRY PRODUCTS."

I moved to the rear of the store and started across the front of the meat cases. I had just stopped directly in front of a big pile of chuck roasts when I heard, "Care for a drink, sir?"

"Why yes. Don't mind if I do. Make it about two fingers of—."

I was interrupted by a laugh which seemed forced. And as I turned, a dapper young character handed me a shot-size paper cup, the bottom of which was coverd with a repulsive looking purplish liquid.

"Mother O'Hare's Pure Plum Punch! No artificial coloring used. And remember, each bottle contains a minimum of ten units of the new vitamin L5. Delicious, isn't it?"

"Well," I stammered, "my daughter might—"

"Exactly! Very good, and for her. Don't you think she would appreciate your bringing home a couple of these handy six-bottle containers?"

"Well, she probably—"

"Thank you, sir!" And once again, before I could look up from the two handy six-bottle containers in my basket, I was alone. He was surrounded by two ample women, each holding a shot-size paper cup of Mother O-'Hare's Pure Plum Punch.

I took off for "No. 16-BEANS," determined to stop speaking to people. Two bargin fryers and a pound and a half of hamburger later, I reached the corner of the store.

I started down the bean shelf reading the labels. There were green beans, yellow beans, baked beans, lima beans, pork and beans, string beans, butter beans, wax beans, cut beans, bean sprouts, then the end of the shelf. I retraced my steps and got the same thing in reverse. I shuddered at the possibility of no kidney beans.

I looked around for some employee whom I could ask. The cashiers seemed to be the closest so I decided to park my cart and find out where kidney beans were. I checked position. I was right at the end of "No. 8-SALT & PEPPER." This would be easy to remember because I was wearing my new dotted swiss sport shirt, a birthday gift from Marion, and it resembled nothing better than about four pounds of salt, rampant on a field of black pepper.

"Where are the kidney beans?" I asked the first cashier.

Her face was expressionless as she replied, "Section number sixteen, sir." Her "sir" seemed a bit more letal than was necessary.

"But I've been from one end of the shelf to the other and I can't find kidney beans.

"Look, mister. See that sign right back there? It says 'No, 16-BEANS.' Well, on this side of that section—"

"Oh yes, they have two sides, you know."

I retired sheepishly to section number sixteen and sure enough, on the opposite side from where I had been looking, I found kidney beans. I selected a large can and moved on down to the end of "No. 8-SALT & PEPPER."

I froze with horror. No cart! I again checked position. Yes, this was right. The sign was sightly to the left and about two feet above the horizontal plane of my eyes.

Glancing frantically down the aisle, I noted a rather stout woman who seemed to have her hands full. One hand held the cart, the contents of which looked vaguely familiar, and the other hand held on to the ear of little hellion named Sigmund, who just looked vague.

She was still berating him for running wildly about the store as I approach.

"Excuse me, lady. You have my cart."

"Beat it," she said. "I got trouble enough."

"But, lady—" I laid my hand on the cart.

"Get your crummy meat hooks off my cart," she said, "Before I call the manager."

I realized my approached was all wrong. This would be the time to ap-

ply the charm I normally reserved for feeble old women. I laid my hand gently on hers. Her slap startled me sightly. Her scream absolutely bewildred me. And as people, including a uniformed police officer, came running from all directions, I looked for a small hole into which I might draw myself.

It was several minutes later, at the police station, that I learned that some kindly old lady, sympathetic toward Mickey because I had left him over to the Humane Society even while I was still looking for kidney beans. I had learned another bitter lesson. I swore, then and there, to never take Mickey for another walk without carrying a pan of water .

"Hello, Lothario," Marian greeted me through the wire of the cage in which I awaited her arrival. The little round guy with her was a licensed bandit who was listed in the telephone directory as a bail bondsman.

"Very funny," was all I could say.

Fifty dollars to the bondsman and ten bucks to the Humane Society and we were on our way home. As we drove out the Boulevard and neared our corner, Marion suddenly swung left across the street and into the parking lot adjoining the super-market.

"Now be a good boy," Marion said. "Just keep your hat pulled down low and don't speak to anyone. I just want to run in and pick up a loaf of bread and a can of kidney beans."

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Continued from Page 17

Old George's nose. Old George's web shook all over again, but the spider was crying this time.

Because I am not a fly, I don't know exactly what happened after that, but I see Jim around everyday—and he is not alone anymore. In fact, he is now the most popular fly in our office. I guess the other flies really think a lot of Jim now because other flies are always riding him piggyback—showing their appreciation, I guess.

It is indeed, sad that this story does not have a completely happy ending. You see, Jim started a class for young flies to educate them against the traping-techniques of spiders. Old George dried up and blew away!

EXCHANGES

MENTOR: Fall Edition

Evidently we of the Training Schools are just butting our heads against the wall when we consider Editor Martin's article "Juvenile Delinquency". We had lulled ourselves by the realization that our statistics show that we are helping 9 out of 10 boys to make a better adjustment to society, thus preventing them from entering a life of crime and filling up our prisons.

We agree that more competent personnel is needed and we think that your suggestion for combating delinquency is very worth while.

We liked the article by The Dean, "Boys Will Be Boys".

THE REFLECTOR: August 20th

Tell Kingsley Dowling we think he did the right thing. (" Thirty Days To Live"). What a heart-breaking story. Well written and one we will long remember.

THE CHRONICLE: August 5th

Your article on "Boy's Life at B. I. S." was very interesting. The "Second Grader's Essay On The Body" sounds just like a little boy. Very cute.

ANGOLITE: August 21st

Sure glad to have Old Wooden Ear back. His editorial "Now It Can Be Told" was a welcome one. We have been wondering what happened to Ann and John. Gee, that was such a nice ending! Wouldn't it be nice if they could all find happiness that way.

We got a big "hiccough" out of your "Kickapoo Joy Juice" story. You sure Camp H2 wasn't planning a special celebration? Your article, "Who Suffers Most" reminds us so much of that heart-warming, yet sad feeling we get on Wednesday here. What makes it more so is the fact that ours are boys, many of them little boys.

THE SPOKESMAN: Aug.-Sept.

Thanks for the nice bunch of roses. Of course this is not the reason we are saying this, and some will vow its a "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" affair, but really it isn't. We think you are still one of the neatest little jobs on the circuit.

Johnny Edwards did a good job on "The Philosopher Looks At Life". Sure wish you'd change to two columns 'twould be much easier to read.

REFORMATORY PILLAR: Sept. 3rd

Thanks for reprinting Lee Sweeney's article form the PRESIDIO. We missed that. Guess we could all use Hoffman's "Contensions" and be better off for it. Makes us sorta want to hang our heads and be ashamed.

THE EAGLE: Summer '54

Sure is a long time between Spring and Summer, and a long wait for THE EAGLE. Really enjoyed your exchanges - - somebody's been awfully busy.

Mary V's article on "The Eagle" was very good. After reading this we are convinced that you could not have picked a better name for your paper.

Best wishes to your new editor Audrey J.

Continued from Page 15
refusing to drink in the "thirst-quenching" teachings of Jesus? Some word, some bit of song, some portion of an earnest prayer, or maybe just the peaceful atmosphere of a church service is bound to be absorbed - - a seed sown in his mind to take root and be fruitful someday. Just one seed, maybe, but it will grow and make other seeds. Just one ideal, maybe, but it will stay with that boy and in turn be handed on to another and from that one to another, on and on until the extent of it's harvest, it's influence is unbelievable.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but waterth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Isaiah 55:10-11

———0O0———

Continued from Page 5
The Garden". The adults then came in and the afternoon service began. Following the sermon two girls played their accordians. Rev. Mr. Wilson closed the service with a prayer. Everyone bade us goodbye and welcomed us to their church any time.

The trip was a real treat to the boys and we appreciate the opportunity afforded us by this church group.

—Eddie Redden

—o0O0o—

During the week of September 20th through the 25th the boys of Jackson Training School had the privilege of attending the Cabarrus County Agriculture Fair held in Concord.

In the expressed week four groups of Cottages went to the Fair on different days. On the following days these cottages were taken: Tuesday Cottages 1, 2, and 3, Wednesday-Cottages 6, 7, and 9, Thursday-Cottages 4, 11, and 13, and on Friday-Cottages 14, 15, 16, and 17.

At the fair many exhibits were on display such as ponies, cows, bulls, canned fruits, buffaloes, giant soda pop bottles, and monkeys.

Different organizations contributed many things to make our trip more enjoyable. Some of the contributors were: Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Midway Methodist Church, Harmony Methodist Church, and Mr. P. L. Ledbetter. The things given by these organizations were soft drinks, hot dogs, candy, candied apples, and snowballs. The Fair Association gave Admission tickets to the boys and the Johnny Denton Gold Metal Shows furnished many rides which the boys enjoyed tremendously.

We would like to thank the people and organizations who made this most appreciative trip possible. The boys enjoyed the Fair very much and hope they may attend again next year.

—Wayne King

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to following this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

October	2	Jesse George Mathis, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
October	2	Kenneth Jackson, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
October	4	Larry Owens, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 7
October	5	Jimmy Condrey, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 2
October	10	Thomas Transou, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 7
October	11	Tommy Wyatt, 12th Birthday, Cottage No. 7
October	12	Eugene Brown, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
October	12	Jerry Manshack, 12th Birthday, Cottage No. 6
October	13	Claude Bollinger, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
October	14	Donald Spillman, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
October	15	James Wood, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 6
October	17	Roland Jones, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 16
October	17	Leroy Haithcock, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 15
October	19	Frankie Osborne, 12th Birthday, Cottage No. 7
October	20	Scott Lail, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 3
October	21	Sammy Tyndall, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 11
October	22	Henry Banther, 17th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
October	22	Wade Mehaffey, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 9
October	25	Allan Jackson, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
October	27	Alvin Brown, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
October	30	Vernon Roberson, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 1

———OOO———

LIFE

Life may be long or life may be short
  But it's always too short for sorrow,
For the deeptest wound that bleeds today
  Will be but a scar tomorrow.

Though your ship may sail on a stormy sea,
  If you hold to this one creed tightly,
The storm of today will pass away
  And the sun shine tomorrow brightly. Anom.

POPULAR SONGS

Selected by Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

YOU SAY YOU'RE SORRY

You say you're sorry, you're sorry,
You're sorry, that you said goodbye
You can't forget me, forget me,
Forget me, even tho you try
And now you're always on the phone
Telling me you're all alone
And you never knew you'd miss me like you do
You say you're lonely, you're lonely
You're lonely, and you need me so
You say you're sorry, you're sorry,
You're sorry, that you made me go
But I've got news for you, our romance is thru,
'Cause I've found somebody new
And now I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, for you.

I CAN'T STAY MAD AT YOU

Though things are often hectic
And I have to count to ten
No matter what you do to me
I bounce right back again.

Oh, I can't stay mad at you
I try, but then a smile breaks through.
And even though it's your turn to apologize,
My heart's made up before I hear your alibis
And I can't stay mad at you
The trouble is you know it too.
I've got so many kisses that I want returned,
My pride is out the window, far as your concerned,
And so many times we'll start anew
'Cause I can't stay mad at you.

RAIN

Rain, falling from the skies,
Like lonely tears, thru misty eyes.
Rain, streaming down my face
Brings memories my heart cannot erase.
Here alone in all my sorrow,
Waiting for the clouds to hurry by.
Praying that a new tomorrow
Will put the sun back in the sky.
Please, rain, wash away my tears,
So when the sun appears,
I'll see my love again.

JILTED

Jilted, I've been jilted,
You found a new love,
Didn't even say "we're through love;"
Jilted, I've been jilted,
But I'm as happy as can be
I've been thinkin' it over
Ever since your slippin' around begun.
Now I'll become a rover
Two c'n play that game as well as one
And even though our hot romance has wilted, wilted.
Thanks for the favor
Baby, you're a real life saver.
I'm happy that you jilted me.

CHANGE OF HEART

Why don't you warm up a new song
The tune you keep singing's an old song
It seems you've had another change of heart.
Tho it still thrills me to hear you whisper
You're mine when I'm near you

Your change of heart keeps driving us apart.

You say you love me on one day
Then disappear on the next day
Why can't your love be steady
Steady just like mine,
And so dear with you without you,
I'll go on dreaming about you
Your change of heart gets stranger all the time.

GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART GOODNIGHT

Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight.
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight.

Well, it's three o'clock in the morning,
Baby, I just can't treat you right,
Well, I hate to leave you, baby,
Don't mean maybe, because I love you so.
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight.

Now, my mother and my father,
Might hear if I stay here too long,
One kiss and we'll part,
And you'll be going, you know I hate to see you go.
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
Goodnight, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight.

MY HEAVEN AND EARTH

Where, oh where is there one like you
Who, please who has a heart so true?
I lost my angel when I lost you
Come back, my heaven and earth

Dawn is in the skies
Haven't closed my eyes
I'm so all alone wond'ring how you are
Hoping you're not far
Waiting and list'ning for the phone.

There will never be other lips for me;
No one else's charms
If you get the blues
Please don't let the blues
Drive you to someone else's arms

You were born to be always near to me
Mine and mine alone
Why should one mistake
Cause two hearts to break
Darling I swear I'm your's alone.

———OOO———

"A great man shows his greatness by the way he treats little men."
—Dr. Johnson

BITS OF WISDOM

A man is never to busy to tell how busy he is.

—o0O0o—

When you stop to think don't forget to start again.

—o0O0o—

A wise man thinks all he says; a fool says all he thinks.

—o0O0o—

Some men are like wheelbarrows, they go around as they are pushed.

—o0O0o—

A handfuls of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

—Hubbard

—o0O0o—

The proper way to turn a child in the way it should go is to go that way yourself.

—o0O0o—

Happiness can be built on virtue only and must necessarily have truth for a foundation.

—o0O0o—

It's a funny thing when a man has not a worry in the world, he goes off and gets married.

—o0O0o—

Next to God we are indebted to women, first for life itself and second for making it worth living.

—o0O0o—

A man's body is remarkably sensitive. Pat him on the back and his head swells. —Anon.

—o0O0o—

Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good advice to himself. —Seneca

—o0O0o—

A magazine writer says a dog fills an empty space in a man's life. That is quite true of a hot dog.

If you don't claim too much wisdom, people will probably give you credit for more than you have.

—o0O0o—

The optimist is a man who sees a light that is not there, while the pessimist is the fool who is trying to blow it out.

—o0O0o—

When a man continues to argue with a fool, he should look in the mirror and get better aquainted with a bigger one.

—o0O0o—

Trouble comes through the things we let slip through our lips rather than those we let slip through our fingers.

—o0O0o—

More people enjoy baseball than football, because they don't have to have a college education in order to get tickets.

—o0O0o—

An applicant for a job as sardine packer was told to state his quailfication. He replied that he used to be a subway conductor. He was hired.

—o0O0o—

A fool may be known by six things: Anger, without cause; speech, without profit; change, without progress; inquiry; without object; putting trust in a stranger; and forsaking foes for friends. —Arabian Proverb

—o0O0o—

If you argue and rankle and contradict, you may achieve a victory sometimes; but it will be an empty victory because you will never get your opponents good will. —Ben Franklin

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

"And can angels fly, mama?"

"Yes, dear."

"Daddy said nurse was an angel last night. When will she fly?"

"In a few moments, dear."

—o0O0o—

Young man to draft board: "But you can't turn me down —I've proposed to three girls, told my boss what I think of him, and sold my car!"

—o0O0o—

Coed: "Stop that man. He tried to kiss me."

Ed: "Aw shut up. There'll be another one along in a minute."

—o0O0o—

Mrs. Newlywed was determined that the grocer should not take advantage of her inexperience.

"Don't you think these eggs are rather small?" she asked critically.

"Indeed I do." agreed the grocer. "But that's the kind the farmer sends me. They were fresh from the country this morning."

"Yes," said the shopper, "that's the trouble with the farmers. They're so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take them out of the nest too soon.

—o0O0o—

A little boy, caught in mischief by his mother, was asked, "How do you expect to get into Heaven?"

The lad thought a moment then replied: "Well, I'll just run in and out and in and out, and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, "For heaven's sake, Bobby, come in or stay out!"

Sally, a kindergarden pupil, was learning the alphabet. "What comes after T?" asked the teacher.

The little girl didn't hesitate a minute. "V," she replied.

—o0O0o—

"Shave and a haircut, barber."

"Okay. Say, by the way, I understand you've been running around with my girlfriend."

"Just make that a haircut, friend."

—o0O0o—

Athlete: How high is my temperature, Doc?

Doctor: A hundred and one.

Athlete: What's the world's record?

—o0O0o—

A cowboy boarded our air-liner at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on a day when gusty mountain winds made flying pretty rough. In spite of the hostess's numerous requests, he refused to fasten his seat belt.

"Young Lady", he snorted, "for 30 years I've rode everything I ever mounted, and I ain't about to be saddle tied now. Let'er buck! I'll ride her."

—o0O0o—

A west Texan pulled up in front of Huston's Shamrock hotel in a cruiser-length Cadillac. He fished a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and handed the doorman.

"Take good care of the Cadillac," he said.

"I sure will, boss, answered the doorman. "I owns one myself."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

SEPTEMBER

COTTAGE NO. 1
Alvin Bollinger
Alvin Brown
Fred Littles
Herschel Summers
Broadus Wade

COTTAGE NO. 2
Carl Parker

COTTAGE NO. 3
Charlie Anderson
Joe Barrett
William Holt
Scott Lail
Alton Sims
George Stubbs

COTTAGE NO. 4
Charles Testerman
Kenneth Ashley
Junior Davis
Enoch Johnson
Richard Strickland
Charlie Summerlin

COTTAGE NO. 6
Sam Aldridge
Douglas Eller
Jerry Stepp
Ben Whitner
James Wood

COTTAGE NO. 7
Larry Owens
Danny Smith
Shelton Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 9
Bobby Davis
Verlin Dockery
Dewey Guinn
Jerry Lamm
Ira Langley
Jesse Mabe
Owen Plaster
Mack Teal
Jackie Ward

COTTAGE NO. 11
John Chapman
Don Dillard
Bobby Hannah
Jimmy McManus
Roy Puckett
Eddie Redden
Charles Ruddock
Jimmy Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 13
Mack Allman
Robert Colon
Ray Englebert
Harvey Flynn
Hubert Fox
Bobby Gillie
Richard Key
Willie Lancaster
Jimmy Mayfield
Ray McGraw
Albert Ross
James Wornell

COTTAGE NO. 14
Cosner Church
George Clodfelter
David Dulaney
Joe Hilton
Gilbert Johnson
E. C. Parker
James Poteat
Bradey Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 17
Cecil Anderson
Phillip Blackwelder
Robert Harden
Alton Locklear
Alex Melvin

COTTAGE NO. 15
Otis Bryant
Leroy Haithcock
Billy Mosteller
Archie Minton
Edward Stines

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Van Austin
Wayne Jackson
Roland Jones
Wayne King

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

SEPTEMBER

FARM

Lewis Rhodes
Cecil Anderson
Kenneth Jackson
Leo Cutshaw
Bobby Everhardt
Odell Haire
Fred Condrey
Bobby Lucas
Tobby Cranfield
Verlin Dockery
Thomas Transou
Allen Jackson
Melvin Hall
Donald Bradley
Willard Anderson
Clarence Quinn

BARN FORCE

Mack Allman
Everette Herman
Robert Hardin
Jack Moore
Otis Jacobs
Hubert Fox
Bobby Setzer
Steve Farrington
Bobby Gillie
Lonnie Britt
James Wannell
Raeford Hardison

SEWING ROOM

Larry Owens
Bobby Hughes
Dewey Quinn
Wayne Halsey

PLANT BEDS

Joseph Welch
Franklin Petty
Bobby Hannah
Douglas Eller
Jerry Manshack
Edward Turpin
Harold Harris
Jimmie Wilson
Ronney Smith

TRACTOR FORCE

Stanley Murry
David Hassell
Richard Key
Herman Calahan
Danny Smith
Harvey Flynn
Archie Sims

POULTRY

James Wood
Willie Engle
Sam Aldridge
Bobby Stevens
Ronnie Merritt

COTTON MILL

Broadus Wade
Clyde McManus
George Holland
Jerry Lamb
Tommy Barnes
Alton Sims
Wade Mehaffey
Charlie Anderson
Jackie Eldridge

CAFETERIA

Charles Summerlin
Enoch Johnson

MEAT CUTTING

Henry Banther
Kenneth Ashley
Ray Puckett
Charles Simpson

LAUNDRY

George Stubbs
Donald Spillman
Donnie Bradley
Larry Wright
Carl Johnson
Ernest Pinion
Alton Locklear
Archie Medford
Kenneth Laws
Everette Webb
Tommy Wyatt
Bobby Bagwell
Edlum Locklear
Charles Ward

OFFICE

Maxie Teal
Joe Green

MACHINE SHOP

Alvin Bollinger
Alvin Brown
Bobby Bryson
Herschel Summers

PRINT SHOP

Roland Jones
Ray Engelbert
Wayne King
Wayne Jackson
Eddie Redden
Robert Babb
Charles Testerman
James Gosnell
Paul Knight

CARPENTER SHOP

Willie Lancaster
Morris Faircloth
J. D. Brooks
Bill Plumley
Johnny Spencer

SHOE SHOP

Van Austin
E. C. Parker
Robert Styles

———000———

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

SEPTEMBER

FIRST GARDE

Bobby Davis
Albert Ross
Danny Smith
Donnie Sessons
Broadus Wade

SECOND GRADE

Sam Aldridge
Edward Stines

THIRD GARDE

Charlie Anderson
Eurde Crews
Harvey Flynn
Bobby Gillie
Dickey Merritt
Bob A. Shew

FOURTH GRADE

No honor roll

FIFTH GRADE

Kenneth Laws
Mack Teal
Ward Williams
Albert Goins

SIXTH GRADE

Verlin Dockery
Claude Bollinger
B. W. Murry
Walter Shelton
Wade Mehaffey

SEVENTH GRADE

No honor roll

EIGHTH GRADE

Kenneth Ashley
Allen Jackson
Wayne King
Paul Knight
Jimmy Lockey
Jimmy Scott
Lewis Turner

NINTH GRADE

James Gosnell
Charles Simpson

THE UPLIFT

No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1954 Vol. 42

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

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The Uplift

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STAFF

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Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
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Associate Editors

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Printing Instructor

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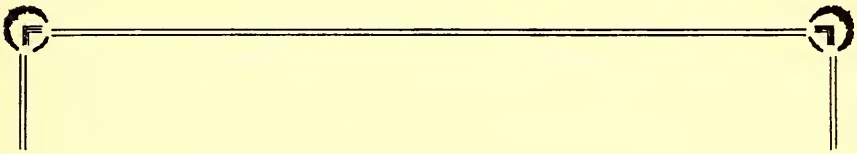
The Uplift

Editorial . . .



BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD

Isn't it strange that with all the countless blessings we enjoy in the course of the year, we wait until the last Thursday in November to say much about them. Not that we are opposed to a national holiday set aside as a day of thanks, but we wonder sometimes if we don't lose ourselves in the fixings and entertainments that go along with such an occasion and we forget it's purpose. Sometimes we wait until the last waking hours of the day when we hurriedly, halfheartedly, and half asleep mutter our prayer to Almighty God for his blessings.

We here in America take so much for granted. When we get up in the morning we accept the fact that the locks on the doors have kept away dangers instead of stopping to realize that but for the grace of God we could be a charred mass on a slab in some morgue, or smothered in our own pillows, or the victim of one of the many death dealing ailments that stalk through the night.

The same thing applies at the close of a day. If we but knew the number of times we had walked side by side with tragedy we probably could not stand the shock.

All around you, regardless of where you may be at this moment there can be found reasons to be thankful. Maybe your surroundings are not pleasant, but wait, my friend, look again. Before you finish reading this sentence there will flow into your lungs that which will make it

possible for you to get your next breath. Did you manufacture it? Is your neighbor responsible? Of course there is only one answer. A higher being is close by.

Have you looked up lately? Surely you will have to admit that there is no greater beauty or wonder to be found anywhere. "The heavens declare the glory of God".

How long has it been since you saw a baby smile? Remember how it made you feel? Regardless of how rich you may be or how low you may have sunk there is nothing that can make you feel quite as warm and pleasant inside as the smile of an adorable baby - - - without a doubt, God's masterpiece. Is this not worth our thanks?

At the end of every season most of us are glad for the change. Quite often we hear complaints about the weather, and folks wishing for the succeeding season to come. The change in itself is phenomenal. At its beginning we think each season is best, but by the time it has passed we are weary of that one and happily greet the next. We, being human, fail to realize that each division of the year depends upon the other in order that we may have the things that come from the earth for our survival. These seasons, planned by One who knows what He's doing, work for our best interest and welfare, and yet we grumble. To look out to the horizons and watch mother nature changing her wardrobe is one of the quickest ways to find God.

Most everyday we meet up with a situation that reminds us of how fortunate we are to be healthy. Yet how quickly these things pass from our minds, and before the day is over we find ourselves complaining. We have a small bodily discomfort and we want everyone to know about it. We wear a long face and drag around spreading our miseries to ever suspectible person we meet. If we could but see some of the twisted aching frames, bodies without limbs, faces without eyes, humans without minds we'd surely say, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Most of us reach the place in life at some time or another when we feel that we have failed completely and see no point in trying again. But we do! Maybe its the encouraging words of a friend that we had forgotten we had, or some printed words we read somewhere and can't remember where we saw it. Could be that it came from inside us, sort of inner urge that keeps crying out, "try again - - - you can do it". It doesn't matter so much where it came from. The important thing is it came. Could the hand of God be guiding our lives? Could be!

Through the means of modern day communications we have seen a small sample of the prison camps; roads working alive with refugees, seeking a place of safety; and nameless faces filled with fear and hunger. To most of us these are unbelievable things that happen far away. We forget that but for the grace of God it could happen to us. Will it take such horrors as these to make us realize how much we have to be thankful for. We have more than the necessities of life. We have more blessings showered upon us each day than we can begin to count, and yet we complain. How selfish and ungrateful can we get?

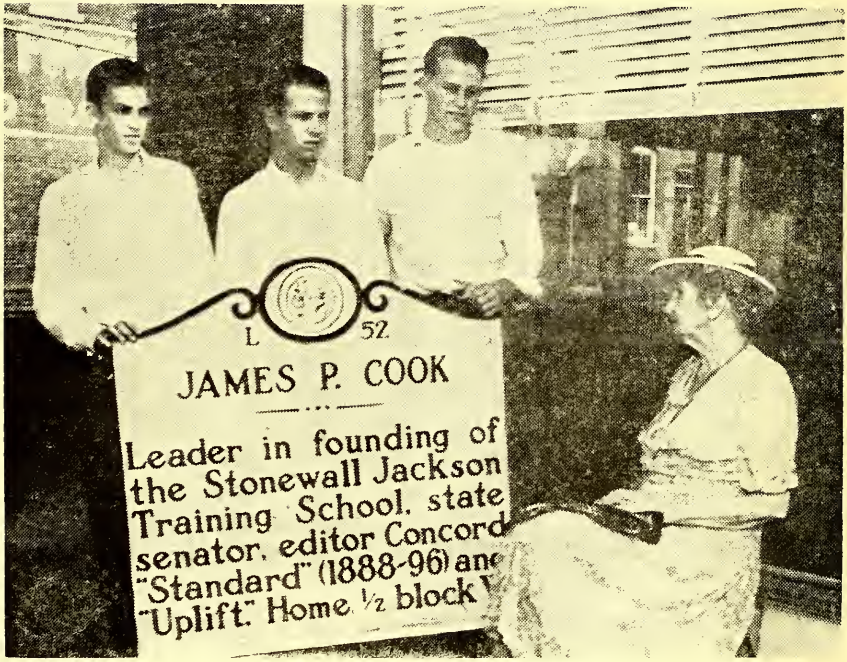
Have you ever tried to count your blessings? Sometimes when you are feeling low try writing down the things you have to be thankful for. The list will amaze you. You'll be ashamed. In fact you'll forget your troubles.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and rain.
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

(Robert Grant)

PLAQUE ERECTED TO J. P. COOK

By Jesse Poindexter, Tribune Staff Writer



IN COMMEMORATION — Mrs. J. P. Cook, in company with three young men who attend the school her husband founded, looks at the historical marker erected to his memory. The boys are, left to right, Grover Collins of Winston-Salem, Charles Simpson of Marshville and Henry Banther of Johnson City, Tenn. (Tribune Photo by Babb).

An aged Concord lady sat on a downtown street corner today and saw something happen she has waited 26 years to see.

Surrounded by many close friends, Mrs. J. P. Cook looked on as workmen erected a plaque in memory of her late husband, recognized as a leader in the founding of Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Authorized by the State Department of Archives and History, the historical plaque credits the late J. P. Cook, onetime editor of the Daily Concord Standard, with fathering the reformatory idea in North Carolina.

Primarily through his exhaustive efforts, Jackson Training School was approved by the General Assembly, which appropriated only $10,000 to its construction.

Cook, editor and formerly State Senator from Cabarrus County, was instrumental in raising enough money to open the school to boys in 1909.

He was elected first chairman of the board of director, and he served in that capacity until his untimely death in 1928. Cook was described by his comtemporaries as a tireless, dedicated worker in the cause of youth rehabilitation.

Cook founded "The Uplift", official school publication which still circulates all over the world each month. He edited it until his death.

And today, Supt. Frank Scott and members of the printing class at Jackson Training School came out to pay tribute to the man who founded and titled the Uplift, publication their class now publishes.

Superintendent Scott said he considered it an honor and a privilege to be present for the short ceremonies which marked commemorating the school's founder.

"There is no such thing as a bad boy," Cook is reported to have said years ago. "There are only bad parents." That is the philosophy under which Jackson Training School still operates.

Also present for the occasion were Mayor Zack Roberts and Mrs. Robert E. Ridenhour, past national president of the American War Mothers and ex-division president of the N. C. United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"I am happy, indeed," declared Mrs. Cook, as the marker went atop the post at the southeast corner of South Union and Corban Streets. "This is recognition I feel is richly deserved."

A special prayer was raised by the Rev. George R. Whittecar, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, where Mrs. Cook is a member.

Reverend Whittecar closed ceremonies by saying:

"...in whom do live the memories of those who have living and died, we thank thee on this occasion for the memory of James P. Cook, and for his influence in the founding of the training school, and other worthy enterprises in our community.

"Grant that we who are here gathered for the erection of this marker may cherish his memory and the work that he did, that others may be led to do good works for the blessing of mankind..."

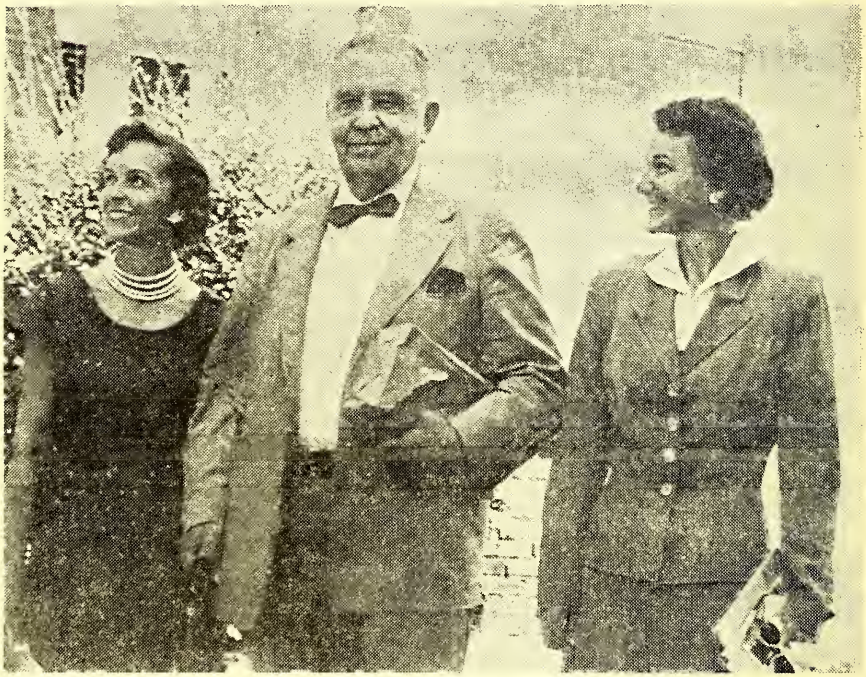
Then the marker went up and the crowd dispersed. Mrs. Cook returned home to live with her memories.

———OOO———

If you have faith, however dim, which makes sense out of life, and gives meaning to your fleeting days, and dares to believe the best in the face of the worst the years can do—do not let it go.

GENERAL'S DESCENDENTS VISITS SCHOOL

By Helen C. Arthur, Tribune Staff Writer



Visitors to Jackson Training School are Mrs. John Creech, left, and Mrs. Emil Shaffner, right, both of Winston-Salem, who are great-grandaughters of Confederate General T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson, for who the school was named. Their father, Randolph Preston, Center, was instrumental in the founding of J. T. S. when he was a member of the state legislature in 1907. The school began operations in 1909.

A bit of Confederate history was brought close to Concord Friday. Two attractive young women, great-grand daughters of famed Confederate General T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson, graced the grounds of Stonewall Jackson Training School for a brief half-hour Friday morning.

There are Mrs. John Creech and Mrs. Emma Shaffner, sisters, who live in Winston-Salem.

Along with their father, Randolph

Preston, who figured prominently in the establishment of the local training school, the descendents of the illustrious general briefly stopped to see the school named for their famous great grandfather.

Meeting the group was Frank Scott, superintendent of the training school, who welcomed them and invited them to a tour of the grounds, and a country ham lunch.

Pleading a luncheon engagement in Charlotte, the group declined, but promised to visit the school again. This was their first visit to the local institution.

As it turned out, the Preston family has been connected with J. T. S. since before its founding back in 1909.

According to Preston, who is every inch a politician, it looked as if the proposal to establish a reformatory for young boys was on its way out.

"Back in those days, it was a revolutionary idea to have a penal system with no bars, or punitive measures. And to try to rehabilitate young offenders for a better life after release was unthinkable," Preston pointed out.

"In fact, I introduced the first bill for the establishment of a state school for delinquent boys.

"Due to differences of opinion, we worked out a compromise bill, but opposition was still too strong," Preston continued.

The portly politician revealed the secret of the whole transaction - it was proposed that the new school should be called "Stonewall Jackson Training School, and the four Confederate veterans in the assembly immediately tossed their votes for the school.

"If it hadn't been for that," Preston exclaimed, "I don't know when the school would have come into being. Those four votes swung the vote favoring establishment of the school."

"This is the true story of how this great institution came into being." Preston declared. "History has a lot of misunderstandings about it, and there has been a lot of confusion since that time. But what I just told you is the true story."

Preston, who until last year was one of the judicial officers of the National Veterans Appeals court, added that "nothing has given me as much pleasure as knowing that the school has erected a marker to the memory of James P. Cook."

"I always felt that there should be a monument to him on the school grounds," the considerate elderly gentleman continued.

"His wisdom and devotion toward Jackson Training School were beautiful to see. He gave his life toward this school," Preston continued.

"For the first 10 years of the school I was in constant contact with him. I am glad to see that under the presentable superintendent, the school appears to be in fine condition, and should continue to be a blessing to North Carolina for generations to come.

———OOO———

The darkest day in life is when we expect something for nothing.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

A play was presented at school recently by the fifth and eighth grades under the direction of Mr. Jack Russell. The title of the play was "The Soft-Hearted Ghost".

This play was about a young ghost who hated to scare people. His father was disgusted with him and threatened to throw him out of the house unless he scared someone. He gave him until midnight to do this. So the young ghost went to find someone to scare. A group of teenagers were attending a Halloween party in the school gymnasium and Egbert, the ghost, thought this would be a nice group to scare. Instead of scaring the boys and girls they thought he was one of their friends in a ghost costume. As a result they asked him to stay for the party and sing for them. While Egbert, the ghost, was singing the boy everyone thought Egbert was came in. He demanded to know who Egbert was and Egbert answered, I am the ghost of "Egbert, Edwin, Edison, Englehart, the Third." The lights went out and the girls screamed. When the lights came on again a radio talent scout was present offering Egbert a job on the radio to which his parents finally consented.

The characters in this play were:

Egbert: Herschel Summers
Wife: John King
Father: Kenneth Ashley
Girl: Alton Sims
Gypsy: Johnny Jackson
Pierrette: James Lockey
Stranger: Wayne King
Bill Templeton: Delbert Puckett
Master of Ceremonies: Clyde Andrews

Other girls: Brady Stamey, Bobby Everhardt, Sammy Shelton, Larry Lambert, Tommy Long, Ronnie Hodge, Allen Jackson.

—o0O0o—

The campus was saddened by the accidental death of one of our boys, Johnny Blalock. Johnny was the son of Mr. John W. Blalock of Route 2, Morganton, and Mrs. Claudia Blalock of 508 Lenoir St., Morganton, N. C. He was fourteen years of age and had been at the school since March of this year. We wish to express our sympathy to his parents, family, and friends.

—o0O0o—

Halloween was celebrated at the school on Saturday, October 30. Festivities began with football games between teams in the A, B, and C leagues. Following the games a picnic supper was served on the lawn behind the cafeteria. The food was served from a booth decorated with fall foliage and jack-o-lanterns. Hot dogs, hamburgers, coca-colas, pepsi-colas, peanuts, popcorn, and oatmeal cookies comprised the menu.

That evening a movie, entitled "The Wild North," was shown in the school auditorium.

—o0O0o—

Mrs. J. Frank Scott, wife of the Superintendent, recently underwent surgery at the Cabarrus Memorial Hospital. Reports are that she is progressing nicely and we hope she will soon be able to return home.

WITH THE NEW BOYS

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

Micheal Harris came to the school October 5, 1954. Micheal hails from Fayetteville, N. C. He is 14 years old and was in the 7th grade at home. Cottage No. 9 will be his home during his stay here.

John David Price was admitted to the school October 7, 1954. John comes from the hills of Black Mountain, N. C. He is 15 years old and was in the 7th grade at home. David went to Cottage No. 14.

Jerry Griggs was readmitted to the school October 5, 1954. Jerry comes from Gaston County, N. C. He is in Cottage No. 1.

Harold Dallas Pitts was admitted to the school October 7, 1954. Harold is from Asheville, N. C. He loves to play baseball, basketball and football. Harold is in Cottage No. 11.

Calvin Joseph Lunsford was readmitted to the school October 8, 1954. Calvin comes from East Bend, N. C. He is 15 years old. Joseph went to Cottage No. 13.

Jerry Wayne Lewis came to the school October 8, 1954. Wayne hails from Cumberland County, N. C. We think Jerry will do his best while at the school.

Wayne Estes, was admitted to the school October 8, 1954. Wayne is from Sanford, N. C. He would like to work in the laundry while at the school. Wayne is in Cottage No. 3.

William Ralph Harp came to the school October 8, 1954. Ralph hails from Raleigh, N. C. He went to Cottage No. 15, and would like to work in the dairy.

James Virgil Roberts was admitted to the school October 8, 1954. Virgil comes from Catawba County, N. C. He loves to participate in sports. James is in Cottage No. 11.

Glenn and Lawerence Sigmon, twins, were admitted to the school October 8, 1954. They came from Hickory, N. C. Glenn and Lawerence are hard to tell which is which. They part their hair on different sides. Lawerence went to Cottage No. 1 while Glenn went to Cottage No. 4.

Billy Gene Setzer was admitted to the school October 8, 1954. Billy hails from Morganton, N. C. Billy stayed in Cottage No. 16, so he will help the new boys to get adjusted here at the school. He would like to work in the print shop.

Jerry Gray Jenkins was admitted to the school October 11, 1954. Jerry comes from Winston-Salem, N. C. He is 15 years old and was in the 8th grade at home. Jerry went to Cottage No. 15.

Samuel Locklear was admitted to the school October 16, 1954. Samuel hails from Robeson County, N. C. Samuel is living in Cottage No. 17.

Samuel Jones was admitted to the school October 16, 1954. Samuel comes from Robeson County, N. C. He is very small. Cottage No. 17 will be his home.

Roy Lee Barus came to the school October 11, 1954. Roy is from Valdese, N. C. He is 14 years old and was in the 6th grade at home. Roy went to Cottage No. 11.

Joseph Lynn Cairnes was admitted to the school October 12, 1954. Joseph comes from Henderson County, N. C. He went to Cottage No. 13, and would like to work on the barn force.

William Allen Hines was readmitted to the school October 12, 1954. William hails from Kenansville, N. C. He would like to work on the tractor force. He went to Cottage No. 17.

Raughty Major Bullard was admitted to the school October 15, 1954. He comes from Columbus County, N. C. "Buster" is his nickname. Buster would like to stay in Cottage No. 16 and help the new boys.

Dean Arnold Curtis was admitted to the school October 20, 1954. He comes from Morganton, N. C. Dean is a blonde haired boy and likes to play football.

———OOO———

WE ARE THANKFUL

By the 4th Grade

Few of the many things for which we are Thankful.

1. Thankful for a place to live and play.
2. Thankful my mother is living.
3. Thankful for trees, flowers and good food.
4. Thankful for being in our school room this morning.
5. Thankful for our home to go back to.
6. Thankful for not being the only one on earth.
7. Thankful for eyes and mind.
8. Thankful for the daytime that follows the night.
9. Thankful for a place to worship.
10. Thankful for sunshine and rain.
11. Thankful for our Bible.
12. Thankful just because I'm living.
13. Thankful for water to drink.
14. Thankful for the calmness and safety that follows a storm.
15. Thankful for the birds that sing.
16. Thankful for my feet.
17. Thankful for the air we breathe.
18. Thankful that I live in America.

So, help us, Dear Lord, to so live to-day, that we shall earn to live tomorrow.

SUNDAY SERVICES

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

There was no Sunday Service on October 3, 1954, due to the fact the scheduled minister did not attend, however we did sing several of our favorite hymns. Some of the names of the songs were: "I Walk with the King," "A Shelter in the Time of Storm," "Nothing But the Blood," "Jesus Calls Us," and "Higher Ground." Cottages 6, 7, and 9 sang the song "Jesus Loves Me." We would like to invite the scheduled minister to visit in the future.

The boys were dismissed by a responsive reading and a short prayer.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, October 10 was the Rev. Ralph Reed, pastor of the Midway Methodist Church in Kannapolis. The speaker chose Chapter IV of the Gospel of St. John for his scripture.

Rev. Mr. Reed said what this chapter meant spiritual living and life eternal. He said all men deep down in their hearts had these three desires: To know God, to have a purpose in life, and to live forever. When we say to know God we mean to really feel we can trust in and worship Him, and to have someone to lean on in time of need and trouble. To have a purpose in life is one of man's greatest desires. The greater purpose of life is to love God and serve our fellowmen. We want to love God as we love no one else and to thank Him for the many things He has given us. We want to serve our fellowmen because we want to think we have helped someone. Man's greatest of desires is to live forever. We want to know we can find a home in Heaven waiting for us when we die. Although some people won't admit it this is what they most desire. We can find this waiting for us if we will only trust in God and receive Him as our Savior. He will forgive our many sins and have a home prepared for us in His beautiful Kingdom when the roll is called.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, October 17 was the Rev. Byron Nifong, pastor of the Kerr St. Methodist Church in Concord. For his scripture the speaker chose Psalm I, 3rd verse which says: "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Throughout his sermon the speaker compared the tree with man. He said some men were like some trees, they look good on the outside and are rotten on the inside. God doesn't look on the outside just so we are clean and pure on the inside. We can be like the good tree and bear forth the many wonderful things of life. If we feel like we can help someone and do it we will prosper greatly.

The speaker closed the service with a short prayer.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, October 24, was the Rev. William H.

Poole, pastor of the Franklin Heights Baptist Church in Kannapolis. For his scripture the speaker chose the 14 Chapter of St. John. Rev. Mr. Poole chose for his topic "Romance with Jesus." The 14th thru the 16th verse of his scripture was very appropriate for the topic which says: "If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."

Rev. Mr. Poole told us that Jesus knows all about us and still loves us. No matter what we do throughout life He doesn't stop loving and taking care of us for one minute. Man can't visualize this love. Shouldn't we return at least some of this love? All we have to do is open our hearts and give God our lives forever. This is not much in return for this everlasting love but it is all he wants.

A group of young lady singers and Mrs. Poole sang a very beautiful hymn for us. We would like to invite the ladies and also the minister to a return visit in the near future.

—oOOo—

The visiting minister for Sunday, October 31, was the Rev. Harvey Hudson, pastor of the Kannapolis Church of God. The speaker chose for his scripture the 119th Psalm. For his topic the speaker chose mainly the 9th verse of this chapter which says: "Wherewithal can a young man cleanse his way — by taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Rev. Mr. Hudson asked several questions and answered them as he thought God would. One of the questions he asked was: How can a young man live right? Rev. Mr. Hudson's answer was: By trusting in the Lord with all thine heart. He told us that God and the devil are never so close that we can touch them both at the same time. We have to take hold of one and leave the other alone. When we take hold of God we are certain of Eternal Life. Take hold of Christ Jesus and know you are living right and all your ways have been cleansed.

FELLOWSHIP GROUP VISITS COTTAGE NO. 16

On the afternoon of Sunday, September 26, Cottage No. 16 had the pleasure of hearing a spiritual program rendered by the Senior High Fellowship Group of Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church of Charlotte. The visit was arranged by the Group vice-president Miss Lola May Prather and the Director of Religious Education, B. E. Earnest

The Fellowship brought their own program which consisted of religious talking by Diane Elizabeth Hill, Lessel Rash, Judy Wilson, and Bill Little. The speaker for the program was: Miss Lola May Prather.

The guest attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Homer Chapman, William Crockford, Pat McCarty, Elenor Todd, B. E. Earnest, Cornia Riviere, Harriett Hatwood, Anne Carroll, Judy Wilson, Lola May Prather, Bill Little, Lessel Rast, and Diane Hill.

The boys enjoyed this Fellowship program very much and would like to invite the group back for visits in the near future.

CLASSROOM DECORATION FOR AUTUMN

By Wayne Jackson, 9th Grade

The teachers and pupils have been decorating the school rooms for the coming seasons. They have some very pretty scenes displayed. Some of the grades have started decorating for Thanksgiving while others are decorating for Halloween.

The ninth grade has a very attractive bulletin board made up by the boys with the help of Mr. Holbrook. It consists of bats, owls, witches on broomsticks, and a full moon in the background. The bulletin board also has posters with black cats sitting on a fence, cornshocks, pumpkins, a full moon, and an owl sitting on an old dead tree in the background. The patterns for the display were taken from "The Instructor". The boys are very proud of their display and are looking forward to making more as the seasons change.

The second grade has been studying about farming and how to harvest fruits and vegetables. They have also been studying how to preserve them for future use by canning and freezing them. Their classroom is decorated with many kinds of leaves which blend in with the season.

The third grade has a very pretty display for the fall season. They have a mural of the different fall fruits and vegetables, framed in leaves in all the glorious colors which we see around us now. There is a border of wild geese flying south over a field of shocked corn and pumpkins wearing hats, coats and carrying their pocketbooks. A full moon is shining down on it all. They also have made some Halloween decorations consisting of witches, cats, pumkins, and owls. They are very proud of their room.

A very good job of decorating has been done in the sixth grade room. Both morning and evening classes have done good work toward making their room pretty. The boys are writing Halloween poems for the bulletin board, drawing pictures of cats, witches and bats, and making their room very attractive. They are looking forward to decorating their bulletin boards as the seasons come and go.

The first grade has a very attractively decorated room. They have a circle of fall leaves on their walls. They have several pictures they have colored of a boy and a girl bringing in potatoes from the field. Also there are cats and pumpkins which look nice along with the other decorations.

The fourth grade has made a very nice mural picturing Indian life. This is for the coming holiday, Thanksgiving. They have another mural depicting Halloween with an old haunted house, a witch on a broomstick, a scare crow, and nine black cats. The border is made of pumpkins, leaves, jack-o-lanterns and two real pumpkins. When fall leaves began to fall they gathered and pressed some of them and painted them with spatter paint. Both, the teacher and pupils, did a wonder-

ful job with this room.

The fifth grade, along with Mr. Troutman, did a splendid job in decorating the library. On one bulletin board they put up pictures of Columbus. On another they put out Halloween decorations, and on top of the bookshelf they have a very attractive scene. There is a white fence with two black cats sitting on it and in the background there are pumpkins, dried grass, corn shocks, and a big black oak with owls sitting in it. There were bats and witches flying around in the air. It was nice of the fifth grade to devote their time to decorate the library.

The seventh grade has a variety of decorations in their room. They have some pictures of the flag and how to use it. A lot of good school work has been put up. Some drawings of heart and veins, graphs, and other drawings in connection with their courses of study are displayed. They have a picture of the ship of which John Paul Jones was captain. Witches, black cats, pumpkins and bats make the room in keeping with the season.

Mr. Russell's fifth and eighth grades have some nice displays. These two classes have drawn jack-o-lantern, witches, bats, and Halloween scenes which are displayed in the various places in the room. At the front of the room they have new alphabet cards which are green with white lettering. They have a very attractive room.

Art is always of interest to the boys here and they have done some outstanding work in making their classrooms attractive and in keeping with the season.

———000———

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

The Value of Time
The Success of Perseverance
The Pleasure of Working
The Dignity of Simplicity
The Worth of Character
The Power of Kindness
The Influence of Example
The Obligation of Duty
The Wisdom of Economy
The Virtue of Patience
The Improvment of Talent
The Joy of Originating

—Selected from **The Presido**

IMPROVING COTTAGE LIFE

By Donald Hamrick, 9th Grade

There are many ways in which the boys of the Training School could improve their cottage life and make it more enjoyable. If these things were put into practice we would soon find ourselves more cheerful and our stay here would be more profitable and enjoyable.

Most of us are inclined to think only of ourselves and what is going to benefit us. We do not give the other fellow a thought and as a result we miss a great deal in life. If we would just speak a kind word or give a bit of praise to someone every day for a week, you would be surprised at the results this would bring about. It is just as easy to say something nice to someone as it is to make hurting remarks if we would only get in the habit of it. Instead of hearing complaints and seeing sullen faces we would then hear cheerful words and see smiles.

Another thing that causes trouble in cottage life is the habit some boys have of picking on others, often smaller boys. This leads to quarreling and misunderstanding that causes ill feeling. Most of us do this at one time or another and it is usually done in fun. We never stop to think of the effect it is having on the other fellow.

Some boys do not do a thing in their cottage without being told. We should try to keep the cottage as clean as possible since it is our home while we are here. We should not do anything to the cottage that we would not do to our own homes. This would be of much help to the cottage parents.

We should dress ourselves as neat as possible and change our clothes often enough to stay clean. When we change clothing the dirty clothes should be put in their proper place and not left on the floor or on chairs. Just remember that if you throw something down carelessly someone is going to have to pick it up. If you see something that needs to be done you should do it and not wait to be told.

The point I am trying to make is that doing a job without being told and doing it well instead of half-way, will help a great deal in improving your cottage life. It prevents someone having to check on you all the time to see if you are doing what you are supposed to do and it shows your cottage parents that you are interested in your home.

Some boys seem to have the opinion that they should only do what they have to do in order to get by. They say they will go home in about a year so why should they work for nothing when they can get by without it. Instead of this attitude, remember that you and all the boys who are in the cottage make your cottage what it is. It is you who really live in the cottage, and it will be what you help to make it.

One of the most important services you can give is to offer a helping hand to a new boy when he comes

to your cottage. They are usually a little homesick and have not yet learned the routine of the school too well. Help them by being kind cheerful like you would want other boys to treat you if you were a new boy.

By doing the things I have listed here you will have helped to make a much better place in which to live while you are at the school.

———000———

WAYS TO IMPROVE OUR COMMUNITIES

By Kenneth Jackson, 9th Grade

Good citizenship is stressed a great deal to young people today and good citizenship is somewhat of a community affair. It is known that some communities produce more juvenile delinquents and persons of low morals than others and some communities are better and more desirable than others. Most communities could be improved and in order to improve them you must first improve the individual people that make up that community.

Every community has a church or several churches, but that in itself does not insure a wholesome community. These churches are not attended by but about half of the population. It is in the part of the population that does not attend the churches that does most of the drinking, cursing, and other undesirable habits that do not give the community a good name. These people should be encouraged to go to church and perhaps they could be inspired to live Christian lives.

In most communities teen-agers are quite a difficult problem. One way to solve this is to have something constructive for them to do in their spare time, such as a recreation park, a teen-age canteen, or the parents be encouraged to spend more time with their children. If the teen-agers are allowed to roam the streets, and "hang out" in various undesirable places, then the community will soon have a reputation for juvenile delinquency.

A good community is a law-abiding community. It's citizens know and respect the laws that are made for the good of the people. The citizens also take an active part in the programs and projects of the community which aim toward improvement.

Sanitation is of major importance in a community. If the people do not try to keep the streets and yards around their houses clean, then the community suffers as a result.

It is our duty as a citizen of America to make this a better and more satisfying place to live. By this, I mean to improve our home communities. We can do this by going to church, obeying the laws, and taking pride and interest in our homes.

HOW THANKSGIVING IS CELEBRATED AT JTS

By Ward Williams, 5th Grade

Thanksgiving is always a holiday at the Training School which we all look forward to eagerly. On this day we do not go to school or to our vocational classes, and we spend the day much as we spend on Sundays but with some extra entertainment.

On Thanksgiving morning at about ten o'clock we will go to the auditorium where a special Thanksgiving service by a guest minister will be held. He will talk to us about the significance of Thanksgiving and the things for which we should be thankful.

After the service we will return to our cottages until time to go to the cafeteria for lunch. This meal will be our traditional Thanksgiving dinner and will include chicken, dressing, candied yams, mashed potatoes, english peas, hot rolls, and pumpkin pie with whipped cream. Having our main meal in the middle of the day will enable the boys who work in the cafeteria to enjoy the recreational program which will be held that afternoon.

Football championship games will be played that afternoon and this will terminate the football season. Winning cottages from each league will compete for the trophies awarded to league winners. Three games will be held that afternoon, one from each league.

On Thanksgiving night the boys will be treated to a movie, "The Stars Are Singing" starring Rosemary Clooney. The movie will conclude a day of enjoyment for the boys which will long be remembered.

———OOO———

My grandpa said, "You should listen son...when a person talks, till his talk is done... for you don't know much, and you'll find it best... to allow your tongue to take a rest...while you hear what others have to say...and you might learn something that's new that way.

"I have noticed, too, that the smartest men...are the ones who sit and listen when...some long-speeched talker has the floor...or they're button-holed by some windy bore...they don't talk back, while he talks so fast...that the truth comes tumbling out, at last... so you'll learn a lot, if you'll just be smart...and with little exertion on your part."

That's a difficult thing for a man to learn...for we have to talk, when it "come our turn"...we think too little and talk too much... and often we get ourselves "in dutch"...and to quote the words of my old grand-pap..."You don't catch much till you close your trap."

Ollie Reeves-in Atl. Constitution.....

SCOUT TROOPS 60 AND 61 TAKE TRIP

By Roland Jones, 9th Grade

October 9 was a highlight for the scouts of the Training School because it was the day they were going to Chapel Hill, N. C. to attend the Boy Scout Unirall, and attend the football game between the University of North Carolina and the University of Georgia.

Our troops won this privilege because they had won blue ribbons at the Camp Cabarrus and Camp Dick Henning Camporees. The blue ribbons were awarded for keeping the camp area clean, building fires, measuring the height of a tree, and reading morse code signals, etc. We were at Camp Cabarrus with several hundred other scouts and winning these ribbons made us very proud.

After breakfast on the awaited day we all boarded the bus and were off to Chapel Hill. During the trip we enjoyed apples given us by Mr. Robertson.

We arrived at Chapel Hill about 11:30 A. M. and prepared our meal almost immediately as most of the boys were hungry. After we had eaten we went around the campus to see the many buildings and points of interest. Mr. Robertson conducted the tour because he was a former student there. Around 1:30 we went to the stadium which was a very beautiful one situated in a grove of pine trees.

The game started around two o'clock. Georgia scored the first touchdown and went on to win the game 24 to 14. Carolina played a good game, notwithstanding the fact that they lost.

After the game we boarded the bus and started home. On the way we stopped in Richfield and ate supper. Most of the boys slept the rest of the way back. We arrived at the school about 8:15 P. M.

Mr. Robertson, Mr. Hinson and Mr. Eller accompanied the scouts on this trip. The scouts who attended were: Roland Jones, Robert Babb, Eddie Redden, Ray Englebert, Paul Knight, Herman Callahan, Jerry Lamn, James Woods, Ray Pruitt, Dickie Merritt, Jesse Mabe, Herschel Summers, Dewey Guinn, and Max Teal.

———OOO———

Do not pray for easy lives; pray to become stronger. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks.

SPORTS

By Paul Knight, 8th Grade

Football got off to a fine start at the Jackson Training School on October 16, 1954. Most of the cottage's teams were ready for their game; however, many of the players had never participated in a football game prior to Saturday's games. The inexperienced players soon found a reason for blocking, passing, and running with the ball. After several downs, the boys soon realized that a team is made up of eleven players, each having a certain task to perform. When one member of a team failed to perform his duty, it gives his opponent an opportunity to gain more yardage. When the games were over, the boys had new ideas about football. It was not long after the games until one could see the various teams on the campus practicing new plays and so forth, so they would be ready for next week's game.

The highlights of the games played Saturday are as follows:

Cottage No. 16 vs Cottage No. 4. No. 4 whitewashed No. 16 by 14 points. Bradshaw made an outstanding showing for No. 4 by carrying the ball over twice and also making two extra points. Ashley, Puckett, and Callahan did some nice blocking for their team.

For No. 16, a very inexperienced team, King, the center, Russell and Austin on ends made an excellent showing. In the backfield, Jones, Jackson, Boone and Setzer did rather well. The four linemen - Bullard, Glenn and Lawerence Sigmon, and Pitts will make valuable material for another team, since they are new boys, they will be sent to other cottages. But look out for action coming from the remainder of the team because they will be on their toes when they play again.

Cottage No. 1 won their first game by defeating Cottage No. 10 by a score of 6 to 0. Cottage No. 1 made their touchdown when James Lockey threw a pass to Donald Hamrick.

Cottage No. 10 held Cottage No. 1 back 0 to 0 until the third quarter when Lockey, the quarterback for Cottage No. 1 threw a pass to Hamrick, the left end. Although Cottage No. 10 lost, they made some good plays. Crews, the left end for Cottage No. 10, played good ball. Other fine players were Harris, Murray, Bridges, Tew and Walker.

COTTAGE	TIME	DATE	FIELD
16 vs 4	1:00	10-16	G
1 vs 10	1:00	10-16	C
9 vs 14	2:00	10-16	G
13 vs 17	1:00	10-16	B
15 vs 10	1:00	10-23	G
1 vs 4	1:00	10-23	C
3 vs 9	2:00	10-23	G
14 vs 11	2:00	10-23	C
2 vs 13	1:00	10-23	B
6 vs 7	2:00	10-23	B
10 vs 4	1:00	10-30	G
16 vs 15	1:00	10-30	C
9 vs 11	2:00	10-30	G
14 vs 2	2:00	10-30	C
3 vs 17	1:00	10-30	B
1 vs 16	1:00	11-6	G
4 vs 15	1:00	11-6	C
11 vs 3	2:00	11-6	G

14 vs 17	2:00	11-6	C
13 vs 9	1:00	11-6	B
16 vs 10	1:00	11-13	G
15 vs 1	1:00	11-13	C
2 vs 17	2:00	11-13	G
11 vs 13	2:00	11-13	C
14 vs 3	1:00	11-13	B
6 vs 7	2:00	11-13	B
10 vs 1	1:00	11-20	G
16 vs 4	1:00	11-20	C
9 vs 2	2:00	11-20	G
14 vs 13	2:00	11-20	C
17 vs 11	1:00	11-20	B
6 vs 7	2:00	11-20	B

The top two teams in each league will play a championship game on Thanksgiving Day.

Each cottage that does not have a football may secure one from Mr. Holbrook at the school building. Please do not send for it but go yourself. You may get a ball at either 11:30 or 5:00 P. M.

"A" league consists of cottages 1, 4, 10, 15, and 16. Infirmary boys will play with 16.

"B" league consists of cottages 9, 14, 11, 2, 17, 3, and 13.

"C" league consists of cottages 6 and 7. They will play the best out of 3 series.

There are three football fields on the campus. The Baseball field is located across the highway. The gym field is located west of the gym. The Cannery field is located beside the cannery.

Cottage No. 17 won their first game of the season by defeating Cottage No. 13, 12 to 0. Lambert and Murry made the points for Cottage No. 17.

Cottage No. 17 came to life when they kicked off to Cottage No. 13. Johnson, the right guard, for Cottage No. 13 fumbled the ball and Knight recovered. Cottage No. 17 scored their first touchdown, when Knight, the fullback, threw a pass to Lambert, the right end. Knight lateraled off to Murry, the quarterback, in the 2nd quarter, who ran 12 yards for a touchdown. Other fine players for Cottage No. 17 were Puckett, Hill, Melvin, and the center, Alton Locklear.

One of the top games of the season was played when Cottage No. 14 and Cottage No. 9 met. Mr. Miller, No. 9's coach, sent his boys on the field determined to win, but the boys from Cottage No. 14 were determined to win also. No. 9's line showed weakness when the boys from No. 14 started opening some large holes to let the backfield roll in for yardage. Ward, for Cottage No. 14, caught some nice passes. Boswell and Quinn were outstanding for Cottage No. 14 also. No. 9 tried hard to get into No. 14's territory, but Cottage No. 14 had good blocking.

The final score was 24 to 0. Williams Boswell and Quinn made the points for Cottage No. 14.

One of the largest upsets of the season was when Cottage No. 4 and Cottage No. 1 met on the cannery field.

Cottage No. 4 won their second game when they whitewashed Cottage No. 1 by a score of 18 to 0. Cottage No. 4 scored their first touchdown when Bradshaw, the captain, threw a pass to Franklin, the right end. Cottage No. 4 made some nice plays and threw some nice passes. But Cottage No. 1 made some big threats for extra yardage in the 3rd and 4th quarters of the game when Cottage No. 4's line

showed weakness. Although, Cottage No. 1 made their threats Cottage No. 4 would push them back to their own goal line. Callahan, the center, for Cottage No. 4 intercepted a pass when Cottage No. 1 had pushed Cottage No. 4 back to their own 7 yard line. Bradshaw, Metcalf, and Franklin were outstanding for Cottage No. 4.

Lockey, Pryor, Styles, and Cranford were outstanding for Cottage No. 1.

Cottage No. 14 was out to win their second game. They defeated Cottage No. 11 by a score of 6 to 0.

Cottage No. 11 played good ball until the last half of the game, when Petty, the halfback, let Ward, for Cottage No. 14 catch a pass from Boswell, the quarterback. Cottage No. 11 made some nice plays. The outstanding players for Cottage No. 11 were Redden, Wilson, and Ruddock.

Cottage No. 14 made some nice plays and caught some nice passes. Hilton, the left end, played good ball. Other outstanding players were Ward, the left end, and Boswell, the quarterback.

Cottage No. 10 lost however, they showed good sportsmanship.

Cottage No. 11 got off to a bad start but wound up with a happy end. They ran over Cottage No. 9 by a score of 6 to 0.

Cottage No. 9 played good ball until the last half of the game when their line showed weakness. Cottage No. 11 came to life when Petty, the left end, caught a pass from Redden, the fullback. Welch did some nice running for Cottage No. 11. Medford, the center, for Cottage No. 9 played good ball.

Cottage No. 4 was out to win their third game of the season. They played Cottage No. 10 on the gym field. They won 13 to 6.

Cottage No. 10 was out to win this game. Although, they didn't win they gave Cottage No. 4 a good fight. Murray, the fullback, played good ball. In the third quarter he threw a pass to Crews, the right halfback, who ran thirty yards and was stopped by Simpson, the left halfback for Cottage No. 4. Bradshaw, the quarterback, made some good runs and threw some nice passes. Franklin, the right end, caught some of those passes.

Cottage No. 10 made some good runs and they pulled some excellent plays. Murray, for Cottage No. 10 made a fine showing. Tew, the left guard, did some nice blocking with Hill, playing right guard. Shelton, the center, played good ball. Other fine players were Tolar, Walker, Munsey, Self and McMahan.

———0O0———

If you make your job important it is quite likely to return the favor.

BIRTHDAYS

(In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to following this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.)

Nov.	1	Bobby Everhardt, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 9
Nov.	1	Jackie Cartrette, 12th Birthday, Cottage No. 6
Nov.	1	Toby Cranfill, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 2
Nov.	2	Harry Mintz, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 10
Nov.	3	McKinley Locust, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
Nov.	5	Eric Von Metzer, 17th Birthday, Cottage No. 15
Nov.	7	Charles Hardy, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 11
Nov.	9	Archie Simms, 14th, Cottage No.7
Nov.	10	Joe Cairnes, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 13
Nov.	11	Glenn Sigmon, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 4
Nov.	11	Lawrence Sigmon, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 1
Nov.	16	Harold Pitts, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 11
Nov.	16	Sam Aldridge, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 6
Nov.	16	Kenneth Franklin, 11th Birthday, Cottage No. 6
Nov.	20	C. C. Munsey, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 10
Nov.	21	L. D. Boone, 16th Birthday, Infirmary
Nov.	22	Darrell Whittington, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 14
Nov.	24	Cecil Anderson, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 17
Nov.	26	Odell Haire, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 9
Nov.	27	Russell Wilson, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 15
Nov.	29	Junior Davis, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 4

———000———

When we prepare in advance for a situation that promises to call for angry words, the situation never seems to arise. It's when we are unprepared that the blow falls, leaving us weak if not tongue-tied.—Selected

EXCHANGES

To All Exchanges:

The Uplift staff would like to take this opportunity to say "Thanks Folks" for the honorable mentions given us in the recent Penal Press Poll of '53, and also give a deep courtesy to AGRICOLA for the fine work they did in conducting the poll.

PAAHAO PRESS: August

We are always eager to open our mail from Hawaii, for we always find a nice little magazine. We enjoyed the article "Conversion". Wonder who wrote it?

TIME: September

As usual this timely little Pub has come up with some interesting and very exciting stories. We especially liked "In The Spider's Webb" by Ralph B.

ANGOLITE: October 9, '54

Old Wooden Ear, we sure would like to know what TLC means. We've been wracking our brains, but no one seems to know. It's something here our boys are missing. Can't be food everytime a boy passes the scales he weighs to see how much he has gained in the past week.

HARMONY NEWS: Summer '54

Very good original poetry. We liked Gloria Garrison's "He Stood On The Cliff's Edge".

B. Codair's "Returned: One Daughter" - - a very heart-warming story.

TELESCOPE: September

You guys are to be congratulated for getting your pub out under such difficult circumstances.

THE YELLOW JACKET: Sept. 11

The description of those four new cottages sure sounds exciting. Know you must be proud of them as well as the new chapels.

That was a nice article "On Religion".

THE NEW ERA: Summer '54

Bet there's some lucky gals somewhere got their eyes on that beautiful crochet work, as well as the knitting and loomwork. By the way, what happened to the ending of "Bok Nam Om?" Oh yeah, here it is on page 10, on the back of page 29. Gee, you had us worried for a minute. A very nice magazine.

THE REFLECTOR: Sept. 10, '54

Oren Wiggin's article, "71 Years of Penal Publishing" was outstanding (not because we were mentioned either). We were very proud to be among the first. We think the article is well worth keeping and using later.

TIME: August

"A FLY NAMED JIM" by Eugene Simmi was most unusual and cute.

"These Things I Miss" by Ronald Renshaw - - a beautiful thing.

THE OUTLOOK: August

You did not say who wrote "Recalcitrant". Please tell him we really enjoyed it.

"Twenty-five Rules For Parents" (not to follow) reprinted from Young Citizens left no loop-holes did it? Very good.

THE CORRECTOR: July

Congratulations on your 14th Anniversary Issue. Bet you are proud of those brand new presses, especially that 3 MIEHLE Cylinder

POPULAR SONGS

Selected By Wayne Jackson

IN THE CHAPEL IN THE MOONLIGHT

How I'd love to hear the organ
In the chapel in the moonlight
While we're strolling down the aisle
Where roses entwine
How I'd love to hear you whisper
In the chapel in the moonlight
That the lovelight in your eyes
Forever will shine
Till the roses turn to ashes
Till the organ turns to rust
If you never come I'll still be there
Till the moonlight turns to dust
How I'd love to hear the choir
In the chapel in the moonlight
As they sing "Oh! Promise Me"
Forever be mine.

SKOKIAAN

Skokiaan, Skokiaan, Skokiaan
Skokiaan ho ho far away in Africa
Happy, happy Africa
They bang a bongo and they singo
They have a ball and really go
Skokiaan ho ho take a trip to Africa
Any ship to Africa
Come on along and learn the lingo
Beside a jungle bungalow.
The hot drums are drumming
The hot strings are strumming
And warm lips are blissful
They're kissful of Skokiaan!
Ho ho if you go to Africa
Happy, happy Africa
You'll linger longer like a kingo
Right in the jungle-ungle-o.

Skoki, Skoki, Skoki, Skokiaan
Okey dokey anybody can Skoki, Skoki
Man oh! man oh! man you bang a bongo and singo
In hokey pokey Skokiaan.

HEY THERE

Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes,
Love never made a fool of you,
You used to be too wise!
Hey there, you on that high flying cloud,
Tho' she won't throw a crumb to you,
You think someday she'll come to you,
Better forget her;
Her with her nose in the air,
She has you dancing on a string,
Break it and she won't care!
Won't you take this advice
I hand you like a brother?
Or are you not seeing things too clear,
Are you too much in love to hear,
Is it all going in one ear and out the other?

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

I was high and mighty,
How I laughed at love and the stars above,
Then you came like a gentle flame
And helped me to find my way!
I was high and mighty
And I told my heart where to stop and start,
Now I find that I was blind,
I'm learning it day by day!
Love can change things, rearrange things,
Oh, what strange things love can do!
I'm not high and mighty
But I have what's worth all the gold on earth,
I have you and I give my heart
Forever and ever to you, you, you!

FUN AND OTHERWISE

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

A farmer told his hired hand to drive into town for some supplies. The hired hand returned a full hour later than he should have. He protested to the raging farmer: "No sir, I wasn't wastin' time at the saloon at all. It's just that I picked up the parson down the road about three miles and from then on them pesky mules couldn't understand a word I said."

—o0O0o—

Motorist: "How far is it to the nearest town?"

Native: "Nigh on to five miles as the crow flies."

Motorist: "Well, how far is it if the crow has to walk and carry an empty gasoline can?"

—o0O0o—

"These sausages you sent me are meat at one end and bread crumbs at the other," said the lady customer.

"Yes, madam," replied the butcher, "in these hard times it is difficult to make both ends meat."

—o0O0o—

After many years Tom met an old friend who had known him in courtship days.

"Tell me, Tom, did you marry that girl, or do you still darn your own socks and do your own cooking?"

"Yes."

"I married the girl and I still darn my own socks and do my own cooking."

—o0O0o—

The two Irishmen had landed in America, and took a room in a seaside hotel. To their surprise, they were attacked by mosquitoes, an insect new to them.

They turned out the lights and crawled under the sheets. Larry peeped out, just as a fire-fly flitted in through the window.

"It's no use, Mickey!" he groaned; "They're come back with lanterns looking for us."

—o0O0o—

Little Johnnie was saying his bedtime prayers in a low voice. "I can't hear you, dear," said his mother.

"Wasn't talking to you;" answered Johnnie.

—o0O0o—

A father was teaching his small daughter to tell time.

"These are the hours, these are the minutes, and these are the seconds," he said pointing them out. The small girl looked puzzled. "Where are the jiffies?"

—o0O0o—

Teacher—"Your son is the brightest boy in my classroom but also the mischieveous. What shall I do?"

Mother—"Do whatever you please. I'm having my own troubles with his father!"

—o0O0o—

Sweet Secretary: "Your wife wants to kiss you over the phone."

Busy Executive: "Take the message and give it to me later."

—o0O0o—

A taxi was creeping slowly through the New York rush-hour traffic and the passenger was in a hurry. "Please," he said to the driver, "can't you go any faster?"

"Sure I can," replied the cabby. "But I ain't allowed to leave the taxi."

BITS OF WISDOM

A bargain is something you don't particularly need, offered at a price you cannot resist.

—o0O0o—

Don't worry about finding your proper station in life; somebody will surely tell you where to get off.

—o0O0o—

When we were younger we didn't seem to worry too much about the future; but now the silly old thing seems to get here so much quicker than it used to!

—o0O0o—

"An optimist," says Pourquoi (Brussels) "is a man who has been unable to read the front pages of the newspapers for the past three years."

—o0O0o—

It is impossible to climb the ladder to success with your hands in your pockets.

—o0O0o—

When a man begins to realize the truth about himself, it reduces his desire to reform his neighbors.

—o0O0o—

Middle age is that period in a man's life when he'd rather not have a good time than to have to get over it.

—o0O0o—

The reason lightning never strikes twice in the same place is that it doesn't have to—the damage is done the first time.

—o0O0o—

Men are valuable just in proportion as they are able and willing to work in harmony with other men.

—o0O0o—

A soldier has a perfect right to complain if he finds sand in his soup. After all, he enlisted to serve his country, not to eat it.

—o0O0o—

Friendship is a fire at which you can warm your heart as long as you live, and it is worth all it cost.

—o0O0o—

A kind word in acknowledgment of a kind deed would be acceptable now and then.

—o0O0o—

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like the dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

—o0O0o—

Reputation is what folks think you are. Personality is what you seem to be. Character is what you really are.

—o0O0o—

Man is the only creature on earth who shortens his life by working hard in order to acquire things which will shorten life still further.

—o0O0o—

There is no greater fool than the man who says, "There is no God", unless it be the one who says he does not know whether there is or not.

—Bismarck

—o0O0o—

An automobile should not be rated according to horse-power, but rather to the amount of horse sense possessed by the driver.

—o0O0o—

Character is like a tree and reputation like its shadows. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing. —Abe Lincoln

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

OCTOBER

FIRST GRADE

Bobby Davis
Edwin Locklear
Albert Ross
Danny Smith
Otis Bryant
Donnie Sessoms
Hubert Fox
Robert Harden
Brodus Wade

SECOND GRADE

Edward Stines
Everett Webb

THIRD GRADE

Donald Crawford
Eurde Crews
Douglas Eller
Harvey Flynn
Jackie Eldrige
Bobby Gillie
Robert Owens
Bob A. Shew
Thomas Transou
Edward Turpin

FOURTH GRADE

Robert Church
Alex Melvin
George Clodfelter
Grover Collins

FIFTH GRADE

Charles Smith
Ward Williams
Mack Teal
Albert Goins
Charles Hardy

SIXTH GRADE

Vernon Ewing
Bobby McMahan
Walter Shelton
Charles Walker

SEVENTH GRADE

Pete Allman
Donald Spillman

EIGHTH GRADE

Wayne King
Kenneth Ashley
Paul Knight
Jimmy Lockey

NINTH GRADE

Wayne Jackson
Wilbur Mooring
Charles Simpson

———OOO———

A man is poor not because he has nothing, but because he does nothing. The way to have nothing to give, is to give nothing.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

OCTOBER

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Van Austin
Wayne Jackson
Roland Jones

COTTAGE No. 1
Alvin Bollinger
Alvin Brown
John Cromer
Carl Hollifield
Herschel Summers
Broadus Wade

COTTAGE No. 2
Carl Johnson
Carl Parker
Bobby Shew
Shubert Testerman

COTTAGE No. 3
Joe Barrett
Charles Colson
William Holt
Alton Sims

COTTAGE No. 4
Kenneth Ashley
Henry Banther
Herman Callahan
James Gosnell
Charlie Summerlin

COTTAGE No. 6
Sam Aldridge
Billy Hayes
James Wood

COTTAGE No. 7
Robert Owens
Thomas Transou

COTTAGE No. 9
Harry Bryant
Charles Byrd
Bobby Davis
Wayne Head
Ronald Hodge
Jerry Lamm
Jesse Mabe
Owen Plaster
J. W. Sparks
Mack Teal

COTTAGE No. 10
Charles Davis
Harry Mintz
Phillip Blackwelder

COTTAGE No. 11
John Chapman
Don Dillard
Bobby Hannah
Roy Puckett
Franklin Petty
Eddie Redden
Charles Ruddock

COTTAGE No. 13
Albert Ross

COTTAGE No. 14
Cosner Church
George Clodfelter
Gilbert Johnson
James Poteat
Brady Stamey

COTTAGE No. 15
Otis Bryant
Leroy Haithcock
Billy Mosteller
Archie Minton
Edward Stines
Jerry Somersett
Russell Wilson

COTTAGE No. 17
Cecil Anderson
Robert Harden
Allen Jackson
Otis Jacobs
Paul Knight
Alton Locklear
Alex Melvin
B. W. Murry

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

OCTOBER

CAFETERIA

Charles Walker
Harry Mintz
Roy Puckett
Fletcher Manly
Jackie Ward
Ronnie Hodge
Bobby Davis
Charlie Summerlin
Jr. Davis
Surbert Testerman
Enoch Johnson
Grover Collins
William Holt

LAUNDRY

Alton Locklear
Donald Spillman
Donald Crowe
Donnie Bradley
Bobby Shew
Joe Barrett
Edmond Locklear
Archie Medford
Charles Ward
Bobby Bagwell

BARN FORCE

Jimmy Mayfield
Pete Allman
Billy Anderson
Robert Hardin
Bobby Gillie
Albert Ross

POULTRY

James Wood
Sam Aldridge
Bill Hayes
Oneal Oxendine

OFFICE

Mildred Shoe
Max Teal

PRINT SHOP

Roland Jones
James Gosnell
Wayne Jackson
Robert Babb
Ray Englebert
Eddie Redden
Charles Testerman
Wayne King
Paul Knight

FARM

David Collins
Randell Brown
Harry Bryant
Dickie Merritt
Charles Huntsinger
George Clodfelter
Robert Church
Gilbert Johnson
Bobby Lucas
Cecil Anderson
Billie Bushie
George Truelove
Charles Smith
Leo Cutshaw
Clyde Andrews
J. W. Sparks
Melvin Hall
Samuel Locklear
Verlin Dockery
Thomas Transou

BARBER SHOP

Joe Hilton
John Chapman
Albert Goins

SHOE SHOP

Van Austin
Robert Styles
Brady Stamey

MEAT CUTTING

Charles Simpson
Henry Banther
Kenneth Ashley
Ray Puckett

CARPENTER SHOP

Willie Lancaster
Calvin Barefoot
Bill Plumley
Morris Faircloth

SEWING ROOM

Dewey Quinn
Wayne Halsey
Bobby Hughes

THE UPLIFT

No. 12 DECEMBER, 1954 Vol. 42

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shephards quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,

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Concord, North Carolina

The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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STAFF

J. Frank Scott
Superintendent

R. Vance Robertson
Editor

Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough
Mrs. Wanda Holbrook
Associate Editors

James H. Furr
Printing Instructor

STUDENT REPORTERS

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Wayne Jackson
Sammy Shelton
Billy Setzer

LINOTYPE OPERATORS

Paul Knight
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PRESSMEN

Wayne King
Eddie Redden
Larry Lambert

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The Uplift

Editorial . . .

CONQUER YOURSELF

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!" —Robert Burns

It has often been stated that the individual is his own worst enemy. It is human nature to blame others for misfortunes or when things do not go as planned. Selfishness and greed so often play a major role in the direction of daily living or problem solving. Acting on the impulse of the moment, when little thought is given to the results of the final outcome, can be a great handicap to the individual and bring about unpleasantness. It is very easy to become so emotional in the progress of a discussion, to be so carried away by the events of the moment, or to follow the crowd that all logical reasoning or behavior is pushed into the background. Some individuals do not realize their potentialities or limitations until the situation is well out of hand and the period of evaluation has begun. Often it is then too late to remedy the situation or alter the course of events that have followed.

How often have you abandoned all your better judgement and stated that it was time that you forgot yourself and had a good time for a change? After some event which has brought us much elation or possibly much sorrow it is customary for us to celebrate the "victory" or blot out the sorrow. During this time all care or reasoning is abolished and we are at the mercy of the situation at hand.

The "gang" comes along and invites you to join the hilarity of the

moment and immediately you bow to their wishes. Knowing you should go straight home from school in order to do the home chores, or the part time job you have assumed, you stop by the drugstore for only a few minutes to be with the group. Before you realize it the time has slipped by and you have failed to do your duties. Dad's car is parked in the driveway and you know that you should not drive it without his permission. Yet you have the sudden urge to run down to the corner and back in it before he comes home. You are on the way to Sunday School but the family next door is going for a Sunday outing and invites you to come along and you are tempted to join them. You find a valuable article on the floor in the school hallway. Immediately you know to whom it belongs, but the possibility of selling it or trading it leaps into your mind. You would like to go to the movies tonight but you have no money. The temptation to take enough change from the purse of your sister or some other member of the family is very strong. What is the outcome of the above mentioned temptations? It depends entirely upon the individual to which they are presented. If the person uses his best judgment and reasoning then there is no fear that he will do the wrong thing. Too often though, the thrill of the moment is too much and no thought is given to the outcome.

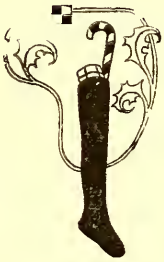
How often has anger, hate, disappointment, or desire to appear right in other people's eyes caused us to do things of which we were later ashamed. In anger it is easy to speak words, call names, and make brags to justify our own position. Unknowingly, the angry person is often giving his hearers the true side of his personality. If it were possible for a person to see himself when he is angry it would do much to start him trying to control this emotion.

Many boys come to the Training School with the attitude that it was the fault of the law officials or others in their home communities that they are here. They come determined to "get even" some day with their family, law officials, or neighbors whom they believed sent them to the school. They fail to see that they send themselves. They excuse themselves of thievery, truancy, incorrigibility, and other wrong doings by saying they know of others who have done more and got by with it. So why should they have to come here when the others are still at home. Thus their resentment is built up and blame is laid to the wrong source.

The ego that is present in everyone is inclined to keep a person thinking

that his actions were right and the other fellow's wrong. It is hard for us to see ourselves clearly, mainly because it would be a blow to our self-esteem. Little change can be brought about until the individual realizes that he is making excuses for his conduct which are not reasonable. When this is once realized then he can go on to make the necessary changes in controlling his behavior patterns. Others can give him guidance and direction but they cannot perform his acts for him. Some individuals have more access to help and guidance while others must depend upon themselves. The person receiving the most help should make the best adjustment, but this is not always the case. Too often they become dependant upon others to do their thinking for them and fail to exercise their own ability in problem solving.

The Training School offers wonderful opportunities for learning self control. Can you control your behavior patterns until they will be acceptable to the other boys and staff? Do you make friends easily? Are you dependable, courteous, and cooperative? Are you truthful, honest, and reliable? Do you take advantage of all the learning experiences offered you here? Do you keep yourself well groomed? These are some of the questions you might ask yourself. If your answers are negative, then ask yourself why? Have you disciplined yourself to the point that you answered them correctly? You are your own best disciplinarian.



AROUND THE CAMPUS

The Freshman Class of Nurses from the Cabarrus Memorial Hospital in Concord visited the school on Tuesday morning, November 16. This group, under the direction of Miss Powell, was interested in visiting all phases of our program here and was conducted on a tour by Mr. Scott and Mr. Robertson. A discussion period was held in the library following their tour where they were given a chance to question the officials about the school.

—o0O0o—

Fall rains have come at an opportune time for the school farm. Small grain which has recently been sowed will now come up and grow faster as a result of the nice rain we have had recently. Our last growing season was somewhat dry and it was necessary to irrigate on a rather large scale.

—o0O0o—

With Christmas just around the corner plans are getting underway for holiday entertainment. A movie has been secured for showing each day of the holiday season and plans to get the basketball season underway are being made. The academic school and trades will be closed from December 23 through December 29 and the boys will have the opportunity to enjoy a number of recreational facilities. Even though we do not allow the boys to return to their home during the holidays, we do try to make them as enjoyable here as possible. Each cottage has its own Christmas tree and the school sees that every boy is remembered with a gift on Christmas morning.

—o0O0o—

The school was honored on November 2, by a visit from Dr. George Schroder. Executive Secretary for the Southern Baptist Association. He was accompanied to the school by the Rev. R. T. Greene, Association Missionary for the Cabarrus Baptist Association where he is teaching a course in Brotherhood. They made a tour of the entire campus as it was their first visit to the school.

—o0O0o—

The recent temperature drop made us know that winter has finally arrived. Another way we can tell is by the butchering of pork that has been going on here at the school. Twelve prime porkers met their fate recently and are now adorning the cafeteria tables in the form of pork chops, sausage, boiled ham, and delicacies.

—o0O0o—

Plastering has been finished in Cottages 1, 2, and 3, which are the cottages now being renovated. The workmen are now working with moulding, window casing, and other trimming out jobs. It will not be long until these three cottages will be ready for the boys to move into and three more will yield to the saw and hammer.

Students Enjoys Circus

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

On Friday, November 19, the staff and boys of Jackson Training School had the pleasure of being entertained by an animal circus owned and managed by Mr. Ville Ponteaux. The visit was arranged by a former student, Mr. Knight.

There were many fascinating as well as educational animals to be seen in the circus. Some of the animals to be seen were: Rhesus monkeys, a timber wolf, a honey bear, an ant eater, a porcupine, a dog-face baboon, Java monkeys, an alligator, a lynx, a wilcat, Capurhe monkeys, and an animal that was half deer and half goat. Mr. Ville Ponteaux called it a deer-goat.

After all the animals were seen by everyone we went into the school auditorium to see some wonderful acts. Some of the acts to be seen were: a knife throwing exibition, a whip cracking act, a bulldog who could add, multiply, substract, and all sorts of tricks. A monkey named "flip" was one of the boy's favorites. All he wanted to do was to flip over all the time. A clown did a trick which a newpaper stood straight up on his nose. There were no string or sticks attached. There was a contest held between one of the boys in the audience and a dog-face baboon. The contest was to find out whether the boy are the baboon could eat a banana the fastest. The baboon won.

The manager, Mr. Ville Ponteaux, showed us how a clown makes up his face for a circus show. He also did an act on the bouncing trembilene.

We want to thank Mr. Knight and all persons that were responsible for bringing this fine circus to the School. We would like to invite them back for visits anytime in the future.

———0O0———

If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, the will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, the will be peace in the world.

—Chinese Proverb via the Sunshine Magazine

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

Ward Williams, 5th Grade

On November 19, the fifth grade presented a very appropriate Thanksgiving program under the direction of Mr. Troutman.

This was our program:

Song—America

Scripture—100 Psalm—Carl Lawson

Prayer—The Lord's Prayer

Song—Come, Ye Thankful People

Poem—Welcome—Carl Lawson

A Letter To England (a skit)

John (Ward Williams) wrote a letter back to England to his sweetheart to let her know how the Pilgrims were getting along in America.

A Radio Mystery (a skit)

Ned (Charles Dail) was worried about what he was going to have for Thanksgiving dinner. Alice (Joe Barrett) his sister went out and got some very nice things for dinner. A voice (Jerry Griggs) talked about doing away with Thanksgiving Day dinner. But it was all a dream to Ned.

The I Am Thankful Magic Box

(a play)

The colored maid asked Aunt Margaret if anybody could put on a slip of paper telling why they were thankful in the box. She said yes. So the colored maid put a few slips into the box. Then after the children put their slips in the box the Thanksgiving Fairy come to read what they were thankful for. After she finished reading the first three she was disappointed about what she read. Then the colored maid told what she wrote them. Aunt Margaret got the Fairy to come back and read the rest of the thankful notes. Vida got the prize for the best one.

The characters were:

Aunt Margaret——Charles Smith

Geraldine (colored maid)-Ovilla Joyner

Clarence————Fred Littles

Charles————James Wood

Vida————Sammy Fisher

Mrs. Marshall (a fairy)-Jackie Ward

———0O0———

The best cure for worry, depression, and melancholy and brooding is to go deliberately forth and try to lift with one's sympathy the gloom of somebody else. —Selected

GRANDPA HANGS THE HOLLY

Ever since a tragedy befell grandpa Howard, on Christmas Eve twenty-five years before the plays begins, he had refused to celebrate the holiday season in the traditional way. Instead he made life miserable for everyone, including himself.

The Howard family bravely tries to overcome this, but makes little headway. He refuses to cooperate with Mrs. Howard, who needs his car for a worthy cause. Mr. Howard and daughter, Susan, are trying to borrow money for a very important business deal, but grandpa refuses to listen. Young Larry and Betty Leland are constantly running afoul of grandpa's temper.

Pathos enters the story where grandpa dreams of the beautiful girl who was once his wife. In the end where tragedy threatens his favorite granddaughter, he shows his true colors. He does a right about face and shows everyone what the Christmas spirit really is.

The Players

Grandad Howard———Gruff man of seventy — Don Hamrick
Mr. Howard—Business man, grandad's son — Kenneth Ashley
Mrs. Howard————————His wife — John King
Susan Howard————The daughter — Bobby Everhardt
Larry Howard————————The son — Clyde Andrews
Arthur Colby————Susan's fiance — Wayne King
Mrs. Leland————————A neighbor — Sammy Shelton
Betty Leland——Larry's girl friend — Frank Osborne
Miss Birch——A newspaper reporter — Wilbur Mooring
Liga Jane————————The maid — Johnny Johnson
A young girl————The spirit of grandad's departed wife — Ovilla Joyner
Carolers——A group of small boys

———000———

If I can live in simple comfort and owe no man, sharing intimately with loved ones life's varied experiences; if I can bring a touch of healing and a clearer outlook into the trials and problems of those with whom I mingle; if I can humbly undertake public service when the public calls me caring neither too much or too little about popular approval; if I can give spiritual values always the first place, and gladly sink from sight, like a bit of leaven, that others may be elevated—then will this experience of living yield in full measure the true wealth of contentment and happiness.

Osborne

SUNDAY SERVICES

By Wayne King, 8th Grade

The visiting minister for Sunday, November 21, was the Rev. Eugene A. Lamb, pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Charge of the Methodist Church. Rev. Mr. Lamb chose for his topic the four magic words "I thank thee Lord".

Rev. Mr. Lamb told us of a rich man and his faithful servant who had served him all his life. The rich man was about to die and he called his servant to his bedside. He told the servant that he was going to give him enough money to travel all he wanted because he knew this was what he always wished for. The kind master also told him that he was going to give him a bag with all the clothing and food he could use. He told his servant that the bag would always stay full if he would only remember and use four magic words which he whispered in his ear. The old man also wrote the words down on a piece of paper so if the servant forgot the words he could look on the paper. The kind master died shortly afterwards and the servant started out on his journey. For along time he remembered the magic words and the bag stayed full. But one day as he was walking he fell down a steep hill. When he got up he found that nearly all his supplies had been lost and the slip of paper was gone. He also found that he had forgotten the magic words. There was a town near the place where he fell and in the town there was a wise man. The servant went to the town and asked the man what the magic words were. The wise man told him they were "give me some more". The servant repeated these words over and over but his bag stayed empty. He also found out that there was another wise man in the town so he went to him. This man told him the magic words were "I wish I had", but the same thing happened as with the other wise man. Just as he was giving up hope he saw two hungry children with ragged clothes sitting on the street. He reached into his bag and got his last food and clothes and gave it to the children. When he saw how happy the children were he got down on his knees and prayed to God for letting him have enough food and clothes for the children. When he started off the prayer he said "I thank thee lord". When he got up he found his bag full because these were the magic words. If we thank God for what he gives us he will see we have what we need.

—o0O0o—

The visiting minister for Sunday, November 7, was the Rev. E. C. Upchurch, pastor of the Calvary Baptist

Church in Kannapolis. The speaker chose for his scripture Revelation IV, 1 through 10. For his topic the speaker chose "Teamwork".

Rev. Mr. Upchurch told us that everyone is on the team of society. We should establish the right attitude toward our fellowmen. The speaker told us we should have a forgiving spirit toward our neighbor. If we bear one another's burdens we are living by the law of the Lord. Accept Christ as your lifelong partner. Be a faithful member of the great team of society.

The speaker closed the srvice with a short prayer.

—oOOo—

The visiting minister for Sunday, November 14, was the Rev. Worth Sweet, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church in Concord. For his scripture the speaker chose the 46th chapter of Psalms.

Rev. Mr. Sweet told us of the shepherd boy David and how he trusted in God so much. He told us of how the Philistines were gathered together to battle Saul and his men of Israel. Saul and his men were on a mountain on one side of a brook and the Philistines were on a mountain on the other side of the brook. The Philistines had a great giant with which they thought they were going to win the war. The giant wore a great suit of armor which protected almost all of his body. The giant came out of his tent and wanted to fight any man the Israelites would send out to meet him. The Israelites were very frightened when they saw the great giant and no one had the courage to even think of fighting him.

In the country of Bethlehem lived Jesse and his eight sons. The three eldest sons were gone to war. David, the youngest, was too young to go to war so he stayed at home to tend his father's sheep. One day Jesse told David to take his brothers some parched corn and ten loaves of bread. He also told David to take Saul some cheese. David rose in the morning and did as his father had told him. When he got there the two armies were already in battle. David ran in among the people and started telling them about the great things God had helped him do and he would fight the giant. Saul and David's brothers didn't want David to do it but he finally persuaded them to let him. On his way to meet the giant David had to cross a brook separating the two camps. He reached down and picked out 5 smooth stones and put them in his shepherd's bag. When the giant saw David he laughed at him and asked "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with stones?" The giant was coming to David with a sword and a suit of armor and David was coming to the giant with the word of the Lord Almighty to protect him. David took a smoothe stone out of his bag and placed it in his sling and twirled it over his head a few times, then let go. The stone went true and sunk into the giant's forehead killing him. Thus the Israelites won the war over the Philistines. This story proves the fact that God will protect us at all times if we will only trust in him. Accept God as your Savior and be sure of eternal living.

—oOOo—

On Thanksgiving morning, November 25, special Thanksgiving services were held by the Rev. Worth Sweet,

pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church in Concord. Rev. Mr. Sweet chose for his scripture Psalm 24. The speaker picked Daniel as his main topic.

Rev. Mr. Sweet told us of Daniel and the great faith he had in God. He told of how Ging Darius chose one hundred and twenty princes and three presidents to help him rule over Judah. King Darius made Daniel one of the presidents higher than any of the princes or presidents. The presidents and princes were jealous of his great position, and sought to find errors concerning the way in which Daniel ruled his kingdom. As hard as they looked they couldn't find fault with his work. The presidents and princes finally thought of a plan which might do away with the king's great respect for Daniel. One day they went to King Darius and told him they thought that everyone should fall on their knees and worship him instead of God. They knew Daniel would never do this because he worshiped no one but God. They told King Darius that they would draw up a royal statue and any man who failed to follow this statue should be cast into a den of lions. The king had to sign this or it would be no good, so Darius signed it. When Daniel heard that the statue was signed he went to his own house and opened his chamber windows, so everyone could see him, and bowed down and prayed to God. The princes and presidents came and found Daniel making supplication unto God. They took him to the king's castle and told him Daniel's doings. As much as Darius hated to throw Daniel into the den of lions he had to because he had signed the statue. A stone was brought to seal the den and Daniel was thrown in. The king went back to his palace but he couldn't sleep that night. In the morning he went to the den believing somehow that Daniel was safe. When he got to the den he called unto Daniel saying "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" Then Daniel said to Darius, "O king live forever." He told Darius that God had sent an angel and shut the lions mouths so they could not hurt him. When Darius heard this he sent for the men who had accused Daniel and put them into the den of lions to be eaten. Then Darius sent letters to all people to tell them they must worship God as he was doing. We can be like Daniel and have this great faith and courage for God. All we have to do is to accept God as our personal Savior and trust in him.

Reverend Sweet closed the Thanksgiving service with a short prayer.

———0O0———

TONGUE TWISTER

Bill Bord had a board bill and a billboard. Both the board bill and the billboard bored Bill Bord. So Bill Bord was bored by the billboard because he could not pay the board bill. Therefore, Bill Bord sold the billboard to pay his board bill and now neither the board bill nor the billboard will bore Bill Bord.

A CHILD IS BORN

By Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough

It was a busy night in the city of Bethlehem. The streets were filled with people who had come to be listed in the census for the Emperor, Caesar Augustus. Moving slowly among the throng was a very young couple named Mary and Joseph of Nazareth who seemed most anxious to find a place to spend the night. All the hotels and inns were filled and it seemed that they would have to spend the night on the streets, for no one but themselves knew that this young woman was soon to be the mother of the long awaited Messiah. Finally an inn keeper told them they could stay in his stable. It wasn't much to offer, but it was clean and well protected from the cold wind. And so it was that the little Christ child came to be born in a lowly cattle stall.

As the young mother, lying on the soft bed of straw her husband had made for her, looked at the tiny baby she was filled with wonder and great pride. She remembered how the angel had come to her one day and told her about this baby that would be the Savior of the world; the Messiah that her people had been looking for, for hundreds of years. They had hoped for a king that would come and deliver them from the rulers that were so unfair, and establish a kingdom of his own on earth. But Mary knew that this was not the way they were expecting their new king to arrive. They were expecting Him to come marching into the city leading a great army and take the place by force. She hoped they wouldn't be disappointed when they learned that their king had arrived in a lowly stable with only his mother, Joseph, and the cattle to welcome Him.

On this same night not far away some shepherds were watching their sheep on a hillside near Bethlehem. Suddenly they saw a great light shining in the sky and an angel stood before them and said,"

"Be not afraid; for behold I bring you good news of great joy, which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in Bethlehem, the city of David, a savior who is Christ the Lord, the anointed king. You may see him there, and may know Him by this sign; He is a newborn baby, lying in a manger at the inn."

And the sky seemed to be filled with angels all singing together:

"Glory to God in the Highest. And on earth peace among men in whom God is well pleased."

The shepherds looked at one another, speechless. Had this really happened or had they dreamed it? Finally when they were able to speak one of them said,

"Let us go at once, to Bethlehem and see this wonderful thing that has come to pass, and which the Lord has made known to us."

They ran most all the way and when they reached the place they rapped softly on the door where Joseph and Mary watched their new born baby. It was a rough looking bunch of men

that slowly walked into the stable. They had been working for many hours, their clothes were worn and dirty, and their hair and beards were matted with the early morning dew. But behind all this roughness was a gentleness that Mary recognized at once, and felt no fear as they knelt before the new born King.

About this same time in a country far east of Bethlehem there lived some wise men whose job it was to study the stars. One night they noticed a new star in the heavens, one that was brighter than all the rest. They remembered that a new and brilliant star would be the way God had promised to announce the Messiah, and began to make plans to go at once to see this new King. They were rich men so they gathered togethered precious gifts and started on the long journey. They knew they could find the way by following the bright new star. For many days they traveled across the desert, and at last they reached the little town of Bethlehem. They were expecting to find the new King in some great palace, but instead they noticed that the star was standing directly over a lowly little stable. Like the shepherds, their eyes were filled with tears of joy as they knelt before the Christ child and laid their gifts at His feet.

And over the little town, and on across the hills of Judea rang the majestic voices of the angels:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

———OOO———

In Orange Country, California, a man was driving along the highway saw two cars crash in front of him. When he stopped he saw a man badly injured. He picked him up, put him into his car and drove him to a hospital. He was arrested and charged with being an accessory in leaving the scene of a accident. This man served a sentence of six months. via—The Eye Opener

REGRET

By Bud Dula, 5th Grade

Since I have been at the Training School I have learned the meaning of regret. Here I have learned to be obedient and willing to do as I am asked to do and I regret that I did not know the value of this while I was at home. I would not listen to my parents or even stay at home unless it suited my purpose to do so. At last I realize what a worry I was to my parents and how wrong I was in my attitudes and beliefs. I would not go to school and as a result I knew little in the line of school work. My friends were not the type of boys I should have associated with, even though I do not blame them for my own misbehavior. I did things I should not have done even before I started to go around with the wrong crowd.

At home I did not practice courtesy and good manners. Here I have learned good table manners and have learned to be respectful and obedient to people in charge.

Since I have been away from home I am able to see more clearly the things I did wrong and regret doing them. If I could have been made to realize this while I was at home. I would never have had to come to a Training School to be taught the difference between right and wrong.

WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR RECORD

By Donald Spillman, 7th Grade

When most boys come to the Training School they try to do things and get away with them. They are interested only in themselves and do not think about anything else. They continue to break rules and get by some how, never realizing they are only hurting themselves. When it is time for them to be considered for release they start being good so they can go home in the minimum time. This attitude continues with them and they do not change when they get home. They find that everyone is not as sympathetic with them as here and they end up in prisons or on the chain gangs for certain periods of time.

How much trouble they would save themselves if they would only realize that the rules are made for their benefit and that by abiding by them they are building a stronger character and personality. A bad record here or in your community at home is going to be held against you when you apply for a job. It always pays to do the right thing, no matter where you are or what you are doing.

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IMPROVEMENT IN COTTAGE LIFE

By Johnny Bradshaw, 9th Grade

I think the boys here at Jackson could make a big improvement in their cottage life if they would only put forth the effort.

Probably the first requirement would be to cooperate more with your cottage parents. By helping them you help yourself. It is our duty to keep our clothes and shoes clean and keep our lockers in order. We could keep the cottage as a whole much cleaner and perform the tasks assigned to us without having to be reminded over and over again.

We could improve by helping one another and trying to get along with the other boys. Some of us have the idea that because one has more privileges than others he is better than the rest, or is too good to associate with the crowd. We are jealous of each other. Most of us have heard the remark, "I don't see why he gets to do everything and run errands for the supervisors. He isn't any better than I am". I think if the boy who made such a statement was as well behaved and as trustworthy as the one having the privilege then he would be given it too. If we could stop having this attitude toward one another it would improve the cottage

Another way in which cottage life could be improved is in our attitude when a new boy comes into the cottage. Some boys show off and misbehave in others ways. Instead we could help them by getting acquainted with them and helping them overcome their homesickness. We could tell them what is expected of them here and encourage them to take part in cottage activities so they would forget their homesickness.

Still another way we could improve our cottage life is not to ignore the cottage rules. They are made to help us and and if we abide by them we will be benefited. Some boys break the smoking rule and endanger everyone by slipping into dangerous places and smoking. Some boys do not seem to know what danger means. To stop this habit would certainly improve the cottage life.

Each morning we have an assigned job to perform in keeping the cottage clean. Some boys are afraid of doing more than their share and are constantly on guard lest someone not do as much as they are doing. When your job is fininshed you should help the other person finish. Such a cooperative attitude would win you new friends and make the work be finished quickly and efficiently.

If each of us would do these things I have listed then our cottages would be much better places in which to live.

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The driver is safer when the roads are dry, the roads are safer when the driver is dry.

WHAT I MISS MOST

By Ray Puckett, 7th Grade

Most every boy at the School will tell you that it is harder for him to become adjusted to being away from his family than anything else here at the School. Some of our happiest days here are the days our families come to visit us and when they fail to come when we are expecting them, there is bitter disappointment. But when you receive a letter from home telling why they didn't come your disappointment leaves you and you anticipate a future visit. When you are at home you take your family for granted and see them every day. It is when you are separated from them that you learn to appreciate them.

Many boys do not have visitors while they are here due to many different reasons. Some boys do not have families and some families live too far away or are not financially able to make the trip here. But the majority of us receive regular visits from our families and eagerly look forward to visiting day. Our families are allowed to come once a month and spend the day with us. They bring lunch with them if they wish and have lunch with us picnic style. Boys are permitted to go to town with their families provided they have good conduct records.

Almost every boy is homesick when he first comes to the School. One of the best ways to get over this is to keep busy and become interested in the activities of the cottage groups. Each cottage has its teams in the major sports and there is always someone to play with you. If you join in the games and make friends with the boys then the homesickness will soon leave you.

BOOKS I HAVE ENJOYED

By Franklin Petty, 7th Grade

Books that I enjoy most are about animals, wars, jungles, and the seas. These books are filled with adventures that make interesting reading.

One of the books I read recently and enjoyed very much was entitled, **South Sea Adventure**. The book was about two brothers who went to the South Seas to collect different kinds of sea animals and in search of a pearl bed. They were in a hurricane, and were cast away on a deserted island. The hurricane had destroyed all vegetation and they were without food or water. They had to eat grub worms and other insects and for water they found an underground spring. They found a dead shark that

had been washed ashore and cleaned it and used its skin for shelter. After they had stayed on this island for a while they decided to make a raft and try to find another island with inhabitants on it. They gathered logs and build the raft. They then had a problem in finding something with which to tie the logs together. Their problem was solved by a gaint squid which was washed ashore. They cut off his ten, forty foot tentacles and made them into ropes by splitting them. After they had built the raft they gathered up what food they could find and cast off. They were finally rescured by a Coast Guard Cutter.

Such books of adventure hold pleasant hours for those who want to take the time to enjoy them.

MY HOBBY

By Billy Ray Hill, 5th Grade

My favorite hobby is building, flying, and collecting model airplanes. I have always liked to see an airplane fly and have always enjoyed building models. At one time I had about seventy-five scale models hanging in my room at home. There were airplanes everywhere on the ceiling, walls, tables, and shelves.

It has always been my greatest pleasure to build an airplane model and put an engine in it and see how it flies. I like to build the airplane and watch it take shape. Sometimes I feel as if I want to throw the model away because it is such slow and careful work, but somehow I manage to keep on working and trying until finally the frame of the plane is finished. Next comes the wing of the plane. Then the tail and tail wing are fastened on and glued securely with wire and glue. Then the tissue paper covering is glued on the frame of the plane and wing. It is left to dry and then doped with a special kind of paint. Finally a minature engine is fastened in the nose of the plane and the gas tank is put into place. After this the wheels are put on and spacers are screwed on to keep the wheels in place. After all this has been done you fasten the bell crank in place and fasten the guide wires to the bell crank and the plane is finished. Then comes the flight. You take it to a level field with no trees around to see how it flies. The battery with it is fastened to the glow plug of the engine and you crank it up. Up it goes and handles well. Now you are satisfied and pleased with your efforts.

This is a rather expensive hobby, but it is worth all of it. Once you start this hobby you will see why I like it best.

USING YOUR TIME TO AN ADVANTAGE

By Jack Brooks, 7th Grade

I have been here for about twelve months and have been in the Machine Shop for the past nine months. I have learned about cars, trucks and tractors there. There is always work to be done on a tractor, plow, truck, or something to keep us busy. Our supervisor teaches us to fix tires, repair break downs in various kinds of machinery, keep the cars, trucks, and tractors greased and oiled, and many other things. I have learned a lot about boilers and tools also. When I started this work I did not know what a wrench was, but now I know just about all sizes. I have learned to electric weld and braze or solder. My months of work in the machine shop have been very enjoyable to me and I look upon my year spent here as one of the most progressive of my life. When I get home I plan to look for a job in a machine shop or in the mechanical line. Because of my training here I have a working knowledge of mechanics which I would not have had otherwise.

BIRTHDAYS

Dec. 1 Jerry Stepp, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 6.
Dec. 2 Mack Allman, 17th Birthday, Cottage No. 13.
Dec. 6 Charles Byrd, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 9.
Dec. 6 Bill Plumley, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 15.
Dec. 7 Floyd Hinson, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 13.
Dec. 8 James Morgan, 10th Birthday, Cottage No. 6.
Dec. 10 James Russell, 16th Birthday, Infirmary.
Dec. 11 Harry Bryant, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 9.
Dec. 15 Ralph Harp, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 15.
Dec. 16 Carl Johnson, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 2.
Dec. 19 Kenneth Laney, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 15.
Dec. 20 Fred Little, 14th Birthday Cottage No. 1.
Dec. 22 Alonzo Maney, 14th Birthday, Cottage No. 7.
Dec. 23 Grady Bradshaw, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 14.
Dec. 23 Jerry Scarbrough, 13th Birthday, Cottage No. 7.
Dec. 29 James Poteat, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 14.
Dec. 29 Billy Bushie, 16th Birthday, Cottage No. 4.
Dec. 29 Paul Knight, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 17.
Dec. 30 L. H. Owens, 15th Birthday, Cottage No. 7.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS OF ANOTHER DAY

From the sketch book of Washington Irving

When I awoke on Christmas morning, while I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering consulation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol the burden of which was,

"Rejoice, our Savior he was born
On Christmas Day in the morning."

I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the houses and singing at every chamber-door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angel of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

I had scarcely dressed myself when a servant appeared to invite me to family prayers. I afterwards understood that early morning services was read on every Sunday and saint's day throughout the year, either by Mr. Bracebridge or by some member of the family. It was once almost universally the case at the seats of the nobility and gentry of England, and it is much to be regretted that the custom is fallen into neglect; for the dullest observer must be sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those households, where the occasional exercise of a beautiful form of worship in the morning gives, as it were, the keynote to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony.

"If you are disposed to go to church," said Frank Bracebridge, "I can promise you a speciman of my cousin Simon's musical achievements. As the church is destitute of an organ, he has formed a band from the village amateurs, and established a musical club for their improvement; he also sorted a choir, as he sorted my father's pack of hounds, according to the directions of Jervaise Markham, in his Country Contentments; for the bass he has sought out all the 'deep solemn mouths,' among the country bumkins; and for 'sweet mouths,' he has culled with curious taste among the prettiest lassies in the neighborhood; through these last, he affirms are the most difficult to keep in tune; your pretty female singer being exceedingly wayward and capricious and very liable to accident."

As the morning, though frosty, was remarkably fine and clear, the most of the family walked to the church, which was a very old building of gray stone, and stood near a village, about a half-mile from the park gate.

Adjoining it was a low snug parsonage, which seemed coeval with the church. The front of it was perfectly matted with a yew-tree that has been trained against its walls, through the dense foliage of which apertures had been formed to admit light into the small antique lattices. As we passed this sheltered nest, the parson issued forth and preceded us.

The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental, and some loitering fiddler now and then making up for lost time by traveling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more bars than the keenest fox-hunter to be in at the death. But the great trail was an anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, and on which he had founded great expectation. Unluckily there was a blunder at the very outset; the musicains became flurried; Master Simon was in a fever, everythnig went on lamely and irregularly until they came to a chorus beginning "Now let us sing with one accord," which seemed to be signal for parting company: all became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself and got to the end as well, or rather as soon, as he could, expecting one old chorister in a long sonorous nose; who happening to stand a little apart, and being wrapped up in his own melody, kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, ogling his book, and winding all up by a nasal solo of at tieast three bars' duration.

The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of obsering it not merely as a day of thanksgiven, but of rejoicing, and solemn and affecting manner, to stand to the traditionary customs of their fathers, and feast and make merry on this joyful anniversary of the Church.

I have seldom known a sermon attended apparently with more immediate effects; for on leaving the church the congregation seemed one and all possessed with gaiety of spirit so earnestly enjoined by their pastor. The elder folks gathered in knots in the churchyard, greeting and shaking hands; and the children ran about crying Ule! Ule! and repeating some uncouth rhymes, which the parson, who had joined us, informed me has been handed down from days of yore. The villagers doffed their hats to the Squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season with every appearance of heartfelt sincerity, and were invited by him to the Hall to take something to keep out of the cold of the weather; and I heard blessings uttered by several of the poor, which convinced me that, in the midst of his enjoyments, the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas virtue of charity.

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There are certain half-dreaming moods of mind, in which we naturally steal away from and glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may indulge our reveries and build our aircastles undisturbed. — Irving

EUROPEAN COUNTRIES CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS IN MANY WAYS

Reprinted from Concord Tribune

Many Christmas celebrations in Europe are different from those in the United States.

In many places, Christmas really begins on Dec. 6, which is the birthday of the first Santa Claus the world ever knew. He was Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor, who lived in the fourth century and who gave gifts to the poor on his birthday. The birthday of the Good Bishop is celebrated quite generally in Europe, although each country enjoys its own local customs.

In Austria, for instance, Saint Nicholas makes his rounds accompanied by the Devil, who first metes out punishment to children for mischief done during the year, and then Saint Nick gives a present as a reward for good behavior. At this time also little replicas of Saint Nick and the Devil are placed in the homes on the spot where the Christmas tree will stand.

It is much the same in the Netherlands, only here, the Devil becomes Black Peter, who makes his rounds with Saint Nicholas riding on a white horse over the roofs, dropping presents down the chimney for all good children. It is said that he arrives by boat from Spain and, in cities, this arrival is actually staged and he rides on a white horse through the community.

In Switzerland, Saint Nicholas also makes his rounds on Dec. 6. In addition, picturesque parades are staged in his honor when white-robed boys with masks, horns and illuminated headdress march through the streets.

In Belgium, France and Germany Saint Nicholas is known as "Father Christmas", although his character remains the same, and he also arrives on Dec. 6. French children put out their shoes or slippers on Christmas Eve to be filled with presents instead of hanging up stockings as Americans do.

Santa Claus is hard to recognize except in Britian, where he is practically the same as the American version. In fact, Christmas in Britian is much the same as here, for many of American holiday trappings came over from England . . . plum pudding, mince pie and even our custom of sending Christmas cards. Distinctively British is their Christmas pantomime, and Boxing Day, which is celebrated the day after Christmas.

In Italy, Christmas as such is expressed in the tradition of the "Presepio" or Manger-Scene, a representation of the Birth of the Christ Child. The display in the simplest or most elaborate form is prepared in all the churches and also in private homes. The art of the "Presepio", for, it is a veritable art, is found at it's best in Rome and Naples and, notable for their realism are the Sicilian "Presepio." The spirit of Christmas, a truly religious expression of faith and of family love, lingers on and culminates on Epiphany, Jan. 6, when the

"Befana" brings gifts to the children and, in much less measure, to grown-ups. On Epiphany the figures of the gift-bearing Three Magi are added to the "Presepio" or Manger-Scene.

Christmas Eve in most of Europe is not really "The Night Before Christmas" as it is in America, but Christmas itself, for in many countries, this is the time that presents are opened, the tree is lit and there is feasting and singing. It is on the night of Dec. 24th that the Christ Child is believed to visit homes, bringing blessings and presents with him. This occasion is celebrated in different ways in many European countries. Christmas Day itself is usually a deeply religious occasion.

In Scandinavia, the spirit of Christmas is the same, but some of the traditions are different from the rest of Europe. Here is where Santa Claus picked up his reindeer and druids called "Nissie" also play a part in the story.

The holiday season in Sweden begins on "Lucia Day" in early December, when little girls wear white dresses and, with lighted candles in their hair, serve coffee and buns to other members of the family. An interesting Swedish custom is to burn candles in the churchyards on Christmas morning, when people get up long before dawn and go to church riding in sleighs and bearing huge blazing torches. The torches are then burned in great bonfires in front of the church.

Denmark, like the United States, goes in for municipal Christmas trees. In fact, it was their idea in the first place and it was brought to this country by Danish-born Jacob A. Riis. He also gave us the idea of the tuberculosis Christmas Seal 45 years ago. In Denmark they have the "Yule Seal" which has built and maintains a string of sanitoria.

The Norwegians have a unique way of referring to Dec. 25 as "First Christmas Day". This is reserved for church and quiet meditation at home. Then follows "Second Christmas Day" with family reunions and "Third Christmas Day" with dances parties, or festivals. The "Thirteenth Day of Christ" is Jan. 6, at which time the festivities are over. The entire world is in accord on the fact that this date marks the end of Christmas season.

Germany also calls Dec. 25 "The First Christmas Day" and the day after, "The Second Christmas Day" Both of these are official holidays and observed throughout the country.

In Portugal, as in many other European countries, it is New Year's Day instead of Christmas when all the celebrations take place. The Festival of St. Sylvester in Madeira is spectacular with its dazzling display of fireworks. Christmas Day itself is a devoutly religious holiday.

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A man may have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather covered book with the name of a bank on its cover.

—Selected

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh, little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gather'd all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love,
Oh morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse far
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder Star.

CHORUS:

Oh, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect light.

Born a baby on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold we bring to crown Him again;
King forever — ceasing never —
Over us all to reign.

CHORUS:

Oh, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect light.

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From Heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
About its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing!

ADESTE FIDELES

(Oh, Come All Ye Faithful)

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and Behold Him,
Monarch of Angels!

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Sing Alleluia,
All ye choirs of angels;
O sing, all ye blissful ones of Heav'n above.
Glory to God

In the highest, glory!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be the glory giv'n;
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing,

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heav'n and nature sing
And Heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rock, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy.

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow,
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the field we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

CHORUS:

Jingle, bell! Jingle, bell!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bell! Jingle, bell!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the favored one.

Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity;
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."

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During a severe electrical storm, the parents of Jimmy, age 5, thinking he might be awake and be frightened, looked into his room. He opened his eyes and mumbled, "What's Daddy doing with the T. V. set now?"
—Selected

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOVEMBER

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Van Austin
Wayne Jackson
Roland Jones
Wayne King
Billy Setzer

COTTAGE NO. 1

Alvin Bollinger
Jack Brooks
Alvin Brown
John Cromer
Donald Hamrick
Herschel Summers
Broadus Wade
Harold Pitts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Willard Anderson
Carl Johnson
Carl Parker
Bob Shew

COTTAGE NO. 3

Joe Barrett
Wayne Estes
Wayne Lewis
Alton Sims
Donald Spillman

COTTAGE NO. 4

Kenneth Ashley
Johnny Bradshaw
Herman Callahan
James Gosnell
Enoch Johnson
Charles Simpson
Charles Summerlin
Glenn Sigmon
Charles Testerman

COTTAGE NO. 6

Sam Aldridge
Levi Crews
Billy Hayes
Pete James

COTTAGE NO. 7

Alonzo Maney
Billy Nicholson
Robert Owens
Clarence Pickard
Thomas Transou
Everrette Webb

COTTAGE NO. 9

Charles Byrd
Paul Church
Bobby Davis
Micheal Harris
Ronald Hodge
Jesse Mabe
Ira Langley
J. W. Sparks
Norwood West

COTTAGE NO. 10

Fletcher Manley
Harry Mintz
Stanley Murry
Woodrow Self
Walter Shelton
Charles Walker

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Chapman
Don Dillard
Bobby Hannah
Jimmy McManus
Roy Puckett
Eddie Redden
Charles Ruddock
Virgil Roberts
Jimmy Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 13

Mack Allman
Billy Anderson
Robert Colon
Otis Johnson
Willie Lancaster

Albert Ross

COTTAGE NO. 14

Cosner Church
Joe Hilton
Gilbert Johnson
James Poteat
Clarence Quinn
Brady Stamey
Ward Williams

COTTAGE NO. 15

Otis Bryant
Sammy Fisher
Ralph Harp
Leroy Haithcock
Eric Von Metzger
Archie Sims
Russell Wilson
Robert Story

COTTAGE NO. 17

Bobby Branks
Samuel Jones
Paul Knight
McKinley Locust
Alex Melvin
ONeal Oxedine

INFIRMARY

James Russell

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

NOVEMBER

FIRST GRADE

Bobby Davis
Paul Willard
Grady Bradshaw
Albert Ross
Otis Bryant
Hubert Fox
Robert Harden
Brodus Wade

SECOND GRADE

Buddy Parsons
Everette Webb
Edward Stines

THIRD GRADE

Darold Crawford
Eurde Crews
Douglas Eller
Sam Locklear
Wayne Lewis
Robert Owens
Bob Shew
Thomas Transou

FOURTH GRADE

Cosner Church
Bill Plumley
Ernest Pinion

FIFTH GRADE

Ward Williams
James Wood
Herman Callahan
James Wright

SIXTH GRADE

Alvin Bollinger
Harold Hensley
Don Dillard
Robert Styles

SEVENTH GRADE

Jerry Somersett
Pete Allman
Charles Byrd
Donald Spillman

EIGHTH GRADE

Wayne King
Kenneth Ashley
Paul Knight
Jimmy Lockey
Tommy Long

NINTH GRADE
James Gosnell
Wilbur Mooring
Charles Simpson

TRADE AND FARM HONOR ROLL

NOVEMBER

FARM
Grady Bradshaw
David Reeves
Carl Parker
J. W. Sparks
Pete James
Jackie Cartrette
Samuel Jones
Milas Norton
Melvin Hall
Ward Williams
Allen Jackson
Kenneth Jackson
Archie Sims
Robert Owens
George Clodfellow
Cecil Anderson
Verlin Dockery
Tommy Long
Allen Jackson
Ira Langley
Donald Thompson
Dickie Merritt
Clarence Quinn
Randall Brown
Harry Byrant

PLANT BEDS
Don Dillard
David Page
Charles Hardy
Billy Lee
Edward Turpin
George Mathis
Franklin Petty
Bobby Hannah
Ronnie Smith
Samuel Tyndall
Joe Welch
Sammy Fox
Howard Mathis

CAFTERIA
Harry Mintz
Charles Walker
Bobby Davis
Walter Shelton
Glenn Pruitt
Eurde Crews
Jackie Ward
Charles Davis
Fletcher Manley
Virgil Roberts
Charles Ruddock
Bobby Branks
William Holt
Grover Collins
Enoch Johnson
Leon Davis

SEWING ROOM
Dewey Guinn
Bobby Hughes

DAIRY
Archie Minton
Edward Stines
James Reavis
Jerry Somersett
Otis Bryant
Leroy Haithcock
Robert Story
Eric Von Metzger
Russell Wilson

SHOE SHOP
Van Austin
Robert Styles

BARBER SHOP
John Chapman
Joe Hilton

MEAT CUTTING
Kenneth Ashley
Ray Puckett
Charles Simpson
Charles Summerlin

BARN FORCE
Pete Allman
Billy Anderson
Hubert Fox
Jack Moore
Robert Hardin
Jimmy Mayfield
Robert Colon
Albert Ross
James Wornell
Otis Johnson
Lonnie Britt

POULTRY FORCE
Sam Aldridge
Wille Ingram
Billy Hayes
Bobby Stevens

INFIRMARY
L. D. Boone
James Russell

OFFICE
Charles Byrd
Owen Plaster
Ovilla Joyner

LAUNDRY
Donald Spillman
Alton Locklear
Bobby Shoe
Bud Dula
Ronnie Anderson
Archie Medford
Charles Ward
Bobby Bagwell
Everette Webb
Edmond Locklear

CARPENTER SHOP
Willie Lancaster
Calvin Barefoot
Morris Faircloth
Bill Plumley

TRACTOR FORCE
David Hassell
Herman Callahan
David DeLaney
James Poteat
Vernon Roberson
Bobby Lucas
Stanley Murry
B. W. Murry
George Clodfelter

PRINT SHOP
Wayne King
Roland Jones
Wayne Jackson
Billy Setzer
James Gosnell
Eddie Redden
Ray Englebert
Larry Lambert
Paul Knight
Charles Testerman

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"The races of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. We cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellowmen; and no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt."

— Walter Scott

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